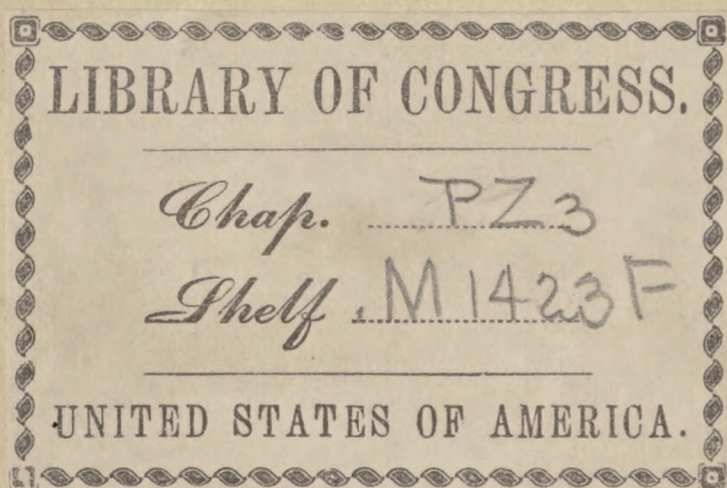






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FATHER JONATHAN,

OR,

THE SCOTTISH CONVERTS.

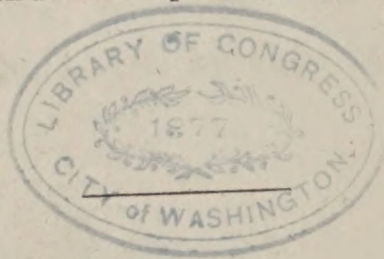
A

CATHOLIC TALE.

BY REV. JOHN McDERMOTT.

35  
"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo."

HORACE. ARS POETICA.



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TO  
THE RIGHT REVEREND ALEXANDER SMITH, D.D.,  
COADJUTOR BISHOP  
OF THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF SCOTLAND.

RIGHT REV. AND DEAR SIR :

THOUGH not having any thing in themselves to recommend them particularly to your favor, or to insure your patronage, except that their scene is laid in your native land, and that they are the production of one who holds you in the highest esteem, as well for your lofty position as "Prince in the house of God," as for your many rare and amiable qualities which are well known to him, the following pages, entitled "*Father Jonathan, or the Scottish Converts*," as a mark of his warm affection and undying gratitude, are humbly inscribed to you by the

AUTHOR.

*Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1852.*



Truth refulgent, a dazzling lustre sheds,  
And 'lumes our onward path with tinted ray ;  
Unveils the mask, which falsehood vainly spreads,  
And clears the rubbish, from the pilgrim's way.  
It shines, it warms, it purifies the soil,  
In which are seeds of virtue deeply sown ;  
Repays the labor, and rewards the toil,  
But claims both soil and produce, for its own.  
Yes, truth, in holy garb, serenely bright,  
In religion 'peers with magic sway,  
With grace she speaks, she's heard with calm delight ;  
They listen, as well to learn, as to obey.



## P R E F A C E.

As it is a custom which prevails to a considerable extent, of prefacing with a few remarks the introduction of a work intended for the public, I avail myself of that privilege to say a few words with regard to "FATHER JONATHAN," now for the first time submitted to public perusal and inspection. The idea of writing a work, having for its object the familiar explanation of some controverted points of Catholic doctrine, occurred to me when I happened to have some time at my disposal. I thought that the idea was a good one, and I therefore undertook the task of writing a book, which I must confess was, at the commencement, more intended for my own private amusement and study, than for the eye of the public. However, after making considerable advancement in it, and urged by a few friends to give it to the public, I yielded to their desire, and resolved to prepare it for publication.

Convinced that a work, in which the useful and agreeable would be blended harmoniously together, would be much more likely to find its way into the hands of persons who might be benefitted by its perusal.



I have endeavored (though with what success I cannot tell) to interest the general reader by a narrative, in which the doctrines of the church, together with various objections to the same, are treated in a manner, which appeared to me the best to point out the truth of the one, and the absurdity of the other. Some of my friends have found fault with the name of "Father Jonathan," they imagined that such a name would be affixed with a bad grace to a work, which had for its object the explanation of catholic doctrine. For my part I see nothing objectionable in the name. I have kept it, as I think it as good and as popular a name as any other, and that I have as good a right to use it for my purpose as others have for theirs. There is, no doubt, a good deal in a name, but to those who may wish to know what is in the name of "Father Jonathan" I would say read, and find out for yourselves. I will content myself by reminding them of the remark of Horace regarding names :

"Licuit, semperque licebit,  
Signatum presenti nota procudere nomen."

My object in publishing "*Father Jonathan*" is three-fold, viz. : first to draw the attention of persons who differ from us in religion, to the consideration of the grounds on which we differ ; secondly, to point out to them the solid grounds which we have for remaining faithfully attached to the religion which we have, instead of being tossed about by every wind of doctrine ; and lastly, hoping that



by its sale, I may be enabled to diminish the debt incurred by me in the erection of the church, for my poor congregation, in Salem, New Jersey.

Should this object be achieved, and should "Father Jonathan" be instrumental in bringing back even one strayed sheep to the "one sheepfold of the one shepherd," its author will feel that he has not labored in vain, and that he has been amply compensated.







FATHER JONATHAN,  
OR,  
THE SCOTTISH CONVERTS.

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CHAPTER I.

To ford the stream of conscience clear,  
And follow in its course;  
The mind unfettered must not fear  
To trace it to its source.

SUMMER had not as yet time to repair the ravages of winter, nor to clothe the forests with the rich and verdant robes which in every successive season he so profusely bestows upon them; but, notwithstanding the shortness of the time, that had elapsed, since he began to shed forth his benign influence, his presence was hailed with rapturous delight, and afforded cause of universal joy, and satisfaction. Dame nature, with renovated garb, and high expectancy, smiled at the progress of her kind benefactor, hastened to give him an honorable reception, and elate with the anticipated success likely to result from their future alliance, she assumed a youthful and blooming aspect, and, with her wonted gaiety, welcomed the visit of her illustrious friend. All her resources began to be more minutely developed; the checquered wood, the verdant lawn, the beautiful landscape, hailed the approach of their benevolent benefactor, and prepared to deck



themselves in the most superb and gorgeous attire, to do honor to their welcome and blooming visitor. The valleys intersected with a thousand meandering rivulets, whose perennial waters, pure as crystal, flowing through the adjacent meadows, presented the most fascinating and charming appearance; the feathered songsters, in inimitable strains, sent forth their warbling and melodious notes; the natural productiveness of the soil, roused into action by the genial warmth of the sun, ushered into existence, an endless variety of plants and flowers, which in the sun's setting rays, presented to the view of the beholder, the most lovely and charming prospect, and diffused around them a fragrance, unequalled by the richest and most odoriferous perfume. As he advanced nearer, even the tall and lofty mountains, which, during the cold and inclemency of the winter, sought for shelter and covering in the dense and clouded atmosphere, expand before the eye of the beholder, their huge unwieldy dimensions, and stalk forth with all the majesty and hauteur of monarchs newly surrounded with the royal insignia of their authority, and presenting themselves amidst the deafening plaudits of their rejoicing subjects.

Thus was nature preparing to do homage to her blooming visitor, and thus were her numerous cortege arraying themselves, to grace his triumphant return, when Georgina, daughter of the Earl of — went to take her usual walk along the winding avenues of her father's demesne, and to inhale the odour of the passing breeze.

As she advanced, her attention was arrested by the melodious lays of the nightingale, and stopping to view this bird of song, she was agreeably surprised, for she beheld the lovely form of her friend Emilia, sitting in a



reclining posture on the grassy sward, enjoying the coolness of the evening shade, and seemingly rapt up in deep reverie. On approaching nearer to join the company of her friend, her heart was filled with gloomy forebodings, for she traced a deep and pensive melancholy, in Emilia's hitherto joyous and cheerful countenance. At a loss to explain this strange phenomenon, she remained silent for a little, and then soliloquized with herself.

"Can it be possible," she said, "that sorrow and dejection have already begun to prey upon the youthful, the gay, the amiable Miss Elmford? Can it be supposed, even for a moment, that her tender heart is smitten with some passionate desire, which in her cooler moments she abhors; or, that she, who has so often warned me against the delusions of the world, has herself, fallen to them a hapless victim. No, no, I would be doing her injustice to make such a supposition; these are not the causes of her present dejection; these, Emilia Elmford, do not swell thy cup of bitterness, thy heart is too pure to be tarnished by such imperfections, thou art impenetrable to those feelings, which would reflect dishonor." However, full of anxious solicitude for her friend, a thousand different pictures were drawn by her vivid imagination, but, all to no purpose, the secret of Emilia's sorrow, is still unknown, the mystery still remains unravelled, and she is unable to discover the least clue to guide her with any degree of certainty, to attain her wished for object, namely, a knowledge of the cause of Emilia's present uneasiness. Under these circumstances she would gladly retrace her steps, and deliberate on the course most proper to pursue, but a desire to sympathize with her friend on the one hand, and to gratify her feminine curiosity on the other, left her no alternative; it obliged her to throw off every



restraint, to accost her friend, and to inquire of Emilia the cause of her unusual appearance, and of this sudden transition from her accustomed gaiety, and merriment. Startled at the sound of footsteps moving towards her, and still more, at the sudden and unexpected appearance of Georgina, Emilia's heart began to beat, her breast heaved with violent emotions, and so completely was she overcome by her feelings, that she fell into a state of insensibility, on the ground whereon she was seated.

This scene, to a heart less susceptible of tenderness than Georgina's, would be most trying and heart rending, but, gentle reader, who can describe her feelings, when she beheld the ghastly and pallid countenance of her youthful companion, with every sign of animation, to all appearance, vanished for ever. "Ah!" she cried, rushing to her assistance with all the speed of which she was mistress, whilst her eyes were streaming with floods of tears, and her heart ready to break with grief: "Why hast thou concealed from me the cause of thy grief, ah! wouldst not thou, at least, allow me to sympathize with thee in thy sufferings? what have I done which made me undeserving of thy friendship, or unworthy of thy confidence?"

These and similar complaints were made by the sorrowful Georgina, when Emilia exhibited signs of animation; and reclining on the bosom of her devoted friend, her angel form was again sinking under the weight of its troubles, but, in a few moments after, gained its pristine strength and vigour. The paleness of her looks, was now succeeded by a blushing purple, and evidently at a loss what to do, whether to make known, or to conceal the cause of her grief and disquietude, she wept bitterly, pressed Georgina's hand most affectionately to her breast,



and remained silent and pensive without uttering a single word. Thus, for a time, had she given full vent to her sorrow, and full scope to her feelings, when, at length, depending upon the fidelity of her friend, and anxious to enlist her sympathies in her regard, she revealed herself to her without reserve, and with her blue sparkling eyes suffused with tears, though still retaining their original beauty and loveliness, she thus began.

“Alas! my dear Georgina, the cause of my sorrow, will, I have no doubt, appear strange to you, and the manner in which I have concealed it from all, even from you, to whom everything else, save this, was known; but, the only apology I have to offer you, in this particular, is, that I esteemed you too highly, and loved you too tenderly, to involve you in the same misery with myself, until I should be able to take a decisive step in that which caused me such great uneasiness. Even still would I fain conceal the cause of this uneasiness, were I not convinced, that, by longer concealment, you would feel equally unhappy, and that it would only tend to increase, and not to allay the impending evil. You are aware that I have been, equally with yourself, educated and brought up in the most rigid principles of Presbyterianism; that we gloried in these principles, and I am free to confess, that it afforded me no ordinary satisfaction, to claim, and to be allowed the privilege, of judging for myself in the choice of a religion, and to be referred with such seeming confidence to the inspired volume, for proof confirmative of my choice, in adhering to that in which I was educated. But, alas! how fleeting and short lived was that satisfaction! how wavering and unsettled are the minds of mortals! how altered are my present sentiments, from those in which I formerly plumed



myself! now do I behold myself, as I am, a weak, frail, erring mortal, unable to act or think anything good, without the divine influence, much less to arrive at the truth of that religion, established and upheld by divine agency." Here her virgin voice faltered, and evidently conscious of the wound she was going to inflict on her friend, she was for a little unable to proceed, when, at length recovering, she continued.

"The Church of Scotland, I fear, Georgina, can claim me no longer as a member, I am shaken in my fidelity to her, and although my heart, my thoughts, and my desires, were centered in her, still my reason has pronounced against her, and prompts me to disown her as the true Church of Christ, and to break off all communication with her for ever."

As she uttered these words, she betrayed evident symptoms of sorrow, but with collected energy, she resumed.

"Yes, dear Georgina, this step I am compelled to take after most mature deliberation, though it is most painful and heart-rending, owing to my present position; but, conscience speaks, it thunders incessantly in my ears, and I cannot resist its impulse. The different obstacles to be surmounted; the alienation of my friends; the taunts and sarcasms to which I will be exposed from every side, make me tremble, and almost regret that my resolution is already fixed, and that I can conform no longer to the heterodox doctrines of that church, of which I had been, hitherto, a zealous member; or rather a persecutor of the true church, if you will, until my blindness was removed, and until the scales which intercepted my mental vision, fell off and allowed the light of faith to illumine me by its sparkling



lustre. But for such a change do I feel regret? forbid it Heaven; no, I ardently rejoice that I have been so favored, that I have to suffer for the faith once delivered to the saints, that the day star of faith has dawned in my breast, which will shine with more brilliancy after the clouds of persecution will have passed, and after the impending tempest will have subsided; not so have I learned Christ, I know that to suffer is one of the distinguishing features of a christian, and that if the law of God so require, to suffer the separation, or the loss of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, and of the whole world, rather than displease *Him*, or inflict a wound upon my own conscience, this my *Saviour* has taught, this is the doctrine of his faithful spouse, viz: the *catholic* church, this that pious man, whose principal time is devoted to the service of the poor, and to whom I am so much indebted for my instruction, has frequently repeated to me.

“O, yes, to the instruction of Father Jonathan, that much calumniated, but zealous and humble catholic priest, I am much indebted; he it is that has removed all my doubts, and has caused a new light to shed its lustre on my mind; he it is, who, by his powerful and solid reasoning, not less than by his simple and convincing arguments, has made me sensible of my error, and proved to me that it was vain to expect, and that I could not find true contentment, except in the bosom of the catholic church.”



## CHAPTER II.

In bibles still opposing creeds  
Opposing doctrines find ;  
Though error still for error reads  
And truth *with truth* combined.

AFTER Emilia had given expression to the sentiments contained in the latter part of the foregoing chapter, she paused for a little, and was preparing to give additional reasons for her embracing the doctrines of the Catholic church, when Georgina, who was unable to observe silence any longer, with a countenance which bespoke the inward feelings of her soul, and with a tone which formed a striking contrast with her usual softness of expression, abruptly interrupted her, as she was about to proceed.

“What!” she exclaimed, “has it come to this? instructed by Father Jonathan!! has he dared to initiate her in his worse than Eleusinian mysteries? or has she deigned to listen to such childish, soul-destroying superstitions? she, so zealous in disseminating tracts, so purely evangelical, so opposed to papists, whose zealous heart burned only with a desire to rescue them from the corrupt influences of popery. Ah! shall I behold her, the soothing partner of my infant hours, the fond companion of my maturer years, seduced by the revolting errors of popery? shall she be snatched from me by a fate worse than death, by the wily sophisms of a popish priest, or shall I persuade myself that the intelligent daughter of Lady Elmford would suffer herself to be deluded by a jesuitical teacher of the Romish creed? Oh, Emilia, have you the madness to embrace the errors of the man of sin, and to conform to



the idolatrous worship of the poor benighted papists? What infatuation! Are you not aware of the detestable principles, which the papists endeavor to disseminate, of their uncharitableness towards those who differ from them in their religious belief, of their arrogance, and impiety in consigning to eternal perdition those who had the wisdom to separate themselves from them, and to adhere to the Bible as their sole rule of faith, instead of suffering themselves to be led astray by the gaudy externals and the ignorant ministers of a corrupted church. O, Emilia, wonder not that I feel indignant at the perfidious attempt made to sap the foundation of your faith, wonder not that I feel chagrined at the thought of seeing you in danger of being perverted by the shadowy reasonings of Father Jonathan, and that I speak with warmth what I have imbibed from my earliest infancy: wonder not Emilia, at these my feelings, for it pierces my very soul to behold your wretched condition, to hear you utter such sentiments, and to understand the danger to which you have unwittingly, though innocently, exposed yourself by listening to the wily enemies of protestantism. Retrace, oh, retrace your steps, my dearest Emilia, advance no farther in such a dangerous course, be not the cause of throwing your aged parents, your friends, and the whole circle of your acquaintance into the deepest affliction, to this I conjure you, by all the ties of our early friendship, by our mutual love, by that faith once so dear, for which our fathers bled, and which since the glorious era of the Reformation, flourished in our common country: by all these, Emilia, I conjure you to abandon popery, and to break off all connexion with the jesuits, those bitter enemies of Christ and of his Gospel. Reflect seriously on yourself, and on your future prospects, before you are



guilty of an act which shall estrange you from your friends, before you are guilty of abandoning the worship of your fathers, of bending to the idol of Romanism, and of bowing to it with blasphemous adoration."

This affecting appeal to Emilia shook her very frame; a glimmering of uncertainty seemed for a moment to flash across her mind, but instantly vanished. So overpowered was she by the intensity of her present feelings, that she was unable to give expression to her thoughts, which were struggling for utterance! To resist, for the moment, she felt herself unable, and to comply contrary to her firm, unalterable conviction, she felt impossible. Thus for a time she kept Georgina in suspense, regarding the effect of her appeal, nor did she seem to disregard the reasons advanced, urging her to an immediate abandonment of popish doctrines. At length, covering her face with her hands, and melting into tears, she recollected the advice of Father Jonathan, who frequently reminded her of having recourse to God in the time of affliction, and who always ended his instructions by these heaven-taught words "watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation," and again, "in your tribulation you will possess your souls." These she treasured up most carefully in her mind, and now that she was surrounded by such unexpected dangers she resolved on putting them to immediate trial. No sooner had she come to this resolution, than the thought of her divine author appeared to her vivid imagination, she thought she beheld him, in solitary retirement, praying in the garden, and infusing into his sleeping disciples a holy desire of prayer; yes, yes, the words 'watch and pray,' took place of every thing else, and so carried away was



she, by the intensity of her feelings, that she loudly offered up the following fervent prayer.

“Hear, O my God,” she said, “the prayers of thy afflicted servant, strengthen her in this her present struggle with flesh and blood, enlighten her with a ray of thy heavenly light, and infuse thy divine wisdom into her soul, that she may not only be instructed in thy holy faith, but that she may be enabled to instruct in, and convince others of the truth of thy divine law and of thy gospel. Make known to them their errors and impieties against thy holy spouse, with whom thou hast promised to abide ‘all days, even unto the consummation of the world.’ Hear me, O my God, and if through the manifold abuses of thy graces, I am unworthy to be heard, look to the merits of my Redeemer, and not to my unworthiness, look to the supplications of her, raised to the exalted honor of Mother of God, look to the united prayers of all the faithful, as well on earth as in heaven, have regard at least to their prayers, as they have proved themselves thy faithful servants, hear them as they are incessantly praying for the conversion of all poor sinners, for those who as yet do not know thee; even those, who may think, like the Jews of old, that they are pleasing to thee, when they are uniting against thy church, and raising persecutions against thy people.”

“Give me grace, O my God, to make public confession of my faith, as thou thyself hast declared, that he that will deny thee before men, him wilt thou deny before thy father who is in heaven.”

This delivered with a tone of fervid piety, and impassioned eloquence, which invariably proceeds from the inmost recesses of the heart, and pronounced with an air of grave solemnity, so well adapted to the moment, filled



Georgina with something like remorse, and for the first time she felt regret for any thing she said against the miscalled popish church, or against its ministers. Never before had she experienced similar feelings, her conscience seemed to accuse her, of charging the papists and their ministers with crimes, for which she could find no solid proof, being, as she was inclined to think, inventions of the enemy, to deter well-meaning persons from examining more closely into their doctrines, and penetrating more deeply into the real tenets of their belief. These sentiments, however, she carefully concealed from Emilia, and fearing that any thing might be discovered in her external appearance, which might betray the inward feelings of her soul, she assumed a sullen and uninterrupted silence, until accosted by Emilia in the following manner.

“Georgina, for the kindness and sympathy you have always evinced in my regard, I feel truly grateful, even now, when my religious convictions cause such a serious difference between us, I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude, yes, Georgina, my heart expands with that warmth of affection which I always entertained for you, because I consider that you are sincerely desirous of my welfare, and that you believe my salvation to be inseparably connected with presbyterianism,”

“Yes,” replied Georgina, deeply affected, and bursting into tears, “I desire only to see you happy.”

“Ah, Georgina, for your good intentions I give you every credit, and for your sincere desire to see me happy, but, were I to remain a presbyterian, and prevented from embracing catholicity, then indeed would I feel miserable and unhappy, then indeed might you consider that I endured a fate worse than death, but not, as you might imagine, effected by the agency of a catholic priest. The



catholic clergymen, or, as they are commonly designated by their enemies, 'popish priests,' are, I can assure you, a most zealous, inoffensive, and learned body of men, but most maligned, injured, and calumniated, and the Catholic church, is as you well know, held up to continual scorn and ridicule, its worship stigmatized as idolatrous, its doctrine as antichristian and unscriptural, and its sacraments, its sacrifice, and other institutions, as human inventions and superstitions. Is it not almost incredible that in this boasted age of enlightenment, in this the nineteenth century, there should be still such gross ignorance of catholicity, and such wholesale calumnies invented against the religion of five-sixths of all the christians throughout the world? Is it not passing strange, that such glaring falsehoods would be uttered against a creed, acquiesced in and believed by a Bossuet, a Fenelon, an Augustin, a Chrysostom, and an infinite number of others, remarkable for their zeal, their learning, and their humility; and distinguishing themselves more especially in their opposition to every innovation in religion, and in counteracting the blighting influence of heresy, and holding up its authors to public detestation and abhorrence. Is it a church of which such illustrious men were the ornaments, that should be made a by-word and a laughing-stock? If we would not respect it for its antiquity, and its illustrious progeny, we should, at least, cease to calumniate and revile a religion of which we must be profoundly ignorant. Is it not, after all, absurd to think that two hundred and fifty millions of catholics, or of papists, as they are insultingly termed, all believing the same doctrine, all kneeling at the same altar, all offering up the same sacrifice, all united under the same visible head, the legitimate successor of St. Peter, to



whom our Lord 'entrusted the care of his Lambs and of his sheep,' that is of his whole flock? 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep'; is it not absurd in the extreme to believe that all those are gone astray, and that a church, never until lately heard of in the christian world, that a church of no more than yesterday, is the church of more than eighteen centuries? I never could imagine that the Church of Scotland, the Church of England, or any other new fangled church, to-day believing one thing, to-morrow believing another, disagreeing among themselves to-day, and railing at catholicity to-morrow, could be the true church of Christ. To me it is quite incomprehensible that a church, whose members are tossed 'to and fro by every wind of doctrine, heaping to themselves false teachers having itching ears,' full of contentions, strifes and divisions, could be for a moment considered as the true church. No, it is impossible that a church, made up of such a strange medley, would form any portion of, or constitute the true church of Christ. In protestantism there is a want of that union so essential to the true church, and this alone is a sufficient indication that every sect of Protestants is in gross and palpable error. Notwithstanding the frightful colours drawn of the catholic church by our ministers, still, even before I was convinced of its truth, I admired the union of its members, and their anxiety to preserve that union pure and unsullied, and now convinced as I am of the truth of catholicity, I must confess that that union was the first motive which induced me to examine more minutely into their belief, and paved the way for my complete conversion to the catholic church. Yes, my dear Georgina, I am converted to catholicity, and you may be angry and displeased with me for being a catholic, you may shun me altogether,



you may persecute me in different ways, but you know that whoever act against their conscience build to hell; and now that my conscience declares for catholicity, I must obey its summons, though at the risk of losing not only your friendship, but that of the entire world."

Georgina, unaccustomed to hear Emilia speaking in defence of the catholic church, and knowing her former prejudice against what she then termed popery, was so amazed that she could scarcely think of a reply. She felt that were she to demand reasons for this extraordinary change, it would bring on a lengthened discussion, for which they had not then sufficient time, nor did she think herself sufficiently prepared; she, therefore, wished to defer hearing Emilia's reasons to a more suitable period. After she had come to this resolution, recovering, as if from a dream, she asked enquiringly,

"So, Emilia, the force of conviction has caused you to become a catholic."

"Yes, Georgina," replied Emilia, "a conviction so powerful, so deeply rooted, and so steadfast, that I could not resist, though I struggled against it with all the power of my soul."

"But, you did not read your Bible," said Georgina, "as Mr. McNab, your minister, had recommended, otherwise, you would not be prepared to join a church, in which you must abandon the reading of it altogether."

"You know, Georgina, that I have been a constant reader of the Bible," answered Emilia, "and that I have not only read, but, perused it most attentively, and the result is, that the more I perused it, the more I discovered the falsehood of the protestant religion."

This reply to Emilia's not reading the Bible, had a



most electrifying effect, on the too sensitive mind of Georgina.

“What!” she exclaimed, “Bible! falsehood!! protestant religion!!! does this language become the daughter of Lady Elmford? to say that the protestant religion is false, and that this falsehood is proved from the Bible, fills me with utter astonishment, the idea of it is so strange that I am utterly confounded at hearing it. The papists, who deny the Bible altogether, could not go farther in calumniating the religion of the Bible. Yes, it is a gross calumny, Emilia, to say that you perused the Bible, and that the effect of that perusal, was to detect the falsehood of the Protestant religion.”

“What I mean to say, is,” replied Emilia, “no matter how grating to protestant ears, that I believe the Bible to be the Word of God; that I have read the Bible, and that the effect of my reading it, is my conversion to the catholic church; it is untrue, nay, it is false, it is even worse than a falsehood, it is a downright calumny, to assert that the catholics, or papists, as you call them, deny the Bible, or one single word contained in it; they, on the contrary, preserved it from the infidel attacks of every unbeliever; they venerate it as the Word of God, and no ruthless hand shall, with impunity, endeavor to tear a single letter, or a single word, from that which they are taught to respect as the inspired volume. I am now prepared to prove that the catholic religion alone, of all the discordant religions which lay claim to the Bible, and with which the world abounds, to use your own words, is the only religion of the Bible; and if this be the only religion of the Bible, every other must be false; and if every other must be false, every species of



Protestantism, must be the offspring of error, and consequently, the child of falsehood."

Georgina, with an air of triumph, seemed to exult over the position assumed by Emilia, viz: that the catholic religion is the religion of the Bible; she thought it would be an easy matter to convince her of the contrary; but the sequel will show, that she was too sanguine in her expectations, and that we should not be too precipitate in judging, without understanding properly, the state of the question, on which our judgments are to be founded. As she was about to enter on a discussion, contrary to her previous intentions, she was prevented by the chime of the night bell, which required the immediate attendance of the family, as is the case in many parts of the country, even at the present time. She therefore obeyed with some reluctance, but not, however, until they both promised, to observe a profound silence about what had passed, and agreed on a convenient time, for discussing, at full length, the relative merits and demerits of the catholic and protestant religions.



## CHAPTER III.

'Mid artful wiles, and cunning schemes,  
The faith beleagured stands ;  
But faith, in works of love, proclaims  
Her true and faithful bands.

THE appointed day for the intended meeting between Emilia and Georgina, had at length arrived, and Emilia, at an early hour, began to prepare herself for the coming struggle, and to draw largely from the controversial armory, with which she was plentifully supplied by Father Jonathan. The day was ushered in, under very favorable circumstances. It was one of those beautiful mornings in the beginning of summer, when the serene and placid appearance of the earlier part of the day, is generally the sure forerunner of a warm and brilliant sunshine, in its more advanced stages. Georgina, though she too, with unwearied vigilance, refreshed her memory with occasional passages of Holy Writ, which she deemed bearing on the point, that alone of all others she wished to introduce, in order to convince Emilia of her error, and to prove to her, the superior excellence of the presbyterian doctrine ; and notwithstanding her eagerness to win back Emilia, as she thought, from her wanderings, and to prove to her that the Bible, and not the catholic church, was the sole rule of faith, and the true standard of Divine belief ; still she was not insensible to the attractive charms of the morning, but hastened to view, from a rising eminence, the natural beauties of the country, which, from its position, could vie in romantic scenery, with any portion of Scotland. Who is there



that visited this delicious spot? and on one side, viewing the beautiful country around, among which the lovely coast of Ayr, and the banks of Burns' 'Bonnie Doon,' stand out in grand relief, and on the other, the clear, blue and tranquil ocean, with its sun-lit waters reflecting a thousand different hues, the shadows of the overhanging mountains, interspersed with various islands, covered with rustic cottages, which were adorned with a copious profusion of evergreens: who is there, viewing such a scene of land and wave, and listening to the gentle murmurings of the mild blowing zephyrs, as they hasten onward to the shore, on one of those beautiful and charming summer mornings, and not feel the inspirations of nature, stealing insensibly upon them, and without experiencing a secret longing to be left alone, in the undisturbed possession of the pleasing and enchanting visions of nature's loveliness?

On Georgina's mind, the brilliant imagery, with which nature in its most imposing forms presented her, had a most powerful influence; she would have gladly remained for hours, musing with fond delight on the manifold beauties with which she was so completely captivated; she would remain an attentive listener to the linnet's song, or to the mavis' beautiful notes, or to the wildly flowing melodies of the blackbird, or an admirer of the gay landscape, and of the blooming flowers, which yielding to the genial warmth of the sun, appeared in colourings of various tints and hues, and as they began to be more visible, the sweetness of the odor they emitted, regaled the wanderer with its perfume, and scattered its fragrance on the dews of morn. But in the midst of this luxuriant scene, in which the blushing rose, and lily fairest of the field, and deeply tinged violet, together with a thousand



others of no less attractiveness, opened their bosoms to the tender caresses of the breeze, and by the rich profusion of their beauties, ravished the soul of Georgina, already captivated by their appearance, Bella Forbes, who had gained such an ascendancy over her, as to be led into all her secrets, ran up to her in haste, and acquainted her of Emilia Elmford's arrival at Kildalock cottage. Bella Forbes, or otherwise Granny Forbes, by which title she was better known, was gifted with good natural parts, and with a penetrating genius, and with a talent, which, by good cultivation, was capable of the highest improvement. She, however, had a natural passion for prying into the secrets of others; and by this means, she found out the true position of Emilia Elmford; and the unthinking Georgina disclosed to her, the whole affair, regarding their former interview, and their intended discussion. After making herself acquainted with the different circumstances of Emilia's conversion, she immediately informed the mother of Georgina of the whole matter, who though a stern, rigid, and dogmatic Presbyterian, was still a lady of fine personal accomplishments, and of a certain suavity of manners, which distinguished her from many others of the same class. She, however, was taught to have an utter aversion to the catholic religion; and, therefore, she heard this intelligence with a considerable degree of sorrow, and immediately communicated the matter to the Rev. Mr. McNab, the established minister of C—p—n, the belligerent champion of presbyterianism, and the open and avowed enemy of catholicity. During this time, little did Emilia suspect that she was discovered, or the powerful opposition she had to meet with, at the very commencement of her controversial warfare; on the contrary, so confident was



she of the justice of her cause, and of the strength of the position she was about to defend, that she promised herself an easy victory over her antagonist. The plan to attack her, and to effect her total discomfiture, was admirably laid by Lady Inglis, the mother of Georgina, as through Granny Forbes she was acquainted with everything that had passed. She heard the day on which they were to meet, and that the Bible, as the standard of the Christian faith, was the great question for their first discussion. On this day, therefore, she invited Mr. McNab to dine at the cottage, and she resolved (as previously agreed upon between them) to say something regarding the popish superstitions, and popish ignorance, which would afford him an opportunity of showing up the doctrines of popery, and of contrasting with the dark outlines it presented, the refulgent and glorious light of presbyterianism and its fundamental principles, namely, that the Bible, as interpreted by the whim of each individual, is the sole rule of faith, and the ultimate tribunal to end all matters of controversy. Lady Inglis having every arrangement made, that she thought necessary to bring Emilia to the faith of her fathers; for she imagined that a young helpless female, should never be proof against the powerful reasoning of the redoubted champion of the Scottish fold, but that she would instantly yield to his superior might, was rather more cheerful than usual, and banished by her affectionate kindness to Emilia, every cause of apprehension. Georgina had now returned with Granny Forbes, much pleased with her morning walk, and immediately on entering, she repaired to the drawing room, where her mamma and Emilia were sitting. They cordially embraced each other, and after spending a short time in polite enquiries regarding various little



matters, which we omitted here, as of no great novelty to the readers, being the common place salutations of the day; they were interrupted by the tapping of the servant at the door, who on entering announced to them that breakfast was on the table. This intelligence was hailed with delight by Emilia and Georgina, both of whom, from the manner in which they had spent the morning, were in fond anticipation of the moment, in which they were to be called to breakfast. The summons, it is therefore needless to repeat, was readily obeyed, and after partaking of an excellent repast, as the reader will easily believe, Lady Inglis proposed that they should drive a few miles along the shore, as the day was so fine and beautiful. This proposal was unanimously agreed to, and the coachman was called up, and ordered to have the carriage in immediate readiness. Every thing being now prepared, the carriage in waiting before the hall-door, and the horse, a light chestnut of beautiful appearance, richly caparisoned, through eagerness to get away champed the foaming bit, and pawed the ground beneath his feet. The party, consisting of Lady Inglis, Emilia and Georgina, in a few moments, came forward, and Bella also accompanied them, but was ordered by Lady Inglis to remain at home, for the purpose of receiving Mr. McNab, who was expected to dinner, and of entertaining him, were he to come before their return. On hearing this, Emilia stood aghast; a sudden gloominess overhung her countenance; she was dismayed at the thought of having to encounter the presence of such an enemy to popery, and for a moment, she seemed unconscious of what was passing around her; but awakened from her reverie by Bella, who came to see her in the carriage, she resumed courage, and reasoned herself out of



the belief, that the minister's coming to Kildalock, had nothing to do with her, and was in no wise connected with her visit. They had already entered on their way, and the cheerful aspect of the country, together with the busy industry of the husbandmen, who appeared in all directions, afforded them delight and satisfaction. As they passed along they did not fail to observe, nor were they insensible to the charms of Templand cottage, the residence of the Romish priest. Georgina and her mamma, as if with one voice exclaimed, "O, how beautiful! what a charming residence! with what taste is not that cottage ornamented?" "See mamma," said Georgina, "with what neatness every thing is laid out, how nature and art unite with each other, or rather combine, in rendering this delicious spot both pleasant and agreeable!" "Yes, my dear child, it far surpasses Kildalock, or any other residence in this locality."

While they were thus admiring the beauties of Templand cottage, the owner, who was no other than Father Jonathan, hastily advanced to the front gate, accompanied by a poor man, who, from his appearance, seemed labouring under intense anxiety, and walked together, as fast as was in their power. When Emilia beheld Father Jonathan, she felt an inward joy arising in her soul, and that joy was much enhanced by the favourable impression made upon Georgina and her mamma, by the neatness and beauty of his residence. As neither Lady Inglis, nor Georgina, had a previous opportunity of knowing Father Jonathan personally, they were quite unconscious of the person, on whom they were bestowing such extravagant praise. Had they known that it was the Romish priest, they would admire in silence and speak with more reserve. After Father Jonathan, and the poor man, who, as his



fidus Aschates, kept pace with him, had passed in a different direction to the party, Georgina eagerly enquired, who that gentleman might be, and what must be the cause of his extraordinary hurry. Emilia, proud of this opportunity, answered her enquiries, by stating that that gentleman was Father Jonathan, the catholic priest, and that the cause of his present haste, was to see a poor woman, who was lying in a very dangerous condition, and as it was thought, with little hopes of recovery.

“What!” exclaimed Lady Inglis: “can that be a catholic priest? and going to visit the sick! surely a man of such open, and intelligent countenance, and of such tender and charitable feelings, as to go on this mission of love, such as you describe, Emilia, cannot be a papist, much less, a popish priest.”

Here Emilia smiled at the singular notions of Lady Inglis, and at the rather unwilling compliment bestowed on Father Jonathan. But Lady Inglis, as if regretting the concession she made regarding Father Jonathan, said.

“No, it cannot be, and even though it should be Father Jonathan, he goes not to build, but to destroy, he goes, as Mr. McNab, has often repeated to us from the pulpit, like to the wolf in sheep’s clothing, not to cherish, but to devour, not to save, but to slay his unoffending victim.”

At this wanton and unprovoked attack on the character of Father Jonathan, who from his mild and amiable manner, was beloved by all who knew him, Emilia became justly indignant, and thinking that she was called upon to vindicate the innocent, she interrupted Lady Inglis, and regardless of any thing, save her undying attachment to innocence and truth, she addressed her in the following pointed, and argumentative manner.

“Pray, madam, by what right do you judge your neigh-



bour so uncharitably? you who taunt the papists, with such ignorance regarding the Bible, seem to forget one of its principal maxims, viz., Judge not that you may not be judged; how unreasonable are you not when speaking of the papists, you argue thus; to visit the sick is charity, and is not charity. Now, Madam a thing cannot be black and white at the same time, and in the same circumstances, therefore, when you say that it is charity to visit the sick; if Father Jonathan visit the sick, it must be charity. How then can you, according to your own admission, say that Father Jonathan, when visiting the sick, and imparting to them the words of eternal life, was uncharitable? No, you cannot with truth or with reason, make such an assertion; for how can you prove to me, in accordance with your own principles, that it is not charitable in Father Jonathan, or in any other papist, to visit the sick and inspire them with a holy confidence in the name of their Redeemer? Does not St. James tell us that 'religion undefiled is this; to visit the fatherless and the widow in their tribulation; and to keep one's self unspotted from this world;' does not the Saviour tell us, that 'the good shepherd lays down his life for his flock;' and do you tell me in the face of these scripture truths, that he who thus sacrifices himself, for his flock; that he who thus proves himself the good shepherd; that he who thus exposes himself to heat, and cold, and fever, and plague, for the benefit of the dying and the poor; that he who stands like another Moses, between God and his people; that he who is found at the bedside of the dying sinner, and who, in the noble discharge of his duty, carries home with him the fatal malady, received by inhaling the pestilential breath of his penitent; do you tell me, that he who thus sacrifices himself to convert souls, purchased by the blood



of a Redeemer, preaching to them salvation through Jesus, and inspiring them with confidence in him, at the dread moment of their dissolution; do you tell me, I say, that such a person is to be branded with the ignominious title of soul destroyer, and is to be compared to a beast of prey, lying in wait for whom he may devour!"

Lady Inglis, unused to such language, felt much irritated. However, seeing that she was not a match for Emilia, and that she had given her such provocation, as she knew from Granny Forbes that she was a catholic, she declined entering further into the contest, but, gloated over the satisfaction she would have, in seeing Emilia quailing before the superior might of Mr. McNab, and in hearing him unraveling before her the popish sophistries, and in shaming her out of the belief of such silly doctrines as those professed by papists. At length, after continuing silent for a little, she said,

"Upon my honour, Emilia, I am surprised at the sentiments to which you have given expression; badly does it become the daughter of Lady Elmford, to be found arguing in behalf of papists; still I would fain hope that you will not be carried away by the delusion, which, of late, has been fatal to many, and that you will shun all intercourse with the papists, the avowed enemies of protestantism."

At this latter part of her discourse, Emilia could not contain herself from smiling at the idea of keeping away from the papists, in which Georgina, as she knew that Emilia was a catholic, and as she thought that her mamma was ignorant of her conversion, largely shared.

"I assure you, Emilia," continued Lady Inglis, "that I am extremely sorry to hear you utter such sentiments, and that nothing but my regard for you, would cause me



to speak to you as I have done. I think that you must have fallen in with some Jesuit or another, who has filled your mind with such singular ideas, as it is said that such persons are to be frequently met with, of late, in this country."

"I think, madam," replied Emilia, "without meaning to give the slightest offence, that from whatever source I have derived my information, what I have said is perfectly correct, and that it will bear the strictest scrutiny; I shall, therefore, since you have declined answering me, rest satisfied that I have done my duty, by protecting the innocent and defending the truth."

"Well," rejoined Lady Inglis, somewhat indignant at what had fallen from Emilia, "you shall have enough of it, and you may depend upon it, that this matter will be discussed at a more fitting opportunity."

"I am satisfied, and I hope I shall never shrink from the responsibility of defending what I believe to be the truth," said Emilia.

"Nor shall I," replied Lady Inglis, "but as matters have gone so far, I shall fully satisfy myself as to the truth of the two facts you have asserted, namely, whether that was the Romish priest, and if so, whether he was going to visit the sick woman, in such an extraordinary hurry."

"As you seem to doubt my information," said Emilia, "I am contented that you should be most fully informed of each of these, and then you cannot suspect any person of falsehood."

"No, Emilia," answered Lady Inglis, "I do not suspect you of falsehood, I only think that you might be mistaken, or misinformed, so you will pardon me if I have unknowingly given you any offence."



“That explanation is sufficient,” rejoined Emilia.

They now returned in the direction in which they saw Father Jonathan hastening, and they had not gone far, when they came up with a poor woman who was hurrying towards the town, and who, from her appearance, could be no other than an Irishwoman. The reader, “*en passant*,” will remark that I do not say this in derision, no, my heart feels for them, they are, on account of their inhuman task-masters, reduced to the lowest condition, the poorest of the poor, I could not insult them for their poverty, as it would be unworthy of the name of Irish, in which I myself glory, and which I value more than any earthly honour or emolument. But such is the state of my poor fellow countrymen and countrywomen, that they are known, at least, in great part, by their poverty, and though I do not here intend to enter into politics, I must say, however, that in consequence of the bad laws by which they are governed, they are as much characterized by their poverty, as by their inviolable fidelity to their faith, to which they cling with a death-like grasp, even in the very worst of times; and when they were led like lambs to the slaughter, for handing down intact to their posterity, that which they received with the same unsullied purity, from a long line of their catholic ancestors. But to return: as they came up with the poor woman, Lady Inglis ordered the coachman to stop the carriage, and immediately entered into the following conversation with her:

“Are you an Irishwoman ma’am?”

“An’ that I am, your Ladyship, an’ never ’ll deny it, an’ from Connaught too.”

“From Connaught!” repeated Lady Inglis, “do you



mean to say, my good woman, that Connaught is in Ireland?"

"Troth then I do, your Ladyship, an' that's no lie. What stupidity," said she to herself, "a lady not to know that Connaught was in Ireland." She thought it could be no other than one of the Englishers, that would be guilty of such a mistake, and to make herself sure, she asked her the following question:

"A' then, may be your Ladyship would be so kind as to tell me are you an English lady?"

"No, I am not," replied Lady Inglis indignantly, and with strong emphasis, blended with a little of the Highland pompousness, she said, "I am a Scotch lady."

"I thought, your Ladyship," replied the Connaught woman, "that you wern't born in the gud ould counthry, or otherways you wouldn't axe me where was Connaught."

This she said, turning on her heel to go away, and wondering at the profound ignorance of Lady Inglis, who did not know even the rudiments of "jography," as she called it. She now felt convinced that the English and Scotch ladies were nearly the same, that they were, as she herself would say, "six of one, an' half dozen of th' other."

Here Lady Inglis, not half satisfied regarding the object of her enquiry, stopped her, by asking her whether she was a papist.

"A papist," replied the poor Connaught woman, whose feelings were wounded to the very quick on hearing this nickname applied to her by a person in the garb of a lady, "troth your Ladyship, you're welcome to your nickname, but you may thank Father Jonathan's sermon, telling us not to mind those that are so unmannerly as to



call us nicknames, or perhaps, my Lady, you'd remember the day you called the Connaught woman a papist."

"What then should I call you?" said Lady Inglis.

"What should you call me! an' doesn't the world know what you should call a Connaught woman! but, your Ladyship, it's small blame to you not to know what to call me, as you are a Scotch lady, I might say English for all the odds between you, and since you didn't know what part of the world was Connaught in; I am surprised to see you so ignorant, but, I will tell you what I am, and what is my right name, I am a Christian and a catholic, both my name and surname."

"I did not mean to offend you, my good woman, by calling you a papist, I should as soon call you a catholic."

"You would, I believe, hem! and why didn't you, and I wouldn't be necessitated to correct you for acting against common decency by calling me nicknames. But, call me my right name for the future, and I'll forgive you, and I hope God will forgive you, too, for insulting the members of His church by miscalling them."

"I did not, I assure you, mean to offend you, but, all I wanted to know was, that if you were a catholic, you would be able to tell me whether that was Father Jonathan you met a little ago, as you were coming forward."

"That, your Ladyship, is the very man you mention, an' och is that the way you are? sure every body knows Father Jonathan, God bless him, and the heaven be his bed when he dies, and leaves this dirty world; troth it is, and I fear that he is too good to be long wid us, as we don't deserve such a darlin treasure. Is that Father Jonathan! and what need your Ladyship axe me that question? wouldn't his very looks tell that it was the



darlin crathur, and he goin to see poor Mrs. Fannan, who has nobody on this airth to look afther her, but her ould sickly crathur of a man, and the clergy, who always attend the poor and desolate, and gives them many a bright shillin to help them in their necessities."

"The poor woman is right," said Emilia, in admiration of the simplicity and artlessness of the language, which she used in speaking to Lady Inglis. "Where is the minister that would go as they do, and expose themselves to heat and cold, to fever and cholera, and every other pestilence, in order to instill into their minds a knowledge of God, and a horror of offending him? Here, poor woman," she said to the Connaught woman, "is a half sovereign for you, because, though clothed in rags, you were not afraid, nor ashamed of telling the truth, and not like many others who would, as Esau, deny their birth-right for a mess of pottage, or rather, give up their religion for a paltry remuneration." Georgina, also, who enjoyed the conversation very much, presented her with a half crown, and the poor woman thanked them, rejoicing that Providence was so kind to her, in sending a friend when she expected only an enemy, nay, an enemy of the worst description, that is a bigot.



## CHAPTER IV.

As owls their nightly ditties sing,  
And shun the light of day;  
So owl-like parsons falsehoods bring,  
And fly from truth's bright ray.

LADY INGLIS now convinced that the resident of Templand Cottage was none other than Father Jonathan, the Romish priest, felt different emotions at one and the same time struggling in her breast. The conversation she had with the Connaught woman who in her own artless and simple style passed the highest eulogium on Father Jonathan, and the high estimation in which he was held by every person who knew him—these made a deep and sensible impression upon her.

“Can it be,” she soliloquized, “that a person so universally beloved by his flock, and who devotes his whole time to the service of the poor, is no better than what Mr. McNab has described him? Is it not at least one redeeming feature in his character to visit the sick, and to impart words of consolation to the dying sinner? This undoubtedly is a good work, and does not the sacred Scripture tell me that the tree is known by its fruit; that the good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the bad tree bad fruit; and have I not, therefore, as good a right to believe that Father Jonathan, in the performance of works of charity, is like the good tree mentioned in the sacred scripture, which produceth good fruit, as to believe the naked assertion of Mr. McNab, who would fain persuade me that whatever the papists or their ministers do is bad, and that, as the barren tree, unpro-



ductive of good fruit, they should be plucked up and thrown into the fire? But what am I saying, how could a barren tree produce such good fruit? and that barren tree Father Jonathan! he who is daily employed in visiting the sick, helping the orphan, and assisting the widow. No, it cannot be; as the poor woman told me of him, was not his countenance a sufficient index to his heart, could I not there read that candor, kindness, and benevolence which are the characteristics of true and noble minds, and especially of the true and genuine Christian? Yes, this alone is sufficient to show, that the different accusations urged against him, and the body to which he belongs, are false and groundless. "But, alas!" she said, with a sigh, and as if returning to her former conceptions, "is not the ignorance which he, together with the other popish priests, are reported to keep their flocks, is not that alone sufficient to condemn him and them in the eyes of every good and enlightened Christian? This, if true, is sufficient to condemn them, both in the eyes of God, and of the world. But can it be true," she said to herself, "that they do keep their people in ignorance?"

At this moment, her musing was interrupted by their arrival at the entrance which led to Kildalock Cottage, and as she proceeded, she bethought her of the subject of controversy, which was decided upon between Emilia and Georgina, for that evening. She therefore, and as if unconscious of the presence of any person, said in a low but audible tone, "I shall know all on this evening, and perhaps I will be convinced, that what I have so often heard regarding the ignorance of the papists, will turn out nothing more than false and ungrounded calumnies." But, again, the thought of Emilia's competency flashing



across her mind, she felt a sudden depression of spirits, for she thought, that in so short a period, Emilia could not give a full exposition of catholic doctrine.

Emilia, who overheard the foregoing, was much agitated, for it now appeared to her as certain, that the secret of her conversion was being made known, and again, assuming a thoughtful mood, she would gladly indulge for some moments, on revolving in her mind, what had fallen from Lady Inglis, but she was prevented by the carriage being drawn up in front of the hall door, and she was again aroused by the voice of Granny Forbes, who was rejoiced to see her return, and helped her out of the carriage. Immediately after their arrival, it was announced that Mr. McNab was at Kildalock, and no sooner had this announcement been made than he came forward himself in person. After the first forms of salutation they entered the cottage, and after a few moments preparation for dinner, they returned to the drawing room, and entertained Mr. McNab by the different circumstances which occurred during the day, among which, to his no little annoyance, was a high eulogy on the good taste and charitable conduct of Father Jonathan.

By this time the dinner bell summoned them to the refectory, which summons was cheerfully obeyed, and they immediately entered the dining room, where they were introduced to a most excellent banquet, and where every thing was served up with such neatness and simplicity, and yet in a manner fit for the most refined palate. Mr. McNab requested by Lady Inglis to say grace, or in Scottish parlance to ask a blessing, did so in true presbyterian fashion. He closed his eyes, elevated his right hand over the table, and continued



almost as long as an ordinary preacher would his sermon, not altogether in asking the required blessing, but, in asking a thing which he considered to be of much higher importance, viz. : to preserve them from the dread beast of the apocalypse, with the seven heads and ten horns, which he very seer-like prophesied to be the Church of Rome, and piously warned them to fly all intercourse from the modern Babylon, the centre of popery and the mother of harlots, and of idolatry. This ludicrous scene being terminated the party sat down to dinner. During the foregoing, calculated no doubt to deter protestants from canvassing the catholic doctrine, and seeing it as it really is ; Emilia, though well accustomed to such canting hypocrisy, still, with no little difficulty, withheld herself from interrupting him in his prayer ; were she conscious that he had been made acquainted with her conversion, nothing would prevent her, from calling upon this noonday defamer of her newly adopted religion, for proof of his gratuitous and calumnious assertions. Georgina, who entertained views different from Emilia's, regarding the catholic religion, imagined that the minister went too far in decrying the papists ; she thought, she felt, nay, she was convinced that they were not idolaters, but, on the contrary, that they were true believers, and that they utterly detested the damnable crime of idolatry, as much as any other body of Christians in the world ; and as to the old threadbare argument of the church of Rome being the mother of harlots, she shuddered at the idea of making such an admission, and could not believe it, even on the united testimony of Mr. M'Nab, Knox, Calvin, Zuinglius, Luther, or any other of the "sainted reformers." Turning to Mr. M'Nab, she denied emphati-



cally, that the Church of Rome was the mother of harlots.

“The Church of Rome,” she said, “the mother of harlots! impossible! I can never consent to such a doctrine. I do not believe that the Church of Rome, is the only true church, but I readily and freely admit that she is a true church. The only fault with her, in my opinion, is that she believes and does more than is required, and that she is in error when she does not adhere to scripture alone, as the only standard of her belief, but, gives heed to many human inventions. To say that the Church of Rome is the mother of harlots, is, in my opinion to attribute what decency forbids me to express, to the Church of Scotland, the Church of England, the Relief Church, the Baptists, the Quakers, the Unitarians, and to every other Church which has made its appearance since the glorious epoch of the reformation. I wonder, Sir, that you would not allow to catholics the same right which you claim for yourself; that is, the right of judging for themselves, and of acting according to their judgments.”

Here Lady Inglis interrupted her daughter by saying, “My child, you must be ignorant of the popish doctrine regarding the Bible, when you thus argue, about their judging for themselves, in their choice of a religion; do you not know, that they exclude the Bible altogether?”

“Yes, mamma, I confess that, but I cannot believe that they are idolators, or that their church is the mother of harlots, as I should believe that my own church is no better, since she is descended from her.”

During this conversation Emilia observed a profound silence, till asked by Mr. McNab, what she thought of Georgina’s defence, of popish ignorance and superstition?

“I think, sir, without meaning the slightest offence



to my friend," replied Emilia, "that she has acted like the lawyer, who, fee'd by both parties, pleads effectually for neither."

At this the company smiled, and Lady Inglis addressing Mr. McNab, requested of him, now that dinner was over, to explain the fundamental objections to popery, and the reasons why papists could not be considered godly Christians.

"Why, madam, that is beyond the power of man to accomplish," replied Emilia, "and distressing as it is to my natural feelings, I, now, for the first time, publicly profess myself a catholic."

"You a catholic!" repeated Mr. McNab.

"Yes sir, I am a catholic, and I glory in its profession," rejoined Emilia.

"The cedars of Lebanon have sometimes fallen," said Mr. McNab in that sepulchral tone of voice for which the presbyterian ministers are so remarkable; "but pray, my dear Miss Elmford, what could induce you to become a catholic, for I can scarcely believe my own ears, when I hear that the pious daughter of Lady Elmford, is seduced to Romanism?"

"Sir, a constant perusal of the sacred scripture has induced me to become a catholic, and pardon me, if I believe that you are in error, when you state that I have been seduced to Romanism," rejoined Emilia.

"Error, madam, belongs to the popish church, and therefore, I am right in saying that you have been seduced to Romanism, when you have embraced its errors," urged Mr. McNab.

"Sir, that error belongs to the popish church remains to be proved, and I cannot, in a matter of such vital interest, depend on your naked assertion," replied Emilia.



“I trust that I shall not only be able to convince you, but all who hear me, that popery is not only erroneous, but full of idolatry, and of every sinful abomination,” added Mr. McNab.

Here Lady Inglis, Emilia, and Georgina drew nearer to Mr. McNab, Lady Inglis especially, who expected that Emilia would yield to the arguments of Mr. McNab, felt unusual pleasure and anxiety, when she beheld the minister adjusting himself for the combat, in which he was to assault the catholic church, and bring off as his prize, Emilia, on whom he looked, as an antagonist, weak and easily to be vanquished.

He commenced, as follows: “The Romanists deny the sacred scriptures to be the word of God; but they who deny the sacred scriptures to be the word of God, are in error; therefore, the Romanists are in error. Again, that church which lays down as a maxim that ignorance is the mother of devotion, is not a Christian church; but the Romish church lays down as a maxim that ignorance is the mother of devotion; therefore, the Romish church is not a Christian church. And again, that church, which keeps the gospel and law of Christ from her benighted people, is antichristian; but the Romish church keeps the gospel and law of Christ from her benighted people; therefore, the Romish church is antichristian. And to show you” said Mr. McNab, turning to Georgina, “that the papists are wicked, impious, and infidel, I will make use of this short, plain, and irresistible argument, viz.: they who act against the will, and oppose the command of Christ, are wicked, impious, and infidel; but the papists act against the will, and oppose the command of Christ; for he wills that they should search the scriptures, and they are unwilling, and they oppose his command, which is,



search the scriptures, by saying do not at your peril, search the scriptures; therefore, the papists are wicked, impious, and infidel. It follows, therefore, as a consequence from my different proofs, all of which are as clear as an axiom in geometry, that the Romanists are in error, that they are unchristian, that they are antichristian, that they are a wicked, impious, infidel, and perverse generation, and therefore, that they cannot be saved, until they come out of the unclean thing, and believe the Christian gospel, the word of God contained in the Bible."

"I am perfectly delighted and satisfied sir," said Lady Inglis, "with your able and perfect exposure of Romish doctrines, and I trust so is every person listening to you." The minister, with a smile of complacency, and an air of triumph, continued.

"Where now are your reasons, Miss Inglis, for your misplaced confidence in such a corrupted church? Are you again ready to assert that the papists are Christians, after their rejection of the Bible, and continuing as they do, in the deplorable state of gospel ignorance, and barbarous superstition? So much, my friends, regarding the impieties, and errors of the church of Rome, and popery. But the Church of Scotland! how firmly she stands on the word of God! she encourages her children to search the scriptures, to try, as the Bereans, whether these things were so; her maxim is the Bible, Oh yes, the Bible, the Bible, the whole Bible no traditions of men, but the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

Emilia smiled at this perpetual ranting about the Bible, but Georgina and her mamma were much delighted, at what appeared to them, the irresistible reasoning of Mr. McNab, Georgiana doubted her own ideas of the Romish religion, and believed once more that the charge of idola-



try could be substantiated against the Catholic church, in the same manner as the other charges seemingly proven against her. The eyes of all were now fixed on Emilia, who was finishing her notes of the different arguments used by the minister, to send them to Father Jonathan, and to request of him an immediate and satisfactory solution. Lady Inglis, imagining that the minister's arguments left Emilia no chance of escape, enquired triumphantly of her, whether she still persisted in renouncing the word of God, and becoming a Romanist. "I must confess, madam, that I am only the more convinced, of the truth of the Roman catholic religion, from the gross aspersions, so unsparingly lavished upon it by the minister; I do persist in becoming a catholic, or Romanist, but by doing so, I do not renounce the word of God, but embrace it, as I, and every Christian are bound to do."

The minister, indignant at this unexpected reply from Emilia, declared emphatically, that she was in an awful state of blindness, and said, as she thought so slightly of his arguments, that he would challenge not only Father Jonathan, but, all the priests, and bishops, nay, even the pope or anti-christ himself, to refute or contradict any of his arguments.

Emilia replied, that from the explanation she received from Father Jonathan, she imagined, that she could satisfy any rational mind, upon each of his arguments.

"It does not become a theologian to argue with a lady," said the minister. And so saying, he bade them a hasty farewell, abruptly left the parlour, and entering another apartment, he rang the bell, ordered out his horse, and, in a few moments, returned home, much disappointed at the result of his visit, to Kildalock cottage.



## CHAPTER V.

How strange, such difference there should be,  
    'Twixt brothers of same stock;  
But, stranger, still, should they agree,  
    When mother church they mock.

THE disappointment, which ensued in consequence of Mr. McNab's abrupt departure from Kildalock cottage, was deeply felt by the entire party. Emilia, especially, who had not an opportunity of explaining or defending the doctrines of the catholic church, so grossly and maliciously misrepresented, felt more than ordinary dissatisfaction. Georgina and her mamma were equally dissatisfied, as they conceived, that Emilia had a right to be heard, in defence of what she considered, though, to their minds, she erroneously considered to be the truth. "I regret," said Georgina, addressing herself to Emilia, "the hasty and abrupt departure of Mr. McNab, as I would be most happy, to hear him explaining and refuting any arguments, which you could bring forward, in favour of the popish system, the falsehood of which, he has already proved, so learnedly and effectually."

"I also regret," replied Emilia, good humouredly, "that the champion of presbyterianism showed such a cowardly disposition, by running away before even the first charge had been made upon him; but he has verified the old proverb, that 'a good retreat is better than a bad battle.' However," she continued, "I am sorry that he did not afford me an opportunity, of refuting the flimsy and antiquated arguments, which he urged against the



catholic church, though from their glaring falsehoods, they are scarcely worthy of refutation."

"What!" said Georgina, not a little surprised at what had been expressed by Emilia. "Do you imagine, that he would speak with such unbounded confidence, were he not convinced, that he was defending the truth, and exposing the erroneous opinions, and doctrines of Romanists?"

"Yes," repeated Lady Inglis, "and nobly, my dear child, has he done his duty, regarding both the one and the other."

"You might have added, madam," said Emilia, "that he has paid a high compliment to female intellect, and then you would have more fully completed his picture."

"I must allow," said Lady Inglis, somewhat confused, "that he treated you rather harshly, in not giving you a hearing, and in not waiting to explain the different objections, which you might bring forward in favour of popery: but, he did not wish to hear you defending a system, so clearly opposed to the Christian dispensation, and to revealed religion."

"He has not only treated me harshly," said Emilia; "but, he has done what is still more painful to my feelings, he has made the most false statements of the catholic doctrines."

"Why Emilia," said Georgina, "assuredly you cannot deny that the Bible is rejected by Romanists. I have no doubt that Father Jonathan, or any teacher of popery, will admit this, as a leading article of popish doctrine."

"You know but little of Father Jonathan, or of any other catholic, if you suppose that they would admit the rejection of the Bible, (which they alone have preserved for fifteen hundred years before the *deformation* of the true reli-



gion,) as a leading article, or any article of their religion," rejoined Emilia.

"But, is it not true," urged Georgina, "that the catholics have rejected the Bible, and have substituted, in its stead, mere human inventions?"

"It is not true, but it is utterly untrue," replied Emilia, "that catholics do reject the Bible, or one word contained in it; and Father Jonathan, or any other catholic, will tell you, that their religion requires of each and every individual belonging to 'the household of the faith,' a firm belief of each and every truth contained in the Bible."

"But, Emilia," insisted Georgina, "how can you convince me if such be the fact, after Mr. McNab's powerful reasoning to the contrary?"

"In this, we must have recourse to facts," answered Emilia, "and facts you know are sturdy arguments; but as to the reasoning of Mr. McNab, I view it in quite a different manner to you, for he has not given even one fact to prove the truth, of his various and barefaced assertions."

Georgina paused a little after this last reply of Emilia, and again said:

"Well, Emilia, I would wish to know, how father Jonathan would attempt to answer these arguments, and whether he does not really reject the Bible."

"I shall enclose to him in a letter, on this very evening, Mr McNab's different arguments, and I promise you, that in a very few days, we shall have a full and satisfactory refutation, of each, and every one of them," answered Emilia.

"And I promise you that in so doing, he will experience no little difficulty," rejoined Lady Inglis.

After this conversation, they remained silent for a



little. Emilia, at length, drawing from her reticule, a book purporting to bear on the point at issue, viz. the insufficiency of the Bible, and showing the necessity of returning to the catholic church, according to protestant philosophers and theologians, at the desire of Lady Inglis, read the following extracts.\*

“The antichristian spirit speaks aloud. We hold the Bible for our rule of faith; but I dare not say how it is interpreted.” (Mülher in Archenholz Minerva 1809, Julii, s. 67.)

“The number of those, who explain away, as natural facts, the miracles of the New Testament, is legion; and their followers are as the stars of the firmament.” (Ueber Bibel und Litergische Bücher 1798.)

Luther, the archreformer, in the 11th vol. of his works against Zuinglius, says, “If the world endure much longer, we shall be forced, by reason of the contrary interpretations of the Bible which now prevail, to adopt again, and to take refuge in, the decrees of the councils, if we have a mind to maintain unity of faith.”

Calvin, in his epistle to Melancthon, page 143, says, “It is truly ridiculous, that after opposing ourselves to the entire world, we should, at the very commencement, differ among ourselves.” (Ibidem, page 100,) “the evil is incurable.”

“Our people,” says Andreas Dudith, “are driven about by every wind of doctrine. We, perhaps, still know what they believe in religion to day, but we are not sure that to morrow they will believe the same. If we take the trouble to examine the articles, from the first to the last, we shall find, that there is not one, which is not admitted by some as an article of faith, and by others

\* Haninghaus.



rejected as ungodly." (And. Dudith, Schreiben an Beza, 441.)

"Our church is founded on liberty of faith; she tolerates difference of opinion, and of course tolerates error, and must tolerate it." (Schulz Nassauer Predigen Arbeiten Heft 1, s. 91, 1835.)

"The gospel of St. John is unquestionably the production of a disciple of the Alexandrian school." (Staudlius Religious Geschiuchte th. 111.)

"With regard to the apocalypse, the majority of protestant critics dispute its authority." (Rose, on the present state of the Prot. Rel. in Germany, first edition, page 161.)

"It is probable, that the writings of the new testament, do not contain the pure doctrines of Jesus." (Augusti Theologia Mona Schrift, Heft, 9.)

"Tis true protestants have not a pope; but what is far worse, they have popes, Protestant consistories equivalently supply the place of popes." (Langs, orf. Blössen der protest. theolog. s. 446.)

"The duty of searching the scriptures, it is true, is the groundwork of the reformation, but, for the great mass, it is impossible and absurd." (Jurieu, Lettres contre L. Histoire des variations.)

"What now do you think," said Emilia, "of the protestant church, the principal groundwork of which, according to Jurieu, is impossible and absurd for the great mass of the people? What now do you think of the sacred scriptures, interpreted according to the caprice of each individual, to be the sole standard of belief, and the ultimate tribunal in matters of controversy? What confidence, I would ask, can you repose in a tribunal after the various opinions of protestant



divines, regarding even the existence of such a tribunal?"

"I do declare," said Lady Inglis, "after what I have just heard, that I do not know what to think of a church, raised on such a feeble superstructure; and now, for the first time, I see reason to doubt of a rule which can be tortured to every sense, and which, chameleon-like, can assume such an endless variety of colors. A rule such as this, cannot be the rule established by God, to conduct men to the one true faith, and to the one sheepfold of the one shepherd."

"In that you are perfectly correct, and that sheepfold is the catholic church," replied Emilia.

"I am now convinced, Mamma," said Georgina, "that there must be some authority left on earth, to which we are bound to submit our erring judgments; but, may not that authority be the Church of Scotland?"

"No," replied Emilia, "since she admits that each of its members has a right to interpret the Scriptures as he pleases; and therefore, she cannot claim, at the same time, an authority, which she disavows by the fact, of granting to each the right of private judgment. She lays down a principle which is subversive of all authority; for, the right of private interpretation being once conceded, she cannot consistently enforce obedience from persons who may think their own opinion is preferable to her's."

"That is true," said Georgina, "she cannot enforce her authority, when she believes that every individual has, equally with her, the right to interpret even the most difficult passages of the sacred scriptures."

Lady Inglis, who was totally absorbed in thought, during the latter part of the foregoing conversation,



seemed much disconcerted on discovering the conflicting elements of protestantism; and now, that she looked upon herself as tossed on an ocean of uncertainty, she was resolved to make every exertion, to ascertain the truth, and to embrace it when found, at any, and at every sacrifice.

She waited with anxiety for the answer to Mr. McNab's arguments, by Father Jonathan, and expressed a desire that Emilia would write as soon as possible, requesting him to send the answer without delay. Emilia yielding to her wishes, sat down, and penned in haste the following letter:—

REV'D DEAR SIR,

Since our late interview, I have met with many and unthought of difficulties against which I had to contend. I have of late, more than ever, experienced the necessity of reposing less reliance on the world, and more confidence in God. The enclosed sheet, as you will perceive, contains arguments against the Catholic religion, arguments put forward by the Rev. Mr. McNab, at Kildalock Cottage. Lady Inglis, her daughter, another young lady and myself were present. Lady Inglis and her daughter, who have a high opinion of the learning of Mr. McNab, are especially desirous to know, whether you admit the truth of these arguments; and if not, whether you could give them a positive and satisfactory answer. The abrupt and hasty departure of Mr. McNab from Kildalock, after his unprovoked attack upon the doctrines of the catholic church, debarred met he opportunity, of refuting his unjust, and ill-grounded assertions. Lady Inglis and her daughter regretted, equally with myself, the minister's abrupt departure. In consequence of my reading the



doctrines of the first reformers, and of various subsequent protestant theologians, regarding the Bible and Christianity in general, they are thrown into such a state of uncertainty, about what they should believe, that I would think it advisable for you, to avail yourself of the earliest opportunity, to reply to the charges enclosed in this letter, and to vindicate in your own peculiar style, the holy doctrines of the unerring spouse of Christ, and the unchangeable faith of her sainted and obedient children.

I am,

Rev'd dear sir,

respectfully,

Emilia Elmford.

*Kildalock, Feb. 20th, 1848.*

The, foregoing, posted on the same evening, reached its destination, at an early hour, on the following morning. In the absence of Father Jonathan, who was making his daily visitation to the sick of his congregation, the letter was delivered to his housekeeper, and carefully laid up till his return. After the lapse of a few hours, Father Jonathan returned, and the letter was laid on the table. Having opened it, and informing himself of the contents, a momentary flash of indignation seemed to light his countenance, but, he quickly subdued himself, and, with unwonted fervor, prayed for the enemies of his Church, and for the people, led away, by the subtle reasoning of those, in whom they are taught to repose confidence. Said he, in the impulse of the moment, "Spare, O Lord spare thy people," and again, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

After some time spent in prayer, he reflected for a few



moments upon the contents of the letter, and upon the circumstances urged by Emilia in order to receive an immediate answer; and finally concluded, that he would comply with her request, on that very evening. He dined more hastily than usual, and, after dinner, repaired to his study, where he might, without interruption, devote himself to the refutation of the minister's different arguments. This being easily and speedily accomplished, he called his servant, and despatched him with the letter to the post-office, and directed it to Miss Elmford, Kildalock Cottage.



## CHAPTER VI.

As opening flow'rs their leaves expand,  
To Sol's congenial rays;  
So truths revealed, in triumph stand  
The world's admiring gaze.

THE anxiety that awaited the preceding letter, at Kildalock, was only equalled by the joy shared by its residents, when Emilia holding it in her hands, announced it to be from Father Jonathan. Lady Inglis and Georgina hastily seated themselves near Emilia on the sofa, and she immediately opened the letter, and read the following pointed and powerful answer, to Mr. McNabs unanswerable argument.

Templand Cottage, Feb. 22nd, 1848.

My Dear Miss Elmford,

I deeply sympathize with you, in consequence of the severe trials, which you had to undergo, since I had the pleasure of seeing you. These trials are, however, to be patiently endured; as they are permitted by divine providence, either as a punishment due to our former sins, or as an opportunity afforded us, of proving our fidelity to God, and of perfecting ourselves in the practice of the Christian virtues. They have also the effect of withdrawing our minds from an attachment to the world, by convincing us, that even in the most prosperous worldly circumstances, we feel unhappy, and that therefore we must look beyond this world, for the attainment of true and real happiness. Christians must not suffer themselves to be dejected, when they are thus exposed to trials, and when they seem to be



overpowered by the weight of their afflictions; but, on the contrary, they must struggle against them with fortitude, bearing in mind, that God will not permit them to be tempted above that which they are able, and that He will manifest His power, in their infirmity.

I regret, that such unfounded calumnies have been uttered, in presence of two such ladies, as Lady Inglis and her daughter. I have heard of the services rendered by them to the poor of their neighborhood; and I fervently hope, that, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in their way by the minister's visit, they shall, as a reward for the many services rendered to the poor, receive the true faith,—the most inestimable of all other blessings.

I am not surprised at the course adopted by Mr. McNab, in hastening his departure from Kildalock, before you had time to contradict his arguments, as he must have known, or at least ought to have known, that he had been guilty of the most glaring and palpable falsehoods. I cannot blame protestants for looking upon the catholic church, as something hateful; for, how is it possible, that they would look upon it otherwise, when their pulpits are daily resounding with such egregious and impious charges, charges which every catholic indignantly repels, as having no other foundation, than the perverted imaginations, or the stupid and wilful ignorance, of self-interested and self-seeking individuals. What, for instance, can be more utterly untrue, than the following arguments, which, for the sake of refuting, I shall answer in the order you have sent them.

The first of these arguments says, the Romanists deny the sacred scriptures, to be the Word of God; but, they who deny the sacred scriptures, to be the Word of God, are in error; therefore, the Romanists are in error. To



answer this first invincible argument! I need only affirm, that catholics, or Romanists, as Mr. McNab politely (?) calls them, do not deny the sacred scriptures to be the Word of God; therefore, as they do not deny the sacred scriptures to be the Word of God, they cannot justly be accused of error for such denial. What can be more plain, Miss Elmford, than this mode of refutation? Catholics alone receive the sacred scriptures in their integrity, and have pointed out, what is sacred, and inspired, from what is profane and doubtful. Who, I would ask, have defined the canons of the sacred scriptures, if not the catholic church? How have they been preserved for fifteen centuries before the miscalled reformation, if not by the perpetual vigilance, and care of the catholic church? By whose labours have they been transmitted down to posterity, for fourteen centuries before the art of printing had been invented, if not by those of the zealous children of the catholic church? And who that lays any claim to a knowledge of the history of the catholic church, is ignorant of the fact, that the religious of its various orders, immured within the walls of their respective monasteries, had devoted their lives to the arduous labour of transcribing copies of the old and new testaments? These were the men to whom our protestant brethren were indebted for the sacred scriptures; and these men, wonderful to be told! were ignorant and superstitious monks! Hence, it appears plain, and evident, that protestants, who accuse their catholic forefathers, and brethren, of rejecting the scriptures, must be ignorant of the fact, that to them alone are they indebted for their preservation.

“The second falsehood invented, or rather repeated by Mr. McNab, against the catholic church, is, that it lays down as a maxim, that ignorance is the mother of devo-



tion; and, that, therefore, it is not a Christian church. What more absurdly false than such a charge! It is so obviously untrue, that were it not for the sake of the many victims, which have been deluded by it, I would not waste my time, by giving it an answer. The catholic church does *not* lay down any such maxim, it absolutely rejects and condemns it. The catholic church lays down as a maxim, that ignorance is the mother of devotion! Why she lays down the very contrary; and does she not prove it by her conduct? What church requires as long a time as she does, for the preparation of candidates for the holy ministry? Does she not require of them, to spend six or seven years, in the study of divinity, that is, of the sacred scriptures and traditions, under the most learned theologians and professors? Is she not, ever and anon, anxiously employed, in training up her youth, in the knowledge of their Christian duties, and in the constant practice, of the sublime precepts of morality, which she inculcates? Can she not boast of many of her children—the most learned in every science, and profession? of a Gregory, an Augustin, a Chrysostom, a Copernicus, a Galileo, an O'Connell? yes, men, the most, celebrated for learning and eloquence, for profound research and refined enlightenment, have grown up under the auspices of the catholic church, and were proud of being acknowledged by her, as her children. Away then with the absurd notion, that such a false maxim is cherished in the catholic church, or, that it ever formed a portion of its pure and unsullied doctrines.—Again it is said, that the catholic church is antichristian, because it keeps the doctrine and law of Christ from its people. The catholic church, Mr. McNab must be very well aware, does not keep the doctrine and law of Christ from its people; and therefore, on that



ground it cannot be antichristian. The catholic church, on the contrary, authoritatively commands her ministers, to preach her gospel to every creature, to explain to her children the law of Christ, to break to them the bread of life, and to admonish them to attend their respective churches, as often as possible, to hear the Word of God duly announced to them by their lawful pastors. See the Council of Trent, session the twenty-fourth, and chapter the fourth, the last general council of the catholic church. Hence, how obviously unjust, to make such false statements against the catholic religion, and against its professors.

The next of Mr. McNab's irresistible arguments, is really too flattering to the poor deluded papists, to have it passed over in silence. I would be doing him an act of great injustice, were I to deprive him of merit, to which he is so well entitled; but, alas! for our poor frail humanity, merit, which consists in the most foul and calumnious misrepresentations. Mr. McNab, with all the gravity of a theologian, says, that they who oppose the command, and act against the will of Christ, are wicked, impious and infidel; but, the papists do so; therefore, the papists are wicked, impious, and infidel. The second part of his argument he thus endeavours to prove; for, he says, they oppose the command of Christ, who do not search the scriptures, as Christ expressly commanded us to search the scriptures, and by opposing this command, they consequently act against his will. To show the solidity of this reasoning, it is necessary, in the first place, to observe that Christ addressed himself to the Jews, as is evident; and therefore, though he commanded them, to search the old testament, which alone had then existed, it does not follow that we are bound to the same, nor, that we are bound, by this command, to search the new testament, as



then it had not existed. In the second place, though we were commanded, which never can be proved, (as faith cometh by hearing, and not, as protestants insinuate, by reading) still, the argument of Mr. McNab, is false, since catholics do search the scriptures, and pay to them the greatest deference and attention. In the third place, it is to be observed, that the Greek word *ἐσπουδατε* signifies 'ye search' a simple indication of the fact, that the Jews did search the sacred scriptures, but, like many protestants of the present day, could never arrive at their true meaning, as they were too full of prejudice, and entertained too high an opinion of their own private judgments. Taken, therefore, in the sense of a command, the plain meaning of the passage is, that the Jews were commanded to search the old testament; therefore, it makes nothing for, or against the catholic, except this, that Mr. McNab, or any other protestant is in error, in alleging, against a catholic, a disobedience to a command, which command had not been given.

Taken again in the imperative mood, but, in the protestant sense, that it is a command, even in the Gospel dispensation, to search the scriptures, still, the argument of Mr. McNab is false, as catholics are not prevented from searching the scriptures, but, equally with their protestant brethren, enjoy this privilege. What then, it may be asked, is the distinction in this particular, between catholic and protestant? It is this, that the catholic, (knowing that in the sacred scriptures there are many things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own perdition) wisely leaves these difficulties to be explained by the church, which he believes to be the 'pillar and ground of truth;' while the protestant, relying upon his own fallible and erring judgment, is tossed



about by every wind of doctrine, rejects all authority, and, consequently, opens the floodgates of heresy and apostasy. Again, if taken in the indicative mood, it evidently makes for the catholic, since, it only simply indicates the fact, of the Jews searching the scriptures; 'ye search the scriptures,' as many protestants are doing at the present day, and still do not arrive at the truth, for, there must evidently be some authority to determine the sense of the scriptures, as the Saviour plainly insinuates in the latter part of the text, for, he shews that the Jews, like our protestant brethren, did not fail to search the scriptures, but, that they failed in understanding them, as otherwise they would believe in our Saviour, since he emphatically declares, that "the same are they that give testimony of me." Now, of these different interpretations of the passage in dispute, *which*, I would ask, is the most rational? which is of divine inspiration? which is to be adopted by us? You say the first; another, that the second is the most scriptural, a third, that the last is the only orthodox. In this diversity of opinion, one thing at least is evident, that the different interpretations of which it is susceptible, cannot all be correct; but you urge, that you are inspired, a second urges the same, and a third, also urges the same plea for his opinion. Who then can presume, whether his inspiration came from a black or a white spirit, and if not, which can be certain, that his is the inspired interpretation?

We must, therefore, appeal to authority to determine the true sense of the scriptures; that authority has been established by our Saviour, "he that heareth you, heareth me," and it is vested in the catholic church; for in what else can it be vested? is it in the different sects into which protestantism is divided? No, for that authority must have



existed from the time of Christ, and the sects under the denomination of protestant, having commenced existence only within the space of three hundred years, cannot be invested with an authority, which had been given, and exercised for fifteen centuries previous to their existence. What wonder, then, if the catholic church—the noble superstructure of more than eighteen centuries—coeval, as it is, with Christianity, and identical with the same, would address the different modern sectaries, of the present age, in the language of the sacred scriptures, and apply to herself, as the spouse of Christ, the words of her heavenly bridgroom, “ye search the scriptures; for, you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they that give testimony of me.” (John v. 39.) The argument, therefore, of Mr. McNab, by which he endeavours to prove that catholics are wicked, impious, and infidel, is untrue in every sense of the word; for, catholics search the scriptures; catholics are instructed from the scriptures; catholics revere the scriptures; catholics maintain the divine inspiration of the scriptures; catholics assent to every word contained in the scriptures; but, catholics with the Prince of the Apostles, boldly maintain, that “no prophecy of scripture is made by private interpretation.”

Therefore, to accuse catholics of not searching the scriptures, and of not revering them as the word of God, is to accuse oneself of gross misrepresentation, or of stupid and wilful ignorance.

With regard to the Church of Scotland, which Mr. McNab so highly eulogizes, I shall only say, that her existence as a church, is much endangered. I wonder, if she were so deserving of his eulogy, why he had abandoned her—why, to use his own beautiful expression, he had come out of the unclean thing? What will be his next step, time alone will determine.



To one unaccustomed to such eternal canting about the Bible, Mr. McNab's brilliant appeal to the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, would be a rich and exquisite treat, but, for you, my dear Miss Elmford, I see that it had no great attraction. Mr. McNab seems to forget, that the Bible of itself is a dead letter, and that it is liable to the foulest corruption. No matter what a variety of doctrines, no matter what their direct opposition to one another, no matter how unjust and unreasonable, their votaries, having once thrown off the yoke of obedience to church authority, are at full and perfect liberty, to urge the scripture in their defence, and to prove that the peculiarities of their contradictory and contrary doctrines, have a certain and sure foundation in the Bible. O, what a kind and amiable creature is not the Bible! she, is made to say every thing, and with every person, and swears that every thing that each of her worshippers raves about, is the word of truth, and inspiration. In her the Unitarian finds texts for Unitarianism, the Trinitarian for his belief in the Trinity, the Lutheran for Lutheranism, the Calvinist for Calvinism, the Methodist for Methodism, the Quaker for Quakerism, the Presbyterian for Presbyterianism, the Episcopalian for Episcopalianism, and the Catholic, for proving, that among the innumerable isms, which have torn asunder the seamless garment of Christ, catholicism alone is the true religion of the Bible, and the only secure harbour, in which we can anchor with safety.

There is but one sheepfold, and one shepherd, and the catholic church claims to be that one sheepfold, and Christ to be that one shepherd. But, as Mr. McNab speaks so loudly of the Bible, of the all-sufficiency of the Bible, of the Bible as the sole rule of faith, and of the whole Bible, and of nothing but the Bible, let us examine the allsufficiency of the Bible, and see, whether the pro-



testant rule of faith, that is, the Bible alone, interpreted by each private individual; or, the catholic rule of faith, viz., the Bible and constant tradition, as received and interpreted by the Church, is to be admitted.

First, in regard to the protestant rule of faith, viz., the Bible interpreted by private judgment. That rule of faith is not to be admitted, which is not plain, secure and universal; but the Bible alone, interpreted by private judgment, is not plain, secure, and universal; it is not plain according to St. Peter, 'as there are many things in it hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own perdition'; it is not secure, because its meaning, as the foregoing text declares, may be perverted; it is not universal, since the ignorant and unlettered, who form a great part of mankind, cannot read, and they cannot, therefore, arrive at a knowledge of it; and consequently, the Bible alone interpreted by private judgment, is not to be admitted as a rule of faith.

Again, that is insufficient as a rule of faith, which leaves man in a state of uncertainty; but, the Bible alone leaves man in a state of uncertainty; for, he must exercise his private judgment on it, which is uncertain; therefore, the Bible alone is insufficient as a rule of faith.

Now, to give Mr. McNab a little time to reflect upon his challenge, I will request of him to answer the foregoing, as well as the following arguments.

The Bible, interpreted by private judgment, cannot be a true rule of faith, if no prophecy of the scripture be made of private interpretation; but no prophecy of the scripture is made of private interpretation, therefore, the Bible interpreted by private judgment cannot be the true rule of faith. (2 Pet. i. 20.)

In order that the Bible alone, should be the sole rule of



faith, as protestants insist it is, they should know with infallible certainty, what are the different writings which constitute the Bible; they should, at least, agree among themselves, about the different books of the Bible, that are inspired; the Bible should contain, (as protestants profess to believe, nothing but the Bible,) a canon of the inspired writings, or, otherwise, the protestants must admit, that the Bible alone is not their sole rule of faith, and that the Bible is silent, on the very first, and necessary article, of their religion. Besides what I have already said, it follows, that the Bible being the protestants' rule of faith, they should make no change, except, that change be sanctioned by the Bible. Now, a protestant, in the first place, depending upon his own fallible judgement, can never know with infallible certainty, what are the different writings which constitute the Bible, nor, can they agree among themselves, what are the books of inspiration. The first reformers widely differed with one another, on this essential point of their belief. Luther rejected the epistle of St. James, and called it 'an epistle of straw,' whilst Calvin retained it, as 'an epistle of gold.' Luther's opinion of different books of the Bible, is shared by many. He says of the book of Esther, that 'it had a great deal of heathenish naughtiness.' (Edinburgh review 121. p.) Of Ecclesiastes, that 'it should be more full;' of the prophecy of Jonah, that 'it is absolutely incredible;' of the epistle of Jude, that 'it alleges stories which have no place in scriptures;' and of the revelation of St. John, that 'he can discover no trace in it, that it is established by the spirit.' (Ibidem.)

Thus we see, that protestants do not agree among themselves about the inspired books, either of the old, or new testaments. The protestant confession of Strasburgh rejected the epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse



of St. John, in the year fifteen hundred and ninety eight, and received them again, as inspired, in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-two. (Ancient Ritual de doctrina; or in the new, page seventh.)

The protestant Claude (in 'his defense de la reformation') says, "a great deal is required to understand the Bible,—the terms are to be weighed exactly; and the style to be examined." How many, I would ask, among protestants, capable of making such an examination, and weighing terms with such nice precision? how few men, among the most learned, can properly acquit themselves of such a duty? Not one: and if the Bible alone, as interpreted by private judgement, be the sole rule of faith, all this is necessary. They must carefully examine the sense of each text separately, and reconcile every seeming contradiction; they must compare each translation, which they use, with the originals, they must understand the Greek and Hebrew languages, in which these originals were written, and after going through this tedious process of investigation, they cannot still make an act of divine faith, as there are numberless texts, which admit of an interpretation different from theirs, and, therefore, without a special revelation, they cannot be absolutely certain, of the truth of their interpretation. Now, for an act of divine faith, two things are necessary, first, that it be firm and unshaken; and second, that it be prudently firm; but, in the supposition, that a protestant makes an act of faith, on the foregoing ambiguous texts, it cannot be firm, as there are other meanings, of the truths of which, he must be uncertain; and it cannot be prudently firm, as reason points out to us not to assent to what is uncertain. "But, continues Claude, "it is necessary to know how to distinguish the apocryphal books from the canonical ones, in



order to be able to judge, of the fidelity of the translations; insomuch, that it is in fact true, that the whole length of life, is not too long, to do all this well. Nay, I say that it is too short; and that all human sense is too weak, to fathom the sense of the Bible." To conclude my proof of the assertion, that the Bible alone was not intended, as the sole rule of faith, any more than the law of any country, is intended as its own interpreter, I shall only remind every protestant of the fact, that our Saviour is never said to have written, except where the adulterous woman was brought in his presence, and then it was in the sand. Again, we know that our Saviour not only did not write, but, instead of sending his apostles to write, he commanded them, to teach and preach, and to instruct the world, in the law of grace, which they had received from him, and to point out to all nations, the necessity of observing all things, whatsoever he commanded. Now, if writing were essentially requisite, for teaching and instructing the people, it is reasonable to suppose, that our Saviour himself would have written, or given a command to write, but, we find no such thing; therefore, we must conclude, that it was not essential to the spread of the gospel, and that the word of truth and life, would be propagated and believed, even though writing or printing had never been invented.

From the foregoing reasons, it follows, that, in the church of God, there exists authority, and submission; authority to teach, and preach; submission to receive teaching and profit by preaching. The sacred scriptures declare "how can he preach unless he be sent," and again, "he that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me," (Luke x. 16.): but, according to the Protestant principle, there would be no authority, as every person is to judge for himself, and consequently, he can,



consistently with his principles, refuse submission to all authority. But, much as protestants boast of the Bible, as their sole rule of faith, do we not see them doing many things, not contained in the Bible, and even contrary to the Bible? What text in the Bible, warrants their departure from the custom of keeping the Sabbath, instead of keeping the Sunday? Is not this a violation of the third commandment, 'remember thou keep holy the sabbath day'? Is it not a violation of the scripture command! and do not protestants depart from the principle, of the scriptures alone being their rule of faith, when they do not abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and things strangled? (Acts xv. 28, 29.) Yes, the presbyterian, and other sects, I may say all, or nearly all protestant sects, violate this command.

From what text can protestants prove infant baptism? but still infant baptism is practised among them. From what?—but, I will not propose other difficulties, knowing that, according to the protestant rule of faith—the Bible alone, I never could get a satisfactory answer. But, how widely different is the catholic rule of faith, consisting as it does, of the sacred scriptures, and traditions, interpreted by the living voice of the church. How natural is this rule, a rule adapted to the meanest capacity, and a rule plain and intelligible to all. The catholic has no difficulty in making an act of faith, as he knows that whatever he believes, or is required to believe, has been revealed by God, since it is proposed to him by the church, which is "the pillar and the ground of truth," (1 Tim. iii. 15,) and since she cannot err in what she teaches, as "the gates of hell shall never prevail against her." The catholics have no doubt as to this fundamental article of their religion, they are not "tossed about by every wind of doctrine," as



are protestants; but, "understanding this first, that no prophecy of the scriptures is of private interpretation" (2 Peter i. 20.), they obediently submit to the authority of the church, convinced, that he that will not hear the church, is no better than a heathen and a publican. In a word, the catholic bases his faith, not on the scriptures alone, but, on the scriptures interpreted by the church, and upon the constant and universally received traditions of the church; and believes, that in doing so, he acts in conformity to the doctrine of St. Paul, who in his 2 Epist. Thess. ii. 14, says, "therefore, brethren, stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by my epistle."

Thus, Miss Elmford, I have given you a refutation of the arguments of Mr. McNab; and I hope that Lady Inglis and her daughter, will weigh well the arguments on both sides of the question, for I have not the least doubt, that after calmly considering the relative positions, occupied by the protestant and catholic, their judgements will incline to the side of truth.

I have lengthened this correspondence far beyond my usual custom, but, I hope to meet with your kind indulgence, as the interest I felt, in rescuing the tenets of the catholic church, from such unmerited obloquy, carried me, insensibly, into such a lengthened explanation of her principles.

I conclude, hoping that the remaining portion of your visit to Kildalock, will be more agreeable, and that God may enlighten those, who are now tossed about, by every wind of doctrine.

I remain,

your's, &c.,

JONATHAN.



## CHAPTER VII.

On Scotia's hill, and Scotia's dale,  
Such peerless beauties shine,  
As clearly, to the mind, unveil  
The power of Him divine!

EMILIA paused, repeatedly, while she was reading the foregoing letter of Father Jonathan, in order that the different arguments contained therein, would make a deeper impression upon the minds of Lady Inglis and Georgina; and upon concluding it, she could easily discover by their countenances, that it afforded them the greatest satisfaction. Lady Inglis, confessed that she entertained a high opinion, of the learning, and piety of Father Jonathan; and that she was fully convinced, that he had successfully refuted the arguments of Mr. McNab.

"Yes, mamma," said Georgina, "he has not only refuted Mr. McNab's arguments, but he has convinced me of the falsehood of the protestant principle, that is, of the all-sufficiency of the Bible; for, how could it be sufficient, for thousands who cannot read, nor understand it? He has convinced me, also, of the truth of the catholic principle, viz.: that we must submit to the authority of the church, as the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, and as her founder, Christ himself, declares, that she is 'the pillar and the ground of truth.'"

Lady Inglis, who was of the same opinion, but who did not wish to make such open avowal of her principles, till she heard more of the catholic religion, was pleased with her daughter's remark, and turning, with an air of good humour, to Emilia, jocosely declared, that she was afraid



that her visit, might have the effect, of making papists of them, if Mr. McNab would not speedily come to their deliverance.

“You may be convinced,” said Emilia, smilingly, “but you must know, that it is not such an easy matter, to become a convert to the catholic church.”

“I know, full well, that it is not an easy matter,” replied Lady Inglis; “and I know that you speak from experience. But I assure you, that I, too, am resolved to make the trial, and to suppliantly beg to be received into the catholic church, if the other arguments against it, have no better foundation, than those already urged by Mr. McNab. Yes, Emilia, my mind is unsettled, and I cannot enjoy peace of mind, till I am completely convinced of the truth or falsehood, of my religion.” This she said, deeply agitated, and after a little, she continued: “Father Jonathan’s letter has fully convinced me, that catholics do not reject the Bible, and that they alone, have revered it as they ought, and have preserved it in its purity, notwithstanding the cry of our ministers against them for rejecting it—a cry, no doubt, raised to keep us in ignorance of true catholic principles.”

“That, I would suppose, is the object of their eternally ranting about popish ignorance, and superstition,” said Emilia.

“I believe so,” returned Lady Inglis; “but, Emilia, I would wish to be better acquainted with the doctrine of the catholic church, and whether, after being convinced of its truth, I would be obliged to externally embrace it. I confess that such a step will be most trying, as I do not like to be changing from one religion, to another.

“I will gladly impart to you any information that I possess,” replied Emilia, “regarding the real doctrines



of the catholic church; and more especially, as I am obliged to give a reason of the faith that is in me. But you will excuse me, if I propose that we should take a drive in your carriage, to recreate us a little, after devoting so much time to religion and controversy."

"I am happy at your proposal," rejoined Georgina.

"And I shall be no obstacle to your wishes," added Lady Inglis; "but you will not forget your promise, Emilia, at our return?"

"No madam," replied Emilia.

Upon this the bell was rung, and the servant ordered to have the carriage in readiness—an order which was instantly executed. Lady Inglis, Emilia and Georgina entered, and the coachman, after a short conversation among the ladies, received orders to drive them in the direction of Templand cottage.

As they advanced on their way, they entertained themselves by admiring the beautiful scenery, which on every side presented itself. The flowers scattering around them their delicious perfume, seemed to rejoice at their approach, and the whole face of nature appeared unusually cheerful and agreeable. The rugged and towering cliffs projecting from above, and reflecting their shadows on the azure waters beneath, attracted their attention, and produced in their minds, ideas of the truly sublime, and beautiful. These, though inaccessible to man, form a silent and safe retreat for birds, which instinct leads thither for shelter and protection. Such are the arrangements of an all-wise Providence!

How unsearchable are thy ways, O God! Not even a bird, which wings the liquid air in rapid flight, nor the meanest insect upon earth, is by thee neglected or forgotten. Thy providential care extends to all—for all thou



hast provided,—a sparrow does not fall without Divine permission—how widely, therefore, does thy providence extend!—how good!!—what then are *we* to expect from thy goodness?

Such were the ideas that presented themselves to the ladies, gazing upon the wondrous and grotesque appearance of nature. And as if to add more beauty to the scene, and furnish them with additional cause of admiration, the mountain's brow, adorned with Scotland's heather bell, appeared in view, and cheered them, with a prospect, seldom equalled, and rarely witnessed. There, they beheld a mountain scenery, prized so much by the hardy highlander, and which, when he beholds it from the door of his humble, but hospitable cabin, cheers him after the labours of the day, and prepares him to enter upon his future employ, with renovated vigour and activity. O, what a charm has fatherland, and those scenes which we were wont to behold from our infancy! The love of country, breathes something almost divine, into our souls. Every field, and stream, and hill, and mountain of our native land, conjure up to our minds, some hero of former times, some martial deed, some tale of love, some friendly bosom, to whom we were wont to lay open the secrets of our own, some walk on which we familiarly conversed, some blessed retreat, where, in our solitary moments, we thought of Heaven—of God! Yes, every sod of one's country is endeared to him, by some pure and heavenly tie—by a tie which only death, or ingratitude worse than death, will sunder. Of this patriotic feeling, the Scottish bard, in language truly characteristic, has drawn a beautiful portrait, and delineates in noble strains the beauties of his country. What can be more beautiful than the following lines?



“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land,  
Whose soul within him never burned,  
When home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?”

Lady Inglis, Emilia, and Georgina, shared in the feelings of their country's bard, and would almost burst forth in strains similar to his, when they beheld the very same mountains, which he immortalized in song—the mountains of their native land, encircled with such majesty, and wreathed with the varied beauties of nature, in such graceful profusion. Such a scenery possessed for them peculiar attractions, nor could they conceal their satisfaction, when they beheld those mountains towering to the heavens, with their sides covered with verdure, which, to the immense flocks of sheep, afforded a rich and copious pasturage, and to the contented shepherd, a peaceful and undisturbed repose, from the busy and distracting cares of the world. Here the national anthem—the pride of other days—was sung with manly voice and re-echoed from a thousand hills. Again, in softer tone, and more inspiring melody, the gentler accents of divine love, were heard proceeding from the shepherd's lute, and mourning over the unhappy religious divisions that prevailed in Scotland. Long, and oft, had the neighbouring mountains continued to give back this heavenly sound, which seemed to linger among them, and again and again, though at a greater distance, to salute the listener's ears, with a sound responsive to the minstrel's notes, and fill his soul with a desire, that Scotland's ancient faith, would bring back the peace of former times, and again restore it to its long lost happiness.



Emilia, in the fullness of soul, while such recollections of the past, were passing through her mind, penned the following lines, indicative of the feelings, which she then entertained, regarding the future welfare of Scotland, and read them for Lady Inglis and for Georgina:

A voice, methinks, doth seem to say,  
Again returns the happy day,  
When faith divine, in splendour shone,  
Will claim thee, Scotland, for its own.

O, for the faith of former times,  
When pealing forth in merry chimes ;  
Thy bells of joy to vesper song,  
Summoned our ancient sires to throng.

Scotland, alas ! for truth and thee,  
Thy children forced thy faith to flee,  
To desert glens, and distant fields,  
And bade thee mourn their sad misdeeds.

Thy faithful, from their altars torn ;  
With mangled limbs in triumph borne ;  
Thy priceless gem with dying breath  
Confessed, and sealed it with their death.

To view thee now in summer's eve,  
And hear thy shepherds' song receive  
Such echo, from thy tow'ring hills,  
With holy joy my bosom thrills.

It seems as if I hear them say ;  
Her faith again shall Scotland sway,  
And matin hymn, and vesper bell,  
Again shall sound o'er hill and dell.

After the reading of the foregoing lines, Emilia was highly complimented by Lady Inglis, as well for the style of the composition, as for the deep pathos which flowed through it, in such *graceful profusion*. A compliment, paid by a lady of such nice discrimination, as Lady Inglis, would be flattering to a person, that would have at-



tained even some celebrity, in the art of poesy; but, Emilia simply acknowledged the compliment, regardless of a reputation merited on such trivial grounds; and having no ambition, except the laudable ambition, of excelling in piety and virtue, seemed rather confounded at, than flattered by the applause of Lady Inglis, though ever so capable of forming a correct judgment, and, of delivering an impartial opinion, on the merits, or demerits, of her composition. Georgina, though she, also, esteemed the verses of her friend, was so absorbed in thinking over the sentiments expressed therein, that, regardless of the style in which they had been delivered, she only wished to be informed, of the truth of the facts, which they contained.

“And is it true,” said she to Emilia, “that our forefathers had been catholics, and that the catholic religion had been once the religion of Scotland?”

“My dear Georgina,” replied Emilia, “both the questions which you propose, are to be answered in the affirmative. It is a fact, that we are descended of catholic forefathers; and that the catholic religion, had been diffused throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, for a thousand years, at least, previous to its subversion. Our catholic forefathers, were instructed in the catholic faith, as early as the fifth century; and converted through the preaching of St. Palladius, who had been commissioned, for that purpose, by the see of Rome. The sovereign pontiff, or pope, the legitimate successor of St. Peter, deputed him from the eternal city—(that city, “whose faith” St. Paul said, “was spoken of in the whole world,”) to convert to the true faith, the northern Britons, and to teach to them a new and sublime code, of Christian morality. History teaches this, and points it out to us, in such a



manner, that we cannot entertain a rational doubt of its truth; and it also teaches us, that the catholic religion, continued to be the religion of Scotland, till the so called reformation of the sixteenth century, which sweeping like a wintry torrent, from the mountain's top, in its destructive career, precipitated itself upon, and levelled the bright enclosures of the church, and inundated, with an innumerable spawn of heresies, the vallies of Scotland, in which, previous thereto, the streams of pure Christianity had flown. These heresies, like the plagues of Egypt, have destroyed her people, and left her but a mere remnant, of true and faithful worshippers. But, though the mighty had fallen, still, the chosen few preserved their faith, amid the general defection; and never failed to worship the true God, be it wherever it might, whether in the public street or in the mountains' fastnesses. It is true, that the catholic church, not only was the church of Scotland, but that it has kept possession, from the time of the reformation, to the present day, and promises fair, to become again the cherished religion of the descendants of those, who ruthlessly despoiled it, of its fair proportions.

"Alas! that the reformation, as it has been attended with such fatal consequences, ever crossed the hills of my native land, and got footing in her beautiful vallies," exclaimed Georgina.

"Had it not been for the reformation, my dear Georgina," said Emilia, "Scotland would be catholic; we would be, still, in the possession, of the faith of our catholic forefathers, and the dissenting millions of our country, instead of being tossed about by every wind of doctrine, would be professing the same faith, and would be united in the bonds of catholic unity and catholic peace. Yes, Georgina, had it not been for the reformation, we would



have been,—each of us, members of that great family, of which Christ is the head, and would form a part of that great whole, which so aptly represents the church of Christ; viz., the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic church.”

At this time, they had approached near to the residence of Father Jonathan, and the eyes of all were turned in the direction of Templand cottage. As they drew nearer, Emilia observed Father Jonathan advancing in an opposite direction, and having immediately informed Georgina, and her mamma, they ordered the coachman to rein up his horses as soon as they should meet him. Lady Inglis, who now entertained a high idea of Father Jonathan, expressed a desire to be introduced to him.

“Yes, Mamma,” added Georgina, “and invite him to spend an evening at Kildalock, as soon as he shall find it convenient.”

To this Lady Inglis assented. They instantly came up with Father Jonathan, and on the carriage being stopped, he stood, and looking towards it, he descried Miss Elmford, whom he instantly accosted after a very friendly manner, and after shaking her warmly by the hand, he glanced at the ladies who accompanied her, to see whether they were of his acquaintance. Emilia lost no time in introducing the ladies,—she said,

“Sir, I have the honour of making you acquainted with Lady Inglis, and her daughter: this, ladies, is Father Jonathan, the catholic priest of whom you have heard already.”

“I am quite happy to have the honour of your acquaintance, ladies,” said Father Jonathan.

Lady Inglis and Georgina bowed in grateful acknowledgement: and after some short conversation, Father Jonathan remarked that he would be delighted should



they do him the honour of visiting his little palace. This he said by way of joke; and Emilia in the same good humour, replied, that she for one, would feel happy in visiting his royal residence, and remarked, that the ladies would feel happy in accompanying her.

Lady Inglis accepted the invitation, and after politely acknowledging the compliment, she ordered the driver to turn round, and stop at the gate of Templand cottage. The gate was instantly thrown open, and when the carriage was drawn up in front of the hall door, the ladies alighted, and were conducted by Father Jonathan, to a nice and well furnished apartment. Here, they seated themselves, on an old and richly carved mahogany sofa, presented to Father Jonathan, by his congregation, as a pledge of their esteem and affection; and after they discussed for a little, various common place topics, the suggestions of the moment, they at length, entered into a very interesting conversation, on the beauties of the scenery of Scotland. During this conversation on the beauties of Scotland, the taste of Father Jonathan, as he made some remarks upon the romantic scenes, which every where meet the eye of the beholder in Scotland, elicited their admiration; and the increasing interest he manifested in the prosperity of their country, was received by them with cordial approbation. After they had remained for a considerable time, during which, they were highly pleased with the frank and agreeable conversation of Father Jonathan, they were about taking their departure, when he accompanied them to the garden, and invited them to pluck some flowers, pointing out at the same time, some to be rarely met with, in the gardens of the neighborhood. Upon Lady Inglis complimenting him upon his good taste in making such a choice selection, he replied as follows.



“I must confess, ladies, that I am particularly fond of cultivating flowers, especially, as they contribute so much to ornament and decorate my church: whatever time I have for recreation, I willingly devote to this my favourite amusement, and I never feel so happy as when I am thus occupied. What a rich theme for contemplation does not the wondrous mechanism of even the simplest flower afford? from this, the mind is carried to the contemplation of the great Architect, who has formed it with such skill, and who is the author of that nature, to which we are indebted for such endless and pleasing variety.”

By this time they had plucked a good number of the choicest flowers; and pleased with their collection, and with the attention of Father Jonathan, they took leave of him, but not till he had promised to spend an evening at Kildalock, during Miss Elmford's visit. Lady Inglis, who on witnessing the amiable manners of Father Jonathan, and his dignified simplicity, entertained higher ideas of him, and the clerical body to which he belonged, than ever before she felt inclined to entertain of them.

“Can this” she said, “be the man who could be capable of the atrocious deeds imputed to him, and to the ministers of his church? and can a body of such pious, unassuming, and enlightened men, be guilty of the cruel conduct with which they are charged? Such men to keep their people in ignorance! no, I never can believe it: and to confirm them in idolatry and superstitious practices! this is likewise incredible. I am convinced that men of their high standing, and of their profound learning, would never condescend to such base actions, and would never be so esteemed and venerated by their congregations, and by the liberal minded portion of the community, were they to devote their talents to such unheard of wickedness.”



Lady Inglis discarded, altogether, the idea of their lending themselves to accomplish any such villany; and silently mused both on what she had heard and seen, during the rest of her way to Kildalock. Emilia and Georgina were occupied in a rather lengthened conversation, by remarking upon the characteristic difference of manners, of Mr. McNab, and Father Jonathan. The preference it is needless to observe, was given to the latter; for his amiable condescension, and subdued tone of expression, formed a striking contrast with the haughty demeanour, and assumed magisterial gravity of the former. Lady Inglis was aroused from her reveries, and the conversation of Emilia and of Georgina interrupted by their arrival at the cottage; which they entered, much pleased with their evening's recreation, and Lady Inglis and Georgina highly delighted with the unexpected introduction, and consequent visit to the residence of Father Jonathan.



## CHAPTER VIII.

St. Peter's bark, though tempests sweep,  
And surging billows foam;  
Still, safely rides the azure deep,  
And bears the faith of Rome.

A SHORT time after their arrival at Kildalock, it was announced to them that supper was in readiness, of which they partook and returned immediately to the drawing room, where Lady Inglis and Emilia seated themselves on the sofa, and Georgina drawing near the table, took up a neat edition of the Doway testament, and opening it, the fourth chapter to the Ephesians accidentally turned up, which she read attentively, while Emilia was employed in the embroidery of a rich pastoral stole, intended as a present for Father Jonathan. Georgina paused repeatedly, while engaged in reading the forementioned chapter, and said at length, in an audible tone; "It is true, there is *but one true religion*, and I will not, with the grace of God, neglect searching for it (now, that my mind is unsettled) till I find it, for I know that it is said, 'seek and you shall find.'"

Lady Inglis, whose mind was filled with similar sentiments, starting up from the profound meditation in which she was engaged, enquired of her daughter, why she had expressed herself in such a manner?

"I cannot help it, mamma," said Georgina, thinking that she asked her by way of rebuke; "the reasons for it, being so clearly laid down, in the sacred scriptures."

"These are precisely the views which I entertain upon the matter," replied Lady Inglis; "but, what induced you," she continued, "to break out into the foregoing exclamation, about the one true religion?"



“The perusal of the fourth chapter to the Ephesians Mamma,” replied Georgina, “which so clearly points out the unity of the church.”

“Read it my dear child, that it may afford instruction to us both, and that I may see whether, or not, your exclamation—that there is but one true religion—be well founded.”

Georgina, taking the little testament, which she was after laying for a moment on the table, read as follows: Ephesians, fourth chapter, first and following verses:

1. “I therefore a prisoner in the Lord, beseech you, that you walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called.
2. With all humility and mildness, with patience, supporting one another in charity.
3. Careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.
4. One body and one spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling.
5. One Lord, one faith, one baptism.
6. One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all.
7. But to every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the giving of Christ.
8. Wherefore he saith: ascending on high, he led captivity captive; he gave gifts to men.
9. Now, that he ascended, what is it, but because he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?
10. He that descended is the same also that ascended above all the heavens, that he might fill all things.
11. And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors, and doctors,



12. For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ,

13. Till we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ.

14. That henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive.

15. But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in him who is the head, even Christ:

16. From whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity."

"This, mamma," repeated Georgina, "is what made me exclaim, that there is but one true religion. And now the disunion which I find amongst us, and the daily divisions of contending parties, and also the opposite and contradictory doctrines which we hold on the most essential articles of Christianity, make me fear, that neither protestantism, nor any shape nor form of it, can have a just or plausible claim, to be considered that one true religion."

"That is true, Georgina," rejoined Emilia, as she laid her work beside her on the sofa, "you are now on the right path, to arrive at the knowledge of the truth, and by steadily pursuing it, you will have no difficulty in finding out the one true religion. This characteristic mark of the true church viz. its Unity, was the first thing that induced me to reflect upon the endless varieties of pro-



testantism, and the first step towards my conversion to the catholic church."

Lady Inglis, evidently sensible of the disunion among protestants, and of the endless variety of the creeds, and formulas, to which they adhered, felt the overwhelming force of Emilia's remark, and acknowledged that her confidence in protestantism, was every day growing weaker and weaker.

"And my confidence, mamma, in the Catholic church, is every day growing stronger and stronger," added Georgina.

"I am not surprised," said Emilia, "since, in the catholic church alone, that mark of unity is discernible, which forms so essential an ingredient in the church of Christ."

"I agree with you," said Lady Inglis to Emilia, "that the church of Christ is one, that is, that it must have unity, but as yet I must confess with protestants, that I do not see, why that church is not to be considered invisible, and why it should not contain persons of every religion, provided they be true believers."

"That is to say," replied Emilia, "that you have no reason sufficient to convince you, that there is a visible, tangible, corporal body of Christians forming the true church; and again, that—no matter how persons differ in fundamentals, or non-fundamentals—no matter whether they believe in Jesus Christ as the second person of the blessed Trinity, or reject that belief as idolatrous;—no matter whether they reject sacraments as magic charms and superstitions, or believe them as institutions of Christ, and as channels through which flow divine grace and mercy to heal the wounds of the soul, and to cleanse it, from whatever stains it may have contracted;—no matter,



in a word, what absurdities they may believe, or what contrary opinions they may hold, though believing such absurdities, and maintaining such contrary opinions, they actually are, and continue to be true believers. No, Madam, it is impossible; 'a house divided against itself cannot stand', nor can such a medley make up the true church of Christ. The church of Christ, were this principle once admitted, would resemble a menagerie of wild beasts, tearing and devouring one another, rather than the 'one sheepfold of the one shepherd.' Truth, Madam, is essentially one, and, therefore, true believers must hold that one truth, in order that they may be members of the one true church, and professors of the one true religion."

"But, Emilia," replied Lady Inglis, "how can we know that there is one true visible church upon earth? and supposing even that there is, how can we know which is that true visible church? Would it not be more reasonable to suppose, that there is salvation in every church, provided its members lead a good moral life, and keep the commandments?"

"You seem, Madam," said Emilia (pleased at the anxiety of Lady Inglis, to arrive at a knowledge of the truth), "to be intent upon keeping me to my promise, about giving you correct informations regarding the catholic church, and regarding its peculiar claims to be the true church."

"I should feel most happy," rejoined Lady Inglis, "to receive every information regarding both the one and the other."

"And I shall endeavour to redeem my promise, and to prove to your satisfaction, first, the existence of a visible church; secondly, that that visible church is the



Roman catholic church; and thirdly, that there is no other church, in which man can rationally remain, or expect salvation.

“From the instructions which I have received from Father Jonathan, I conceive a visible church to be a church or society composed of visible persons, united under a visible head upon earth, whose members profess externally the truths of divine faith, which truths they believe internally, as it is said, ‘with the heart we believe unto justice, but, with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.’”

“That is precisely what I also mean by a visible church,” said Lady Inglis.

“So far, therefore, we agree upon the nature of visibility,” returned Emilia, “and I have now to show, that the church always was, and shall ever continue to be visible.

“The fourth chapter to the Ephesians, which Georgina has just read, furnishes excellent reasons to convince us, that the church of Christ is not only one, but, that it is also visible. The church of Christ, must necessarily be either visible or invisible; that is it must, or it must not, be the object of our corporeal vision; there is no alternative, for, it is admitted by all, that there are only two kinds of substances, viz., spiritual and material; that material substances can be the objects of corporeal vision, and that spiritual substances cannot be the objects of corporeal vision. For example, we admit, that man is composed of two substances, viz., soul and body; the soul spiritual, or invisible, the body material or visible: to partake of both these natures, is to be invisible and visible; invisible as regards the soul or spirit, and visible as regards the body or the matter. Now, bearing this carefully in mind, let us examine the testimony, which proves the



existence of a soul and a body in the church of Christ, and consequently its visibility. St. Paul after exhorting the Ephesians, to walk worthy of the vocation in which they were called, with humility, patience, mildness, and charity, tells them, not indeed, that they should follow the example of protestants of the present day, nor, that of the jarring and wrangling sectaries which preceded them, but, to be careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. How unlike is the disunion among protestants of the present day,—I mean religious disunion, to this unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace !”

“But, Emilia,” urged Lady Inglis, “this proves only what protestants assert, viz., the invisibility of the church.” “It proves,” said Emilie, “the spiritual or invisible part of the church : but, I have not as yet concluded my argument. The apostle continues, and, as if to confound the authors of this charge of disunion in the true church, and to refute their arguments against the church’s visibility, emphatically declares, that there is but ‘one body and one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism.’ This, Lady Inglis, is a most convincing and invincible proof, of the visibility of the true church ; and the combined ingenuity of man will labour in vain, to infer other than the visibility of the true church, from the texts above mentioned.”

Upon this Georgina said, “I am as firmly convinced, Emilia, of the visibility of the church, as I am of the visibility of any other body, which is the object of my vision ; for, what can be more plain and evident than this mode of reasoning ; viz., that whatever has a body and a soul is visible ; but the church has a body and a soul ; therefore the church is visible.”

“Your reasoning, my dear Georgina, seems very good,”



said Lady Inglis, "but, supposing the church, at the time in which the apostles had written, was visible, may it not, since, have fallen into corruption, and therefore, have become invisible?"

"No," replied Emilia, anticipating Georgina's answer, "the true church could not have fallen into corruption, for the very plain and obvious reason, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, (Math. xvi. 18) which, undoubtedly, would have prevailed against it, if it could have fallen into corruption. But the fourth Chapter to the Ephesians, affords other proofs of the visibility of the one true church: it says in the eleventh and subsequent verses, 'And he gave some, apostles; some, prophets; and other, some evangelists, and other, some pastors and doctors; 12. for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; 13. until we all meet in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God. Thus we see have been given to the church, apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and doctors; and for what purpose have they been given? is it not as St. Paul declares, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, and for the edifying of the body of Christ, that is, of his church. Yes, these different orders of apostles, prophets, pastors, &c., were given to preach, to teach, and to convert to the church persons with bodies like themselves, 'growing up in him who is the head, even Christ:' so that these different bodies, believing in one Lord, one faith and one baptism,' would be 'no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine,' but, would form one body,—one church of Christ, 'from whom the whole body being compacted, and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure



of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself, in charity.' What a glorious testimony of the unity of the true church, and of its visibility ! The apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, doctors, and persons converted by their preaching, teaching, and evangelizing, were linked together in the bond of peace, and they formed but one body, which composed of visible persons, must be necessarily visible."

"But how long," said Lady Inglis, "was it to continue in this state of visibility?"

"This," replied Emilia, "the apostle answers in these words, 'until we all meet in the unity of faith,' that is, until all the faithful meet, which will take place only at the end of the world, since then only, shall they come to a perfect knowledge of God, as then they shall see him face to face, and know even as they are known. Thus I have shown from clear and indubitable authority, that there is one, true, visible church upon earth; and I shall next prove, that that one true, visible church is the catholic church."

"That is what I would be very anxious to know," said Georgina, drawing closer to Emilia.

"I shall then endeavour to gratify your anxiety," returned Emilia, as she was commencing to prove the truth of the catholic church.

"That church," she said, "which has been established by Christ, is the true church; but, the catholic church has been established by Christ: therefore, the catholic church is the true church."

"I am willing to confess, Emilia," said Lady Inglis, "that our Saviour established a church; and that that church is the true church. I am also convinced from your reasoning, that that true church is visible; but, I do not



as yet see, why I should consider the catholic church alone to be that true visible church."

"I am glad, that we agree so far," rejoined Emilia; "but, I am not surprised, that you do not consider the catholic church to be the true church of Christ, as you have always heard the contrary. But, we must patiently and dispassionately enquire into the 'why' catholics do consider their church the true church, and after paying due attention to these circumstances, we shall be better able to judge, whether they have just and good reasons inclining them to such considerations."

"I confess, that I am almost impatient in making this enquiry," said Lady Inglis, "though I believe it to be of the utmost importance, especially to one who is in a state of uncertainty about the truth of her religion, and consequently about the true way of worshipping her Maker."

"It would seem, Lady Inglis," answered Emilia, "that you entertain a secret dread, of finding out by such an examination, that you will be bound to become a catholic."

"Yes," said Georgina, understanding the playful manner of Emilia, "Mamma is afraid, that her examining the doctrine of the catholic church, will make a papist of her."

"Well," said Emilia, "as I had been in the very same state of mind, I shall endeavour by depicting papacy in its true colours, to prevent her from ever becoming a papist."

Here, Lady Inglis and Georgina, smiled at the playfulness of Emilia, but, she assuming a more serious countenance, continued her former argument.

"To return to my proofs of the catholic church, being the church established by Christ, I have to state, that,



either the catholic church is that true church, or, there is no true church; there is no alternative: for, the true church, as I have shewn, must be visible and one; and it must exist from the time of Christ, otherwise, it could not be proved to be established by Christ. Now, I would ask, what sect of protestants can shew, or even can claim that it was always visible from the time of Christ, or, that it was always one, that is to say always united in religious belief. Nay, I would ask, at what time, or after what manner, they had been converted to protestantism; whether they had been converted by the preaching of Christ, or of his apostles, whether publicly or privately, whether it had been by night or by day, whether on going to bed at night good sound catholics, they had been converted before morning to protestantism, whether,—but, as such pretensions are so extraordinary, and so unbecoming a rational individual, I will merely request to be informed, on what grounds can protestants believe in the ever varying doctrines of the protestant church, as previous to the sixteenth century, there was not a single protestant, properly so called, in existence, or ever, till then heard of in the Christian world? No such thing as protestantism therefore existed, and consequently, any shape or form of it, could not constitute a whole, or any portion, of the true church of Christ. The date of protestantism is admitted by every enlightened and impartial historian, no matter what his profession, to derive its origin from the reformation, that is, from the fact of the disobedience of a few refractory members of the catholic church, to the lawful authority of its ministers, and of their protesting against that authority, concerning which, Our Divine Lord has declared, ‘he that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me, and



he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me.' The name of protestant was not applied to any particular sect, previous to the year fifteen hundred and twenty-nine, on which year they received the name of protestant, from their protesting against a decree of Charles the Fifth, the substance of which was to put down the seditious and bad spirit of his subjects, originating from the doctrines and the impieties of Luther and the other reformers, about whom I shall make some remarks on the following evening. I shall therefore defer it, for the present, as it would, perhaps, exhaust your patience, and my controversial prowess, were I to broach it on this evening."

"I am satisfied," said Lady Inglis, "as what you have explained already of the catholic church, affords, at least sufficient matter for one night's reflection."

"And on to-morrow evening, Emilia, we will be glad to hear something about the first beginning of the protestant religion, and about the sainted gentlemen of the reformation," added Georgina.

"You shall be satisfied, as far as it depends on me," rejoined Emilia, and upon this they parted for the night.



## CHAPTER IX.

With haughty looks, and sinful pride,  
The impure Luther stands;  
More haughty still, when by his side,  
He views th' apostate bands.

THE following day, faithful to her promise, Emilia addressed herself to Lady Inglis and Georgina, in the following manner:

“To show you that the reformation, so called, was not the work of God, and has no right to be so considered, I will, according to my promise, give you a brief sketch of the life and conduct of some of the first reformers. Martin Luther, to whom is generally conceded the title of archreformer, and who, were he the instrument in the hands of God, of a reformation—the work of God, should be a person of more than ordinary sanctity, was a most abandoned and flagitious character. He, it is a well known fact, was a catholic, and an Augustinian friar. He was born at Isleben in Saxony, in the year fourteen hundred and eighty-three, and by becoming a protestant, broke his vow of chastity, and induced, in the year fifteen hundred and twenty-five, Catharina Boren, a nun, to violate her's, to whom he was married, or rather,—(as he solemnly vowed to lead a single and chaste life)—with whom he lived in the damnable sin of fornication.”

“But, Emilia,” said Lady Inglis, “is not marriage honorable in all, and the bed undefiled, and, therefore, was not Luther justified?”

“Marriage, madam, is honorable in all in itself, but, there may be circumstances which would render it highly



criminal and dishonorable: such had been the case with Luther, and with Catharina Boren, whom he had seduced, for, they had solemnly engaged themselves to lead single and chaste lives, that they might in this manner, which is the most perfect, according to St. Paul, give more glory to God, and advance more in the road to perfection. This conduct had been notoriously bad, and directly opposed to the plain texts of the sacred scripture; for, in the first place, we read, in the book of Numbers, thirtieth chapter and fifth verse, ‘If any man make a vow to the Lord, or bind himself by an oath, he shall not make his word void; but, shall fulfill all that he promiseth,’ and again we read in the forty ninth psalm, ‘pay thy vows to the Most High.’ And in the seventy fifth psalm, ‘vow ye, and pay to the Lord your God.’ Therefore, Luther was bound to keep his vow, he violated the law of God in breaking it, he was guilty of a most grievous sin in seducing a nun to violate her vow, and his conduct in this alone, furnishes to every rational and well disposed Christian, just grounds to suspect a religion, founded by such a notorious character, and to abhor the idea of a reformation, brought about by a person, who lived in such open opposition to the law of God, and at such utter variance, with the clear and undeniable texts of the sacred scripture. A thousand other things might be adduced, to show the impious and wicked life of this apostate monk, but, I shall not offend your ears, nor pollute my lips, by giving expression to them.

“Calvin, another of the reformers, was once a catholic, he was born at Noyon in fifteen hundred and nine, and died at Geneva in fifteen hundred and sixty-four. After Luther had commenced the reformation, Calvin apostatized, and leaving the charge, with which he had been in-



trusted, he spread his impious errors in Geneva, France and Switzerland. He was a most flagitious, cruel, and abandoned character. He had condemned Michael Servetus, a Spaniard, to be burned alive for opposing his doctrines; together with many others, whom he caused either to be put to death, or to be banished. Conrad Schlussemburg in Calvin. Theol. 1, 2, page 72, says, that 'he was branded by the publick authorities at Noyon, on account of his scandalous and abominable crimes.' The same author says of his doctrine of predestination, that it is horribly injurious to God, and most destructive to man. According to Calvin's theology, folio forty-sixth, the forementioned author says, that 'God would be a most cruel tyrant; and the devil would be no longer to blame for lying, but, God himself would be the father of lies.' John Harem, apud Petrum Cutzenium, one of Calvin's own disciples, and who, by no means, can be accused of testifying in favour of catholicity, says, that he, that is, Calvin, died a most horrible and wretched death; these are his words. "Calvin, first tortured with pains, and worn away by consumption, ending his life in despair, died of a most vile and loathsome disease, which God threatened to inflict upon rebellious and accursed wretches. And I, beholding with my own eyes, give this most true testimony, of his wretched and tragic death and destruction.' Many other things are recorded of him, shocking to human ears; it is enough, however, for our present purpose, to know that he was an apostate, a flagitious character, a blasphemmer, a murderer, a preacher of sedition, an impenitent sinner, and not only branded for his crimes himself, but, a firebrand, who burnt up by his impious doctrines, the seed of divine truth, in Geneva, in France,



in Switzerland, and wherever they had the misfortune of being propagated.

“Zuinglius, another of the reformers, was a catholic. He was born at Zurich, and served as a priest for some time in the canton of Glaris; he apostatized, and openly avowed his impious doctrines, in the year of our Lord Fifteen hundred and sixteen, or thereabouts. In *paranes. ad Helvetios*, book 1, 113 page, he says of himself, ‘I cannot dissemble the fire of incontinence which burns within me, since it is true that its effects have already brought upon me the disgraceful reproach of the churches.’ Brentius, who is applauded by the protestant Bishop Jewel, in his ‘*recognitio prophetica et apostolica in fine*,’ says, ‘that the doctrines of the Zuinglians are devilish, and full of impieties, of depravities, and of calumnies.’ Luther says of him (in tome the second, folio thirty-sixth) ‘Zuinglius is dead and damned, wishing like a thief and a robber, to bring others by force of arms to partake of his errors.’

“He opposed the doctrines of Luther on predestination, and maintained, that man could save himself, without any other help, save his own free will and natural prowess. He also opposed the doctrines, both, of Luther and of Calvin, upon the Eucharist or Real Presence: he said, that bread and wine were only symbols, or simple signs of the body and blood of Christ, while Calvin maintained that by receiving the bread and wine, we received by faith the body of Christ; and Luther, that with the bread and wine we really and indeed received the same sacred body. What blessed reformers! what worthy disciples of Him, who declares by His apostle, that there is but one Lord, one faith and one baptism!! and who declares, that if any be contentious, the church of God has no such custom:



what faithful preservers of the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace!!!

“Melancthon was also a catholic, and it is said of him, that upon his mother asking him, whether she should seek a safer asylum among some of the new creeds, then so much in fashion, he answered her by saying, that the catholic Church was the safest, but that the Protestant churches were the most convenient.

“Carlostadt was another apostate from the catholic church, in which he was archdeacon. He was the first notorious reformer, who married at the time of the reformation, the first, at least, among the archreformers. This man, as Lutherans say of him, was a brutal, ignorant man, more like a Jew, than a Christian. This is the character, that Melancthon, remarkable for his sincerity, gives him. The quarrel that took place between Luther and Carlostadt, is remarkable, they differed on the real presence, and meeting at Jena, Luther laid a wager with Carlostadt, that he would not write against him, which Carlostadt receiving, put it into his pocket, promising to write. At their parting, Luther, by way of farewell, said, ‘may I see thee broken on a wheel;’ to which Carlostadt replied, ‘mayest thou break thy neck before thou leavest town.’ (Epis. Luth. ad. Arg.)”

What beautiful traits, in the characters of the apostles of the reformation!

“Knox, another of the sainted reformers, was a catholic, a monk, and a priest. He was a disciple of Calvin, from whom he received those principles, which were attended with such fatal consequences upon their introduction to Scotland. Anarchy, treason, and revolt, marked the desolating progress of this apostate monk,—he inflamed the angry passions;—he excited the people to bloodshed and



massacre;—he renounced, and he exhorted the people to renounce, all allegiance to their lawful sovereign, the amiable Mary, Queen of Scots, who, afterwards became the innocent victim, of his fiendish malice, and diabolical wickedness. Yes, the mild and gentle Queen of Scots was murdered by the barbarity of the saintly head, of the Episcopal church of England—the antipopish Queen, and by the instrumentality of Knox, who betrayed his lawful sovereign, by withdrawing, from her the allegiance of her subjects. Who of Scotland's children, does not shed a tear, upon beholding villany thus triumphant, and upon beholding Scotland's Queen, through the base hypocrisy of such an individual, compelled to ascend the scaffold in England's capital, and there suffer a most cruel and ignominious death. But, Scotland, though many of thy children, in an evil hour, were led astray by those inhuman vultures, still, thou wert not lost to all sense of honor and of shame; and thou wilt yet, in tears, deplore such inhuman deeds, and pour down, upon the heads of thy cunning deceivers, well merited execration.”

“Now, I ask, should such a set of lying, hypocritical, cruel, proud, rebellious, disobedient, and impure individuals, as were these traders in religion, should these, I say, possess the confidence of rational and thinking individuals? No, I say, a thousand times, no. Men whose first act was to cry out against the lawful authority, especially when that authority was not abused, such men should not be trusted;—the example of vow-breakers should not be followed,—men who professed that they cared neither for king, prince, nor devil should be shunned, as disobedient and accursed wretches; for, authority or power is a terror to the evil, and not to the good, and therefore, they who disown authority, are necessarily evil, and as such, the



enemies of true religion, and of God. But, why should persons continue in a religion, if that religion had, for its origin, such infamous and abandoned characters, who had employed the talents God had given to them, for the subversion of his religion? These deluded and wicked men, would not certainly be selected, by the Almighty, to reform his religion, even though it required reformation; but, it could not require reformation, as it could never cease, to be what Christ made it, viz. “the pillar and ground of truth,” and since it could never cease, to be the spotless and undefiled spouse of Christ, against whom the gates of hell shall never prevail, and with whom he promised to abide for ever.

“The faith of the church,—the spouse of Christ, was ever unchanged and unchangeable; the reformers, therefore, who endeavoured to change the faith of the church, or rather, who, like wandering stars, have left the beaten track, and lost themselves in the wilderness of their corrupt fancies, had been guilty of the most glaring and blasphemous impiety; an impiety equally impugning the veracity of the Son of God, and the sanctity of his faithful and beloved spouse, viz. the catholic church. But, these men, should, at all events, prove that they had a mission to carry on the work of reformation; for, ‘how,’ as the sacred scripture declares, ‘can they preach unless they be sent.’ Now, that mission by which they would be authorized to preach, should be either ordinary, or extraordinary; an ordinary mission or sending means, that a person receives an authority, as Timothy from St. Paul; an extraordinary mission, such as the missions of Christ, of Moses, &c., must be proven as they were, by miracles. Now, which of these missions had the reformers? Had they an ordinary mission, to preach the reformation?



No, for they had received, from the catholic church, a mission to teach the catholic religion, and not to preach against it. Luther acknowledged that he stood alone for a long time, as much as to acknowledge, that, before that time, his doctrine was unknown, and unheard of. The first reformers had no extraordinary mission to reform the catholic religion; for an extraordinary mission is proved by miracles, which they had not done; therefore, they had no mission to preach, or to teach, or to propagate their new fangled doctrines; therefore, they were self-constituted, and as God himself declares, 'they ran and he had not sent them.' From the proofs I have already given, it follows that as the catholic church was always visible, and always one, and always opposed to every novelty, it must have been established by Christ, and therefore preserved from falling into corruption by the promise of Christ. I shall defer to the next evening, my proofs of salvation being found only in the true church."



## CHAPTER X.

Hail, ark, in which alone is found  
Sweet halcyon repose;  
In thee we trust, when foes abound,  
In thee, we're safe from foes.

“THE subject, on which I promised to speak to you on this evening, is, that salvation is only in the true church, which true church I have proved to be the catholic church, I shall, therefore, endeavour to prove to you on this evening, that in this true catholic church alone, salvation is to be found.

“Salvation is to be found only in that church which has been established by Christ; but, the catholic church, as I have already shown, is the only church that has been established by Christ; therefore, salvation is to be found only in the catholic church.”

“Can it be imagined that salvation belongs exclusively to the catholic church?” exclaimed Lady Inglis, terrified at the idea of remaining so long in a church, in which it would be impossible to find salvation.

“It is not merely a matter of imagination,” returned Emilia, “but a matter of absolute certainty, that salvation belongs exclusively to the catholic church, and that those that are to be saved, are daily added to that church.” (Acts ii. 47.)

“But, is not this too harsh a doctrine to be held or defended by any body of Christians?” rejoined Georgina.

“The truth must be held at all times, Georgina,” answered Emilia. “Previously to my thorough acquaintance



with the doctrines of the catholic church, I was of your present opinion; but, since, I have been instructed in its principles, I only wonder, why I should have so long refused my willing assent to this great and saving truth; for, if the catholic church be the true church, it follows, that in the belief of the catholic church, is salvation. And again," she continued, "is not this truth every bit as harsh, or rather synonymous with the former, viz., that 'without faith it is impossible to please God;' now, this truth supposes the belief of the catholic church, for, how can a person have true faith, if he believe not the true church? It follows, therefore, that in order to have the faith pleasing to God, we must be catholics; or, in other words, that one of the articles of the faith pleasing to God, is to believe the catholic church."

"What then," replied Lady Inglis, "shall become of those persons who lead good moral lives, and who conscientiously believe that their church is the true church: shall they also be lost?"

"To this, I answer, in the first place, by quoting the words of the Saviour; 'without faith it is impossible to please God,' but, as it is required by our faith, to hear and believe the church; we may say on the same grounds, that without believing the true church, 'it is impossible to please God.' In the second place, with regard to such persons, two things are to be considered; viz., whether their conscience be an upright, well-regulated one, or, a willfully erroneous conscience, that is, vincible or invincible. Vincible ignorance is what can be overcome by ordinary exertion, or diligence: invincible ignorance is that which cannot be overcome by ordinary exertion, or diligence. Now, if a man, who supposes that his church is the true church, be in a state of vincible ignorance, he



cannot be legitimately excused, because that ignorance being vincible, he could and ought to overcome it. Again, if a person be in a state of invincible ignorance, he may be excused, as he could not overcome it, since no person is bound to what is impossible. The catholic church does not judge of, or condemn any individual, for following the dictates of a well regulated conscience; on the contrary, it tells them, that, whoever does not follow such a conscience, 'builds to hell.' Catholic theologians are of opinion, that, 'if persons, having a sincere desire to know the truth, and to embrace it when known, should happen to die, before they had been actually received into the body of the faithful, or true church, they would be saved, as they were catholics in desire, and therefore, though not externally received, were, however, belonging to the soul of the church. But, I fear, from the great facility of knowing the truth, that there can be comparatively few, in this state of invincible ignorance, and consequently, comparatively few, who can, on this ground, expect salvation."

"But," inquired Lady Inglis, "do not catholics lay themselves open to the charges of cruelty, and selfishness, when they declare, that, salvation is to be found only in the true church?"

"No, madam, no more than Christ, can be accused of cruelty or selfishness, when he declares, that 'without faith it is impossible to please God;' or, when he says, 'he that despiseth you, despiseth me;' or, again, when he says, that, he that will not hear the church, let him be to thee, as the heathen and the publican."

"No person dare deny," said Lady Inglis, "that Christ is neither guilty of cruelty, nor selfishness, in admonish-



ing the world of the dangers of unbelief, or of disobedience, as he has done in the texts above mentioned."

"But, madam," replied Emilia, "catholics by declaring, that salvation is to be found only in the catholic church, do precisely the very same; they admonish the world of their danger, of dying without the pale of that church, which they are bound to hear, under pain of being considered heathens and publicans; and, therefore, they are free, not only from the calumnies invented against them, but, are practising one of the most sublime virtues, which Christianity inculcates."

"Charity, I think, is one of the noblest virtues of the Christian religion," answered Lady Inglis, "and how do you shew me, that catholics are not wounding charity, in the doctrine of exclusive salvation?"

"You must acknowledge," said Emilia, "that our Saviour was charitable, or rather charity itself, and he says, that 'he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned;' therefore, if our brethren be in error, I think it is the height of charity to warn them of their errors, and to bring them to a knowledge of the true faith."

"I candidly confess," said Lady Inglis, "that your reasoning appears to me, to be very clear and convincing, and I think that your position cannot be reasonably denied."

"It cannot be denied with any shew of reason," repeated Emilia, "for, does not right reason teach us, that it is more charitable to warn a person of the danger to which he is exposed, when there may be chance of escaping, than to allow him to remain insensible of the danger, till he has no possible chance of escape? But, do not protestants, much as they decry this principle, act



in precisely the same manner? Presbyterians, in their confession of faith, declare, that, in their church alone, salvation is to be found. Episcopalians make a similar declaration, in one of their thirty-nine articles, viz., in the eighteenth, that, the episcopal church, is the only church, in which a person can be saved. Now, in the supposition, that the catholic church had but an equal claim with any of the forementioned, still, would she be less cruel, than they; for, as the members of the catholic church, far exceed in number all, or any, of the different communions of protestants, she would admit a proportionably larger number to be capable of salvation. Thus, the cruelty of which catholics are accused, is a mere calumny, and comes with a very bad grace from the members of the presbyterian, or episcopalian churches. Does not a follower of Calvin, with a very bad grace, accuse catholics of cruelty, when their founder, John Calvin, cruelly put to death Servetus and Gruet for denying his doctrines? Or a follower of Zuinglius, who, for similar reasons, passed sentence, on Felix Mans, executed at Zurich; or a follower of Luther, who passed sentence of excommunication, or something worse, upon both Zuinglius and Calvin, by declaring that they were ‘damned souls and heretics for whom it is not lawful to pray.’ ” (Epis. ad. Argen.)

“They had no right to act in such a manner, and especially, they had no right to force any person by such means to adopt their opinions,” remarked Georgina.

“That is true, Georgina,” replied Emilia, “the catholic church never claimed such a power, nor do her theologians pretend, that she has a right to compel any person to receive her doctrine; but, she has always claimed the right of judging sound doctrine from heresy, and of pointing out what is heresy, and what is not heresy, to



her children. Now, she tells us, that heresy is one of the sins which exclude from the kingdom of heaven, as we read in (Gal. v. 20,) and that it is of such a heinous nature, that a man who is a heretic, after the first and second admonition should be rejected. (2 Tim. iii. 10.)

“Now, on what ground should such a person be rejected, except that being a heretic, that is, a person obstinately persevering in the belief of doctrines, contrary to the catholic faith, he cannot be saved?

“This has always been the belief, of the fathers of the church. St. John Chrysostom of the fourth century, says: ‘We know that salvation belongs to the church alone, and that no one can partake of Christ, nor be saved, out of the catholic church and faith.’ St. Cyprian, of the third century, says, in his book on Unity, that ‘he cannot have God for his father, who has not the church for his mother.’ But, it would be an endless task, to multiply the opinions of the holy fathers, on this point of catholic doctrine, I shall only conclude by saying with St. Cyprian, that ‘if any one would escape the deluge out of Noah’s ark, he who is out of the church, may also escape.’” (ibidem.)

“That is,” said Georgina, “a person, who is neither in the body, nor in the soul of the church.”

“Yes,” replied Emilia.

“I am convinced,” repeated Georgina, “that the catholic church is the ark, in which salvation is to be found, and that, to be in the true way of salvation, I must be a catholic. I do not see, how I can remain a protestant any longer, convinced, as I am, of the truths of the catholic religion.”

Emilia, delighted at this unexpected revolution in Georgina’s sentiments, towards a religion which hitherto



she so much abhorred, said, "If every presbyterian, would carefully and impartially, examine the catholic doctrine, they would, in like manner, become catholics."

"I must agree with you in this," added Lady Inglis, "that the catholics have reason on their side: and I would almost say, that you nearly persuade me also to be a catholic, for, I cannot relish the many contradictions and inconsistencies of the protestant communions. Some of these are so glaring, that they have not failed to awaken in my mind suspicions of presbyterianism, or rather of protestantism in general."

"Yes, mamma," rejoined Georgina, "I fully concur with you in these remarks; for, we insert, for instance, the Apostles' creed, in our confession of faith: one of the articles of which is: 'I believe in the holy catholic church;' and if we were asked, whether we were catholics, we would indignantly repudiate the idea of catholic, and at once make answer, that we were *not* catholics, but, that we were protestants, nay, that we were not only protestants, but, in order, that we might be distinguished from other sects, we would give ourselves the appellation of presbyterians."

"That is true," added Emilia, "you now see, how unjust it is, to condemn a system, without a thorough investigation, and how true it is, that, the more we study the doctrines of the catholic church, the more solid reasons shall we find to become catholics."

"I see that plainly," answered Lady Inglis, "and I hope"—here, she was overpowered by her feelings, and her tears shewed her sincerity in hoping to have the happiness, of one day being admitted into 'the household of the faith.' Georgina and Emilia felt similarly affected, and each, inwardly, gave thanks to God, for this wonder-



ful change, effected by his grace and mercy. Emilia, at length, broke silence, and said :

“I think now, ladies, that I have redeemed my promise, and I shall conclude, for this evening, by merely stating, that I have proved, firstly, that our Saviour established one true visible church : Secondly, that that one true visible church is the catholic church ; and thirdly, that, out of that true visible catholic church, we cannot ordinarily expect, nor find salvation. Nothing now remains, but, that each argument, brought forward to prove the truth of these different propositions, would be well and carefully examined, and that, after such an examination, we would give to them our assent, or a reason of our dissent.”

“I am convinced of the truth of each of the foregoing propositions,” replied Lady Inglis, “and I expect, that, at our next meeting, you will have the goodness, to explain the nature of the sacraments of the catholic church ; as in the way they are administered by catholics, they are represented by the opponents of catholicity, to be nothing, save magic charms and superstitions.”

“Yes, madam,” returned Emilia, “they are represented as such, by persons, who know nothing about them, as I shall shew you, when we come to speak of the nature and properties of a sacrament.”

“I shall be most happy, to be instructed, at our next meeting, on the sacraments of the catholic church,” added Georgina. “But, I think, that we should withdraw for the present, and refresh ourselves with a little sleep, after such a lengthened discussion.”

They had now retired to their private apartments, and there, in the fulness of their gratitude, they offered up their prayers to the Searcher of hearts, and thanked Him



for his unspeakable bounties to his creatures. Emilia, in the fulness of her heart, thanked Him for his bountiful goodness, in making her the instrument of instructing in, and leading Lady Inglis and her daughter to the knowledge of the true faith. Georgina and her mamma, while the warm tears of gratitude to God, flowed down their cheeks, implored of the Divine Spirit to enlighten their understandings, and to soften their hearts, to receive the beautiful impressions of truth, for, without this heavenly influence, they felt, that their own exertions would be fruitless and ineffectual.



## CHAPTER XI.

Mystic channels of grace divine!

Thy healing powers we own;

To fill our souls with grace, is thine,

From Great Jehovah's throne.

O, HAPPY solitude! how sweetly dost thou not become to those, in search of true wisdom; to those who, retiring from the world's troublous scenes, devote themselves to the pursuit of heaven and God. For them, thou breathest a fragrance altogether new, altogether celestial. They are refreshed by the dew of heaven, which thou strewest upon their path; to them thou appearest replenished with such sweetness, that the more they seek thee, the more enamoured of thee do they become. O, thrice happy solitude!! be thou my conductress, and assist me to contemplate the great and wondrous ways of Providence, that I may become wiser, and more virtuous, and more faithful to the Divine decrees. How true the words of the Divine Spirit, 'I will lead her into solitude, and there I will speak to her heart.' Miss Elmford was enjoying some of those happy moments of solitude, and yet—call not those moments, solitude, during which the soul is conversing with God, and listening to Divine counsel; for, they are not solitary, O no, they are moments, dedicated to special communion with God, and to the society of the Angels, and of the just made perfect. But, as Emilia paced the beautiful and graveled walks of the garden, indulging in fond communion with God, Lady Inglis interrupted her musings, by reminding her of her promise on last evening.

"I recollect, madam," said Emilia, in one of those



joyous moods, for which she was remarkable, “that I was to give you some information regarding the existence and number of the sacraments, and I shall redeem my promise, as you seem disposed to trust me no longer.”

“Well, Emilia,” said Georgina, as she advanced in time to hear the foregoing conversation, “let us retire under the wide-spreading foliage of the sycamore at the back of the garden, as it will be much more agreeable, on this evening, than the summer-house.”

Emilia and Lady Inglis cheerfully assented to Georgina’s proposal, and they immediately repaired to the spot above mentioned. Seated on the soft velveted cushions, which nature bountifully supplied, and protected from the scorching rays of the sun, by the waving branches of sycamore, which were fanned by the gentle zephyrs, they enjoyed a most beautiful seat, with a most delightful and picturesque scenery. The country at this season of the year, presents a most beauteous aspect: the hills clothed with verdure; the lawns richly bespangled with flowers of every colour, and of every variety; the groves of sycamore, and fir, and elm, and beech, and of others congenial to the soil, charmed the beholder, and elicited the strongest marks of his applause. From this enchanting spot, a vast expanse of land and wave, appeared in view, and the azure waters of the great deep stood still and motionless, without a ruffle to disturb the smoothness of its glassy surface. In the far distance, Emilia observed a vessel nearing them, with sails of snowy whiteness, and moving with the most majestic grace and dignity. Gazing on it for a moment, she observed,

“See yonder stately bark, how fleetly does she bound over the waters of the deep, and how majestically does she ride over its unruffled waters. Ah, there do I behold



an emblem,—a bright emblem of the spouse of Christ. Yes, the church of Christ resembles a well equipped vessel, prepared to encounter the ocean's foaming billow, or, else, to enjoy a sail on its calm, unruffled waters. But, I am digressing from my subject, I had rather explain to you the nature, and the number of the sacraments."

"I shall be very glad," said Lady Inglis, "to be informed of the nature, and of the number of the sacraments, as I recollect, that the church of Scotland, in its solemn league and covenant, designates, five, at least, of them, by no very honorable appellation."

"To show, that the church of Scotland, is not orthodox in that particular, as well as in many others, I shall, in the meantime, content myself with the definition of that church, and prove to any reasonable mind, that there are no more, nor no less, than seven sacraments."

"How does it follow from the definition of the church of Scotland, that there are no more, nor no less, than seven sacraments?" eagerly enquired Lady Inglis.

"Nothing is more plain," said Emilia, "for, it thus defines a sacrament. It says, that it 'is a holy ordinance, instituted by Christ in his church, to signify, seal, and exhibit unto those, that are within the covenant of grace, the benefits of his mediation, to strengthen and increase their faith, and all other graces; to oblige them to obedience; to testify and cherish their love and communion one with another; and to distinguish them from those, that are without.' Again it says, that 'the parts of a sacrament are two; the one, an outward and visible sign, used according to Christ's own appointment; the other, an inward and spiritual grace thereby signified.' Now, a sacrament, being, according to the church of Scotland, an holy ordinance, instituted by Christ, in his



church, to signify, seal, and exhibit the benefits of his mediation, to increase their faith, &c., and that holy ordinance made up of two parts, viz., the outward and sensible sign, used according to Christ's own appointment; the other, an inward and spiritual grace, thereby signified, it follows, that, whatever has been instituted by Christ, in his church, to exhibit the benefits of his mediation, &c., and whatever is made up of two parts, viz., the outward sign, used by Christ's own appointment, and the inward and spiritual grace thereby signified, is, and must essentially be, a sacrament."

"That, I must confess, is the doctrine of the presbyterian confession of faith," added Lady Inglis.

"But, Mamma," urged Georgina, "the presbyterian confession of faith teaches that there are only two sacraments, namely, baptism and the Lord's supper."

"True," replied Emilia, "but, I will show you, that, to be consistent with their own definition, and explanation of a sacrament, they should admit seven, or rather, they should hold and believe the catholic doctrine. Baptism, and the Lord's supper are admitted by presbyterians and others to be sacraments, because they have been instituted by Christ, and because, they are outward signs of inward grace. These have ever been considered by the catholic church as sacraments; but, in addition to these, it holds, and has ever held, that there are other five, viz., penance, confirmation, holy orders, extreme unction, and matrimony. It holds, that the five latter mentioned, are sacraments, for precisely similar reasons, that it holds baptism and the Lord's supper to be sacraments, for they are, as they, outward signs of inward grace, and consequently entitled to the same respect. The catholic church believes, with all antiquity, that baptism is a sacrament,



and that water, and pouring the water on the recipient, in the name of the blessed Trinity, is the outward sign, and that admission, into the church, together with being spiritually regenerated, and confirmed in faith and membership with Christ, &c., is the inward grace, and that, through the merits of Christ, this holy ordinance becomes an effectual means of sanctification; for, 'we are cleansed in the laver of regeneration, and in the word of life,' and, as it is said, (St. John, v. 3.) 'Unless a person be born of water, and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The catholic church likewise holds, that the Lord's supper is a sacrament, as it has an outward sign of inward grace thereby signified, viz., the bread, or wine, both of which are the outward signs of the inward grace, which inward grace is concealed and signified thereby, as the words of institution clearly demonstrate,—'this is my body—do this for a remembrance of me,' and as also the words of promise, 'he that eateth this bread, shall live for ever.' Again, the catholic church holds, in opposition to all protestant sects, that penance has an outward sign of inward grace, viz., the sorrowful confession of sins, and the absolution of the validly ordained minister for the same, and this it holds, on the solid foundation of the sacred scripture, as we read, (John, xx. 21, 22, 23,) 'whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, &c.' What can be plainer than this? The church of Scotland says, the parts of a sacrament are two, viz., the outward sign and inward grace, but, penance has an outward sign, and inward grace, the outward sign, confession, absolution, &c., the inward grace, the forgiveness, 'whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them;' therefore, penance is a sacrament, according to the principles laid down by the church of Scotland, and



consequently the church of Scotland acts inconsistently, when it rejected it from the number of her sacraments. Confirmation is also made up of two parts, the outward sign and inward grace; the outward sign, as we read, Acts, viii. 17, 'they laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost,' and, 2 Cor. i. 21, 'now He that confirmeth us with you in Christ, and that anointeth us is God: Who also hath sealed us, and given the pledge, of the spirit in our hearts.' Thus, the imposition of hands, and the unction being the outward sign, and the reception of the Holy Ghost, the inward grace. Holy orders, in like manner, has two parts, the outward sign and inward grace, the outward sign, the imposition of hands and prayer, as we read in Acts, vi. 6, 'Praying they imposed hands upon them,' and the inward grace, the power to preach, and teach, and baptize, and to act, in a word, as the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God, 2 Tim. i. 6, 'For which cause I admonish thee, that thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee, by the imposition of my hands,' and, 1 Timothy, iv. 14, 'Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the imposition of the hands of the priesthood.' And what can be more plainly evident than the institution of this sacrament by Christ, where he said, John xx. 21, 22, 23, 'And he breathed on them, and he said to them: receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' Many other passages, of a similar nature, could be adduced to show, that this is a true and real sacrament, but, I think, I have sufficiently proved, that the church of Scotland, at least, should withdraw its declaration of the solemn league and covenant,



and admit holy orders among the number of its sacraments.

Extreme unction, is another sacrament of the Roman catholic church, and according to the doctrine, laid down by protestants in the Westminster confession of faith, &c., regarding a sacrament, it should also be admitted by them, among the number of their sacraments. For, that should be admitted to be a sacrament, which is an outward sign of inward grace, and used by Christ's own appointment; for, we read, in James v. 14, 'Is a man sick among you; let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man: and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him.' Now, it is as evident from this passage, that extreme unction is a sacrament, as words could make it, for it has the outward sign, viz., the unction or anointing with oil, and the inward grace, viz., the forgiveness of sins. 'And if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him.' (v. 15.) I shall not detain you by placing before you the doctrine of the holy fathers, or primitive Christians, on this point; nor shall I trouble you with the particulars of this sacrament, as described by Gregory the Great in the sixth century, nor with the language of a Chrysostom, or an Origen, nor even with the council of Trent, the last general council of the church, though it anathematizes those who dare deny this to be a true and real sacrament; but, I shall content myself, by saying in the words of St. James, 'if any be sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the



sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him.'

"Matrimony is also a true and real sacrament, and in it every thing is found, which is necessary, according to the Westminster confession of faith, and according to the presbyterian doctrine, to constitute a sacrament. It has the two parts essential, according to them, for a sacrament, viz., the outward sign, to be used according to Christ's own appointment, and the inward grace, thereby signified. The outward sign, the mutual consent of the parties, together with the blessing of the minister of Christ, and the inward grace, the holy union which takes place, and 'they shall be two in one flesh,' and as St. Paul continues, 'This is a great sacrament, but, I speak in Christ, and in the church.' And as it is said, in the same place, 'husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the church,' they must have a grace to do so, otherwise, they would not be so commanded; therefore, they have that grace, and it is the effect of the sacrament. Hence, I thus argue. Whatever is an outward sign of inward grace, is a sacrament; but, matrimony is an outward sign of inward grace; therefore, matrimony is a sacrament. Thus, have I established the existence of seven sacraments, those channels, through which divine grace and mercy flow to us, in this our earthly pilgrimage. May we have the happiness of receiving through those divine channels, the grace necessary for our justification and perfection."

Emilia was silent, and Lady Inglis and Georgina were too deeply impressed, with the concluding remark of Emilia, to give expression to their feelings; they, therefore, tenderly embraced each other, and retired to their several apartments for the night.



## CHAPTER XII.

'Tis heresy, that odious thing,  
The heart like viper enters ;  
And leaves within the poisoned sting,  
The bane of all dissenters.

By this time, the fact of Emilia Elmford's conversion, became known in the neighbourhood of Kildalock, and to many a heart, which before felt happy in being united with hers in religious belief, did it bring unqualified disappointment and regret. In every female accomplishment, in every intellectual knowledge, in a word, in every virtue, that could adorn the mind of woman, to Miss Elmford was given a decided preference. Her superior excellence was acknowledged even by the most aspiring and ambitious ; and in the midst of all these honors, which she so highly merited, nothing could be observed in her, but, the most artless simplicity and profound humility. It is needless to observe, that the practice of two such virtues, with her prepossessing appearance, and meek and gentle disposition, added fresh lustre to her character, and endeared her the more to her acquaintances. The loss of a lady of such refined parts, and of such unblemished morals, was keenly felt by her co-religionists, and apart from every other consideration, was a sufficient stimulus, to many of her former friends and associates, to exert themselves, to the utmost, to repair that loss, by seeking to alienate her from the catholic religion, and to induce her once more to seek for shelter, and consolation, within the gloomy ramparts of presbyterianism. Many and ardent were the endeavours among the evangelical body



to effect this grand desideratum, but, in the end, they proved fruitless and ineffectual, and serve only to shew, that a well regulated and virtuous mind, when once convinced of truth, cannot be easily induced, to tread, again, the thorny and uncertain path of error. In the effervescence of their zeal, worthy of a better cause, they applied to the Rev. Mr. McNab, as the most proper person to excite in her a horror of Romanism, and a renewal of her belief of presbyterian principles, or an adhesion to the principles of any Christian church, provided, that that church, and those principles, were an enemy to Rome. At first, Mr. McNab seemed disinclined, to enter on such a mission, fearing as he had rightly anticipated, that its acceptance, would be the means of bringing him within reach of Father Jonathan, whom he very much dreaded, and with whom he could well dispense, as a controversial opponent. However, after hesitating not a little, he consented to comply with their wishes, but, at the same time, he remarked, that he would defer it till the following evening, on account of some urgent business. This was willingly agreed to, and the ladies parted, anxiously expecting the result of the minister's visit. But, a day, to persons imagining, that they were searching for, and endeavouring to find the strayed sheep of Israel, appeared much too long, and, in the meantime, they were determined, not to lose a single moment in their pursuit. Thus prompted by a natural impulse, to rescue Emilia from the destructive influence of popish superstition, and no doubt, instigated not a little, by the flattering unction diffused by the idea of reclaiming such a one as Emilia, from the evil of her ways, and spurred on by the secret notions, of gaining to their peculiar tenets, a lady of such exquisite parts, and so deservedly esteemed, they all agreed



to repair on that evening to her residence at Kildalock. No sooner had they concluded to act in such a manner, than they prepared themselves to set out immediately, and to try what success might attend such an interview. They are resolved to crush, in the very bud, the worse than Lernean monster, popery, now, for the first time, exhibiting itself in the person of their friend; and elate with the hope of victory, they are entered on their journey, exulting in their anticipated triumph, the necessary result, in their minds, of this their projected interview.

With varied plans, and fancied hope,  
And minds but ill at ease,  
They onward march 'gainst church and pope,  
To stay their godless ways.

Though divided, with one another, on the most essential principles of religion, and though the contradictory and contrary opinions, which they held, on the principal dogmas, which Christianity evolves, clashed most fearfully with one another, still, our intrepid Amazonianlike band of female controversialists, merging all minor considerations, for the present, united in proclaiming the glorious freedom of the gospel, and in decrying the fell attempt made by papists, to deprive them of this their most precious inheritance, and of their fresh attempt, to seduce by their artful and bland insinuations, one of their most esteemed and deserving members. High with the pleasing hope, of disabusing Emilia of her Romish notions, they allowed no other subject to distract their attention, but, still a close enquirer would not find it difficult to discern, that there was some latent cause of uneasiness, which troubled them not a little. It is natural to suppose, that their own peculiar tenets were more fondly cherished



by each, and it is by no means unnatural to expect, that they had a secret longing to gain over to their side, a lady such as Emilia. Such a supposition is not unreasonable; and it is true in point of fact. In proportion as each imagined, that her peculiar tenets could be proved and defended, in the same proportion, did they look upon Miss Elmford as gained over to them, and bowing to the truth of their existence. Nor did they fancy for a moment, that a mind, which could submit to the galling yoke of Rome, would long resist in upholding the errors taught by Rome. But, in this they had been grossly deceived, and the very jealousies, which imperceptibly took possession of their hearts, at the idea of one being more successful than the rest in gaining Emilia to her sect, should point out to such, that there would be more difficulty in the undertaking, than they, at first, were led to imagine. Imagination, however, made them think otherwise, and they felt, each a secret hope, of carrying off Emilia as their prize, and as the reward of their zeal. O, fancy, how delusive thou art! how slyly dost thou insinuate thyself, into the soul's inmost recesses, and there, fill the mind with the most pleasing visions; visions which, when thou withdrawest, disappear, and leave us to mourn for their reality. What was it but the mere creation of such a fancy, that induced Miss Swedes to hope for success, in such circumstances; to hope that, by her alone, the palm would be borne away in triumph, and that to her sister Amazons would be left the cypress wreath, to encircle their brows for the loss of such a prize, and the somewhat half consoling, half desponding thought, that the object of their solicitude, saved from popery, and secured within the forts of protestantism, was nevertheless, only under the immediate guardianship of Unitarianism.



Flushed with the hopes of success, they approached the cottage, and here, they entered into a lively and animated conversation, the object of which was to determine, which would first broach the subject of Emilia's conversion to the catholic church, and urge her to its immediate abandonment. After some little excitement on the part of Miss Knox, and Miss Exeter, produced by each of them, claiming the privilege, of addressing Emilia, on the all important topic of her conversion, it was finally concluded, that that privilege would be conceded to neither. The honor of such an introduction was conferred on Miss Swedes, who seemed to be a rather disinterested party. Shortly after this arrangement, the verdant and picturesque lawn, in front of the cottage, tastefully decorated with evergreens, and covered with a rich profusion of the choicest flowers, and of the most odoriferous fragrance, burst upon their view, and intimated to them their near approach to the house. It was a most delightful spot, and though highly favoured by nature, still, art contributed much to heighten its embellishments. The cottage stood on an eminence, gently and almost imperceptibly sloping to its base, where a clear and limpid stream of water winding along in fitful spray, and gurgling through the soft and whitened sand, as it dashed along, formed a beautiful boundary to the velveted area before the house. Two rows of stately trees of sycamore on the banks of this stream, by their shade, formed an agreeable retreat, in the excessive heat of the summer, and proved an effectual barrier to the sun's scorching and penetrating rays. But, too much intent upon the conversion of Emilia, the ladies glanced hastily at the surrounding beauties, and entered immediately the spacious and winding avenue, that led to the front of the cottage, and arriving in a few



moments at the hall door, they received admission, and on their being ushered into the drawing room, they were received with the most marked and polite attention, by the family of the cottage, and more particularly by Emilia. After the first salutations, one could easily discern, from the thoughtful and borrowed expression, on the countenances of our young heroines, that they had some matter of moment to communicate, and that time, for them slowly poised himself on weary wings. This feeling was shared by all; but, the thoughts of a defeat, and the hopes of success, which flushed and paled by turns the cheeks of Miss Swedes, rendered this much more obvious.

As a person, who with anxious look and tottering step, endeavouring to gain some unexpected prize, which presents itself, and eagerly pressing forward to seize it, becomes unsteady and agitated, so was it with Miss Swedes. In the enthusiasm of the moment, in faltering voice and broken accents, she accosted Emilia in the following manner.

“Miss Elmford, it has been reported, but, I hope, without foundation, that you are a convert to the popish church. We have come to ascertain its truth, and if so, to withdraw you, if possible, from the grasp of such a fatal enemy, and convince you of the rashness and folly of such a step.” To this the ladies assented, and anxiously awaited Emilia’s reply to Miss Swedes’ enquiries. Emilia, in that spirit of good humour, for which she was so remarkable, blended with a certain firmness of purpose, so peculiarly her own, politely thanked them for their attention, and relieved them from any misgivings they might have, with regard to her conversation, by declaring, that she was a papist. “Yes,” she said, “since



you feel such a lively interest in my conversion, I am happy to inform you, that I am a papist, and that I am a member of the popish church, if, by such an epithet, you mean the Roman catholic church, whose supreme head is the pope or chief bishop of Rome." "Yes," replied Miss Swedes, "I do mean the Romish church, governed by the pope, the chief bishop, and by many other bishops; whose very titles even, are so unscriptural and antichristian."

"Hold," said Miss Exeter, whose episcopalian notions were very strong, "you have no right to pass such an unmerited censure against bishops. The bishops of the English church are the direct successors of the apostles, and are not to be ranked in the same category with the Romish bishops, whom I readily believe to be both unscriptural and antichristian."

Miss Knox, willing to cut short such a discussion, and half ashamed, that such a diversity of opinion would prevail amongst them, on account of the present circumstances, said, "Miss Exeter, you can never show, that there is one word mentioned about bishops in the sacred scripture, and, therefore, I do not see, what use there is in an endeavouring to cram them down our throats, as if we could not go to heaven without them. Is it not more to our present purpose, to conduct Emilia back again to the glorious light of the Gospel, and from the superstitious practices of the church of Rome?" Emilia smiled, and turning to the last mentioned, said, "Why, Miss Knox, were I to entertain the least doubt, regarding the truth of the Roman catholic faith, every article of which I most firmly believe, it would be no easy matter for me to choose amid the various doctrines you respectively advocate." Miss Exeter in reply, and wishing to anticipate Miss



Knox, a rival whom she much dreaded, rather abruptly exclaimed: "Assuredly, Miss Elmford, as you have been so partial to the Romish church, ruled, as it is, by Romish Bishops, you could not hesitate in giving the English episcopal church, which has lopt off the foolish trumperies of the former,—no, I say, you could not hesitate in giving it a decided preference." "It is not the cowl, Miss Exeter, that makes the monk, nor, is it the absence of it either; it is the truth, and a strict fidelity to the practical exercise of that truth, that makes the good and faithful Christian, no matter, what his exterior deportment; I hold, that the catholic church alone, is the faithful depository of that truth, and that that church alone deserves a preference, which has invariably held the truth, and had been founded by Christ on Peter, and governed by him, and after him by an unbroken line of his successors," returned Emilia. Hereupon Miss Knox, who was naturally of an ardent and impetuous temperament, fearing, that Emilia might be influenced by Miss Exeter's appeal, with a good deal of emphasis, said, "You can never persuade me, Miss Exeter, and I hope, as little, will you be able to persuade Miss Elmford, that the English episcopal church is the true church, patched up, as it is, of its thirty-nine articles, and of other absurdities, equally at variance with common sense, and with the clear express texts of the sacred scripture. No, you cannot persuade Miss Elmford to relinquish the corruptions of Rome, for any other purpose, save to return to the bosom of the church of Scotland, in which she was born and educated."

"You need not have the least doubt, Miss Knox, that I have any idea of becoming a member of the English church, or —

"—of any other, save the presbyterian," interrupted



Miss Knox. "You misunderstand me," replied Emilia, and continuing, she said, "or, of any other church, from that of which I have at present the happiness of being a member. I believe it to be 'the pillar and the ground of truth,' and that 'the Spirit of truth' will abide with it to the end of the world." "What a delusion, a gross delusion!!" simultaneously ejaculated the Ladies. "What," briskly retorted Emilia, "am I to understand, is a delusion? is it, that the church of Christ, is the pillar and the ground of truth?" "No," answered Miss Knox, "but, your coupling the church of Christ with the catholic church, and attributing to it, what belongs exclusively to the Christian church." "And if the catholic church does not deserve the titles of 'the pillar and ground of truth,' to what other can I attribute it?" replied Emilia. "To the church of Scotland, assuredly, as her teachings and institutions are most conformable to the written word," returned Miss Knox. "You do us wrong, Miss Knox," jointly exclaimed Miss Swedes and Miss Exeter: "on what grounds do you presume, to exclude others from the right of being considered members of the church of Christ, and seriously propose your little island church of Scotland, a church which owes its origin to your namesake, Knox, a notorious preacher of rebellion and sedition; on what ground, I say, do you seriously propose such a contemptible church, as the true church of Christ?" "Have I not as good a right to believe, that that church, so despicable in your eyes, but, so precious in mine, is the true church of Christ, as you have to believe that the half popish thing of England, is that true church?" responded Miss Knox. "And have I not a better right than either of you, to believe that my church is the true church," added Miss Swedes, "for even you, in common with every Christian, are obliged to ad-



mit that there is one God, and almost in every thing else you are lost in doubt and perplexity?" "There is," rejoined Emilia, "neither doubt, nor perplexity, as to their faith, Miss Swedes, among the members of the catholic church; they are all united in religious belief, and all are united under one visible head, the legitimate successor of St. Peter, the chief and prince of the apostles." "It is most unreasonable," replied Miss Exeter, "to propose the Romish church, as a model of the true church." "And it is perfectly conformable, I suppose, to right reason, to believe, that your different churches, are each the true church, and that the thirty-nine articles of the one, will fitly accord with the solemn league and covenant of the other, and the aptitude of both to harmonize with unitarianism, will hide and atone for its disbelief, and incredulity," sarcastically rejoined Emilia. "But, Miss Elmford," urged Miss Exeter, whom for brevity we shall call Frances, for the future, "would you not wish to listen to the voice of reason, and to obey the word of God, as expressed in the scriptures?" "I would wish to obey the voice of reason, Frances," said Emilia, "and to act, according to the word of God, but, this I have done in becoming a member of the catholic Church." "The catholic church is a corrupted church," replied Frances, "it is apostate; it is openly avowing and teaching idolatry, and you have, therefore, fallen into the greatest delusion, if you imagine, that it is in any way, comparable to the true and apostolic church of England." "The apostolic church of England, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Knox, who could not contain her antipathy any longer, against both the Roman catholic and English churches. "Frances, the Romish church is in your own opinion, both corrupted and idolatrous, and I believe, that your much boasted English



church is not a whit better, but it is much more cunning, for, it makes a semblance of gospel liberty, and deludes the people, by telling them, that they can judge for themselves, whilst, at the same time, it insists upon the belief of the thirty-nine articles, and casts out of its communion, whoever dares to doubt their truth, and, whoever refuses to them the most unqualified assent and approval. I would almost prefer membership with the church of Rome, were it not for her doctrine on good works, wafer worship, celibacy, and the like, as she makes such candid avowal of her belief, even in her heathenish and idolatrous superstitions.” “The thirty-nine articles are founded on the word of God, Belinda,” answered Frances, with a good deal of warmth, “and it is in vain for you to hope, that Emilia will again return, to the gloomy, and hideous doctrines of presbyterians. “I hope to be a member only of the true church,” replied Emilia. “And that is the church of England,” added Frances. “No, it is mine,” indignantly returned Belinda. “I will show, that it is neither,” rejoined Miss Swedes. “But, I shall prove—” “No,” said Belinda, interrupting Frances, “you can prove nothing of your half popish doctrines, and I will show, that they are no better, as far as Bishops, and many other matters are concerned.” “They are scriptural,” insisted Frances. “They are not scriptural, they are only scripture wrongly interpreted,” urged Belinda. “We have a better right to the interpretation of scripture than you have,” added Frances, “as the English church had been established prior to the church of Scotland.” “That is popish doctrine,” exultingly exclaimed Belinda, “on the same grounds the papists endeavour to prove the truth of their church, and of their doctrines.” “It is not on precisely the same grounds, Miss Knox,”



replied Emilia, who had remained for some time a silent spectator, of what was passing; "We conclude that the catholic church is the true church, not only from its priority to yours, or, to any other; but, from its establishment by Christ, and its existence from that period, to the present. But, as there seems to be such a variety of opinion, regarding the different claims of the churches, to the true church, I think, we, at once, should refer to the law, and to the testimony, and then point out the proofs, on which we ground our different claims." "I am satisfied," said Miss Swedes. "And so am I," added Belinda. "I assure you, that no suggestion could please me better, Miss Elmford," repeated Frances. Georgina and Lady Inglis, who were engaged in another part of the cottage, in arranging some matters, which required their presence, returned, but not in time to put an end to the foregoing angry, and unpleasant discussion. Before their entering, silence ensued, but, it was easy to perceive, from the flushed and agitated looks, especially of Frances and Belinda, that some such exciting matter had been the topic, of a warm and animated discussion. Lady Inglis was averse to any thing of the kind; especially, if it were guided by prejudice, rather than by reason, and, more especially was she averse to it, at the present time, as she did not wish to prematurely avow her lately conceived notions of the catholic church, till she were thoroughly convinced of its truth. • Wishing, therefore, to turn their attention to something else, she took up a late number of the Christian Alliance, a paper much esteemed by protestants, and, as she hastily glanced over its contents, she could not refrain from smiling at a remarkable heading of one of the articles. Upon observing a smile playing upon the countenance of her mamma, Georgina requested



of her to tell them if any thing new appeared in the paper."

"My child," replied Lady Inglis, "I cannot say, whether there be any thing very interesting in the present number, but, I could not repress a smile, on reading the heading of an article on Universalism. It is headed as follows, *Most Important.*

"Universalism as antient as Christianity, proved from THE WRITTEN WORD."

"Read the article, mamma, that we may have the benefit of this most important intelligence."

"If the ladies desire to hear it, I will be glad to accede to their wishes," returned Lady Inglis.

The ladies answering in the affirmative, she read as follows:

"Brethren,

It is the glory of the Universalian, as a believer in Christ, and in a universal atonement, not to confine the effects of that atonement, to any religious sect, or party, but to extend the same to the whole human race; and it is also his glory, that this universal belief, or rather this belief of a universal redemption, is sanctioned by the highest authority on earth, and has met the highest approval of heaven, viz., the approval of God himself. Yes, the hallowed faith of Universalism, depends on two great pivots, which will bear it up against the united weight and force of the world, viz., reason and revelation:

That, given to guide the erring man,  
This, the mystic depths unveiled to scan.

Reason tells us, that God is infinite, that his creatures are finite, that as infinite cannot be finite, so neither can



finite be infinite: but, as man is finite, and as angel, notwithstanding his superiority of nature, is also finite; so can neither man nor angel be guilty of an act, which would deserve infinite punishment. Therefore, punishment is not infinite; therefore, it will not continue for ever, and consequently, reason tells us, that after some limited punishment, proportioned to the crimes of each, (which punishment we will most probably receive in this world, before our death) we will be saved; all will praise the Eternal, and be overshadowed by his glory. Thus reason holds out the hand of fellowship to all, and revelation unfolds to us the same cheering and consoling truth. It is said in 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6. For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus: Who gave himself a redemption for all. And again 2 Cor. v. 14, Christ died for all. These are some of the many glorious proofs of Universalian principles. Therefore, let none despair, all will be saved; all will gain the eternal hills; the blood of the Lamb is more than enough to efface the sins of a thousand worlds. Glory to the Lamb, alleluia. Praise him, ye vipers, that would fain rob man of his grand inheritance—the merits of universal redemption. Alleluia, praise the Lord.

ABSALOM PRICE.”



## CHAPTER XIII.

Let sun, and earth, and sea, rejoice,  
For unto man is given,  
The Spouse of God, whose heavenly voice  
Points out one road to heaven.

AFTER the reading of the foregoing letter, the ladies were so perfectly astonished at the force of the reasoning, and at the clearness of the texts, brought to bear on the point at issue, that they could not think of a reply. The doctrine, though at utter variance with their long cherished opinions, appeared quite new, and full, as they thought, of universal charity. Emilia alone felt horrified, at the idea of such a doctrine, and shuddered involuntarily at its consequences. She believed, that its general adoption, would take away every restraint, imposed upon the passions, and be subversive of society. When, therefore, Miss Swedes remarked, that the arguments appeared conclusive; and that it was not unworthy of a Christian, to entertain such views upon the universal atonement, Emilia made answer as follows. "I am surprised, Miss Swedes, that you could for a moment incline to such a belief." "I see nothing bad in it, Miss Elmford," replied Miss Swedes. "Nor I," added Belinda, "save, that it is too great an enemy to catholic exclusiveness." "It is no less an enemy to the principles of your own church, Belinda," answered Emilia. "The catholic church has ever been an enemy to heresy, of every shape, and of every form, and faithful to itself, it now condemns this daring heresy of unconditional salvation to all, as it did the heresy of your church, which teaches, that the elect



alone are its members, and that it is made up of none others." "I would like, Miss Elmford," said Frances, "to see you with all your catholic or popish notions, about the churches of others, attempting to answer the two arguments, contained in that letter, and to prove, that what they are going to establish, is heresy." "I shall most willingly give you the doctrine of the catholic church, Frances, on this heresy of Universalism, and I think, that that will be sufficient to convince you of its being a heresy, and a most detestable heresy, notwithstanding the pleasing impression it has made upon you, by its appearing as an angel of light and of mercy." "I think," said Georgina, "the summer house would be a much more agreeable place for discussion, since we would be cheered by the golden beams of the setting sun, bursting upon our view, as he retires to rest; and we would, at the same time, enjoy the refreshing coolness of the breeze." The ladies cheerfully agreed to Georgina's proposal, and they instantly repaired to the garden. As they entered it, they were agreeably surprised by its beautiful and imposing appearance, and were captivated by the pleasing and rich variety of its flowers, as well as by their odoriferous fragrance. It occupied a south-westerly direction from the cottage, gently rising to the east, and surrounded by a wall, made of brick, about seven feet in height. It was divided into eight parterres, or squares, by two large walks intersecting each other in the centre, at right angles, and by two others of inferior dimensions, drawn parallel to one of the former. Of the same dimensions with the larger walks, was another, which went the entire extent of the garden, running at the base of the wall. They were beautifully gravelled with white shells from the sea shore, and had their verges



nicely trimmed with boxwood, rising about six inches from the ground. They were additionally ornamented by a border, which ran the full extent of the walks, and yielding flowers of every tint and colour; the jessamine, the lily, the rose, the hyacinth, pinks of endless variety, and other innumerable and sweet scented flowers. As they walked through the garden, admiring the taste, with which it was laid out, no less than the beautiful and pleasing variety of the flowers, with which it had been ornamented, Georgina, who accompanied them, employed herself in plucking some of the choicest, and in presenting them to her friends, to whom they were most acceptable. Emilia, to whom she last presented a handsome bouquet of white flowers, among which was a beautiful lily, jocularly remarked, that she had given her a most appropriate symbol of her religion. "You see," said she, "ladies, that this bouquet is a most appropriate symbol of my religion; the oneness of colour is emblematic of its unity, and the whiteness, of its unsullied purity." "I think that my religion is much more aptly represented by its oneness," returned Miss Swedes, who could not endure a comparison so favourable to the catholic church. "We would require, at least, two colours, Miss Swedes, to represent your church, as one portion of you, believe that God the father, is the only person, thus, vesting the godhead in the father alone, and another, for example, the New Jerusalemites, in the son, or second person, as they declare, that Christ alone is Lord, is the great Jehovah." Upon this Miss Knox, interrupting them, remarked, that they had better withdraw to the summer house, and there listen to Emilia's endeavour to refute, according to Romish principles, the doctrines of the universalists on atonement, and eternal punishment. The ladies repaired



to the summer house, which formed a most delightful and pleasing retreat, as it was thickly shaded with the spreading branches of the ivy, and strongly interwoven with the twining woodbine. There, seating themselves on mossy cushions, the beautiful and spontaneous productions of nature, they listened attentively to Emilia, as she proceeded in the following manner, "In proving, that all men are to be saved, and that none can be eternally punished, there are two sources, from which the writer of the letter draws his proofs, viz., reason and revelation. Of these two, I must say, he has given us a most false representation. He says, that man is finite, and that a finite being cannot deserve infinite punishment. Man, no doubt, is finite, but it by no means follows, that God could not visit him with eternal punishment, were he to commit an act which though finite, would be grievously offensive to God. If the writer of such an article were to reason thus, he might have some claim to reason, viz., whatever is finite, cannot become infinite, or perpetrate an infinite act, or rather an act, infinite in itself; but, man is finite, therefore, man cannot become infinite, or perpetrate an act, in itself infinite. By such a method, he would act rationally and intelligibly; but, to say, as he does, that God cannot punish sin for eternity, is to say, what is the height of absurdity. I know, that it is said, that the punishing of a finite act, with eternal punishment, is unjust, because the punishment must be in proportion to the crime. I grant, that the punishment is to be in proportion to the crime, and even, with that admission, the eternal punishment, for a finite act, is in accordance with the strictest laws of justice. For, that act deserves eternal punishment, which aims at the destruction of God; who is infinite, but, any grievous crime aims at the destruction of God;



for, in being guilty of such a crime, the perpetrator wishes, either that God would not know his crime, or, would not punish it, when known; now, in either case, he aims at the destruction of the Godhead; when he wishes, that God would not know his crime, he wishes to deprive Him of His omniscience, which is necessary to God, as being infinite; when he wishes, that God would not punish his crime, he wishes, that He would not be infinitely just; therefore, every grievous offence, in its object, which is God, is infinite, and consequently, every such grievous offence can be, justly visited, with infinite, or eternal punishment.” “But, what reason, to suppose, that the justice of God would not be satisfied, after the soul would undergo punishment, say, of ten, twenty, or some limited number of years? With all your popery, I think, that you will not be able to clear up that difficulty,” exultingly urged Belinda. “Why?” replied Emilia. “I think, I have answered that already; for, if sin aims at, and, as it were, pursues infinity, the punishment of that sin, can for a similar reason pursue it to infinity. But, I shall give you another reason, to prove, that the punishment of a sinner, who dies, the enemy of God, must be infinite, or eternal. God is bound, by his nature, to punish sinners, while they continue in sin, and to entertain an affection to sin; but, the sinner, after death, continues in sin, and to entertain an affection to sin; for, he curses God, and hates him, in consequence of his punishing sin, and this hatred perseveres, consequently, the punishment perseveres; therefore, God is bound to punish sinners after death, and with eternal punishment.”

After this triumphant refutation to Belinda's objection, she did not presume to ask any other questions, but, shared with the other ladies in their astonishment that



Emilia could give such a clear exposition of such a profound and knotty point of doctrine. They were under the impression that she was perfectly correct in her explanation, but, they had not then sufficient candour, to make a fair and open avowal of their sentiments. This, however, is not to be attributed to any thing very malicious on their parts, it should be rather imputed to the prejudice of education, and to the regard we pay to old and long cherished ideas. Georgina alone, whose intimate familiarity with Emilia, served to remove many of her former prejudices, exclaimed, "Emilia, I fully concur with you, that reason pronounces against the Universalist doctrine, and that it proclaims the eternity of punishment. And I am fully persuaded, that revelation, still more forcibly and clearly, condemns their unhallowed and pernicious principles." "Yes, Georgina," replied Emilia, "the Scriptures are positive on that point." (in St. Matth. xxv. 46) we read: "And these shall go into everlasting punishment, but, the just into life everlasting." Now, the everlasting punishment of the former, is placed in juxtaposition to the 'life everlasting' of the latter; but, according to the Universalists themselves, 'life everlasting' means, that the happiness of the latter, will always continue, therefore, from the same reason, they should conclude, that the punishment of the former, will always continue. Again in (St. Mark ix. 46, 47) we read, "And if thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out. It is better for thee with one eye to enter the kingdom of God, than having two eyes, to be cast into the hell of fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not extinguished."

"That I must confess, is most conclusive," said Belinda, "for the place of punishment is called a 'hell of fire,' and in that 'hell of fire,' it is said, their worm never



dies, and the fire is not extinguished ; but, if their punishment were not for ever, or eternal, their worm could not be said, not to die, nor the fire not to be extinguished ; therefore, I am convinced by your reasoning, and by the texts which you have adduced, that punishment is eternal, that is, that the wicked will be eternally punished in the ‘hell of fire.’ “And, therefore,” added Emilia, “of its necessary consequence, viz., that Christ did not die for all, in that sense, that he promised unconditional salvation to all.”

“How does that follow ?” anxiously enquired Belinda.

“From the fact of your own admission,” rejoined Emilia, “for if you admit that the wicked will be eternally punished, then, you admit that all will not be saved, and that, therefore, Christ did not promise unconditional salvation to all.”

“But is it not expressly said in the second epistle to the Corinthians, fifth chapter and fourteenth verse, that Christ died for all ?” urged Belinda.

“Yes,” answered Emilia, “but you must understand that passage, in a conditional sense, that is that he died for all, in as much as he purchased for all the graces necessary for their salvation, but, not that they will be saved without their own earnest co-operation with these graces.”

“That is straining the obvious and literal meaning of the passage, Miss Elmford,” replied Belinda.

“I beg to assure you, Miss Knox, that it is no such thing : you have already admitted that all will not be saved, and it would be contrary to your own admission, were you to suppose that the interpretation which I have given, is incorrect. Besides, you would act, in opposition to the principles of your own church, which declares that



the elect alone are to be saved, and that the remainder have been created to be damned."

"O what a horribly monstrous doctrine!" involuntarily exclaimed Miss Swedes.

"It is no less monstrous than it is false," replied Emilia, "for, does not the sacred scripture declare that our destruction is from ourselves? 'Thy destruction is from thyself, O Israel.' Even in the words of the sacred scripture, quoted by the Universalist for a different purpose, you have an invincible answer to your favourite doctrine of Presbyterianism, viz., in these words, 'Christ died for all,' therefore as he died for all, he sincerely wishes, that all would share in the merits of the redemption, therefore, all who co-operate with the graces purchased by his death, can be saved, and consequently the horrid doctrine, that God created some for the purpose of damning them, is as abhorrent to the clear texts of the sacred scripture, as it is to common sense. Yes, Belinda, in these words, 'Christ died for all,' there is a full and satisfactory refutation of this monstrous doctrine of Presbyterianism." Belinda remained silent, for the clearness of the text admitted of no evasion.

"But if Christ died for all," said Miss Swedes, glad of the opportunity to enter the lists with Emilia, "why would not all benefit by his death, and escape the horrors of damnation?"

"That is the Universalist's objection, and precisely the difficulty which requires solution," answered Emilia. "You know," she continued, "that we have been created by God in a state of innocence, that we have fallen from that happy state, through the disobedience of our first parents, and that, in consequence we had lost all right to eternal happiness. In this miserable condition had we



been, when the Messiah came into the world, and offered himself up a victim of redemption, to atone for our sins, and to obtain our readmission into heaven. But in order, that we may be readmitted into that happy country, forfeited by our sins, there are certain conditions imposed, the compliance with which is necessary. On the fulfilment of these conditions, depends the restoration to our lost happiness. For instance, we must believe that "there is a God, and that he is a rewarder to them that seek him." Again, we must believe that Christ is "the Son of God, and the second person of the blessed Trinity, and also, that the third person of the blessed Trinity, is the Divine Spirit—the Holy Ghost—the Paraclete—the Spirit of truth—who will teach us all truth, and abide with us to the end. In addition to this, we must believe the Church established by Christ, which cannot err, nor lead to error, and to which we must hearken, under pain of being considered heathens and publicans."

"And that is your church, I suppose," added Miss Exeter.

"Undoubtedly," replied Emilia, "for, if we are bound to hear the church, it must exist, and as we are bound to hear it not only for a time, but for all times, it must at all times have existed, that it may be heard. But, your church having commenced only about three hundred years ago, at the time of the reformation, could not be heard at all times: therefore, your church is not the true church, therefore the Roman Catholic church, which even its enemies admit, has existed since the time of Christ, is the true church, and consequently, the Catholic church is that, which alone we are bound to hear, under pain of being considered heathens and publicans."



“But had not the Romish church fallen into corruption, and become apostate?” urged Frances bitterly.

“According to your church,” replied Emilia, “it had fallen into corruption and become guilty of apostasy. The book of common prayer, in its homily on peril of idolatry, very plainly brings such an accusation against it. It says, that all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, were drowned in damnable idolatry, for the space of seven hundred years and more.”

“But is not such the fact, and can you bring forward any thing to disprove it?” repeated Belinda.

“Yes,” answered Emilia, “I have many reasons to show that such is not the fact, and to firmly establish the contrary.”

“What are they, I would wish to know,” rejoined Frances. “In the first place, I will show, that it is not a fact, from the words of our Saviour, “Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,” (Math. xvi. 18) and again, (1 Epis. Tim. iii. 15) the church is “the pillar and the ground of truth;” and next, (Math. xxviii. 20) “Behold, I am with you, all days, even to the consummation of the world.” The church, therefore, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, and which is favored with the presence of Christ, cannot fall into corruption: but the catholic church is that church, therefore, the catholic church cannot fall into corruption. Now, if I have proved, that the church founded by Christ, and to which he had made such promises, had not fallen into corruption, it follows very plainly, that your church has been guilty of a falsehood, for, it is a most impious and detestable falsehood, a falsehood proven from the express words of Christ himself, to assert that, all ages,



sects, and degrees of men, women, and children were drowned in damnable idolatry, for the space of seven hundred years and more." "The true church of Christ, which is the protestant church, during all that time, was invisible, and therefore, it was not included under this general censure," rather impatiently replied Belinda, who saw the difficulty of answering Emilia's arguments.

"Which of the protestant churches?" enquired Emilia. Here they paused, and hesitated in giving an answer. Emilia, seeing that there was a general silence, continued, "If then any of the protestant churches were the true church, it could not be invisible; for, the true church is compared to a city on a mountain, therefore it was not invisible, and again, St. Paul says, with the heart we believe unto justice; but, with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation, (Rom. x. 10) therefore, if the protestants were true believers, they should make external profession of their belief, and, consequently, the true church containing the true believers, would not be invisible. Hence, the protestant church, which claims to be an invisible church, is not the true church, and the only natural conclusion to which we can come, is, that as the catholic church was always visible, and as a mountain on the top of mountains, it is the only true church."

Belinda paused, and seemed, as if conscious of defeat; and the ladies observed a profound and thoughtful silence, till Lady Inglis, who had not before accompanied them to the garden, but who now came to spend a few moments with them before supper, interrupted their silence. They laid aside, for the moment, all thoughts of what had passed, and rising from their seats in the summer house, they stood a little in front of the door, where they copiously inhaled the odours of the breeze, and listened



admiringly to the sweet and pleasing harmony of the little songsters of the wood, as from a neighbouring ground, they sent forth their soft and swelling notes. The sun, by this time, about to take his leave for the night, appeared with a glow of unearthly majesty, and seemed to tinge every thing in nature with a superb and golden colour. What an enchanting spectacle does he not present, or rather, does not the whole face of nature exhibit, when the golden clouds of the West are clothed with his rays, and reflect back to earth his parting glory! O, it was a beauteous sight! The western horizon appeared like one vast sea of gold, and imparted to the whole face of nature, the richest, and most pleasing variety of colours. The sea, in the far distance, was tinged with a beautiful red; the mountains put on a golden hue; the outstretched lawn, before the cottage, with its long flowery grass, bespangled with dew, and undulating to and fro, like the waves of the ocean, seemed as a sea of gold, and gave to the scenery a beauty which it would be vain to attempt to delineate, and which far surpassed any thing like description. New beauties were every moment unfolding themselves, nor did they admire in silence, but, freely communicated to one another the sentiments, which such circumstances were so well calculated to awaken.

Emilia, in the transport of the moment, exclaimed, "O, God! what a beautiful emblem of thy heavenly spouse, is not this bright luminary! Like him she shines, and pours a flood of heavenly light upon our souls; like him she warms and fertilizes; like him, with the same congenial heat she causes to germinate, and mature the various seeds of virtue, planted by thy hand; like him, her career is unimpeded; and, whether in the frozen regions of the North, or, travelling over the southern watery expanse,



she remains the same. Yes," she said, turning to Belinda, with an earnestness, heightened by the enthusiasm of the moment, "the catholic church, in the balmy regions of the East, or, in our own dear West, from pole to pole, from sea to sea, is always the selfsame, and like the sun, shall continue to enlighten, and gladden, and vivify the minds and hearts of all her children, till they shall have run their earthly course, and be by her conducted, amid the loud hosannas of applauding angels, to the throne of the Eternal."

At this moment, the bell for supper rang at the cottage, and the ladies half reluctantly tore themselves away from the spot, from which they beheld such a magnificent scenery, and accompanied Lady Inglis to the house; but, not, however, till they had cast one longing lingering look, upon the bordering landscape, and where,

"Soft in yonder radiant wave,  
The dying sun prepares his golden grave." (MOORE.)

After they had returned to the cottage, they partook of a very excellent supper, and the newly arrived guests enjoyed themselves in the company of their old friends, Emilia, and Georgina. It must be confessed, that, when divested of prejudice,—that greatest, and most fatal enemy to the social board, the company of protestants is very agreeable. The ladies, above mentioned, after their first fervour had been cooled down, by the calm and dispassionate bearing, and reasoning of Emilia, trampled upon their prejudice; and impressed with different ideas of the catholic religion, they felt secretly convinced, that, by Emilia's embracing the catholic religion, she had not ceased to be a Christian.



## CHAPTER XIV.

From sea to sea, from pole to pole,  
With grateful accents, praise  
Jehovah's name, and from thy soul  
The song of gladness raise ;  
For, to that name we sacrifice,  
And pure oblation bring :  
In every place, the victim lies,  
Offered to heaven's own king.

THE early dawn had ushered in the morning sun, and *he*, in his flaming car, bounding to the mountain's top, chased away, by the brilliancy of his rays, the darkling clouds,—those starry curtains of the night, which falling upon the earth, hide beneath their folds, the beauteous and tinted colourings of nature ; and watch over wearied mortals, while they indulge themselves, in sweet and undisturbed repose. The great luminary of the day had made considerable progress, before the residents of Kildalock awoke from their slumbers. His virgin rays, penetrating through the purple damask curtains, shed a sombre light through the different apartments, convincing them of the return of another day ; and the clear tones of the clock, which stood in the hall, enclosed within a beautiful mahogany case, announced to them, that it was time to rise. It was the morning of the sabbath, and nature herself, as if conscious of this returning festival, seemed to bedeck herself in richer attire, and to put on robes, more suited to this great solemnity. There is something peculiarly agreeable, in the sabbath, and which renders it far more cheerful than other days. The air we breathe, the flowers we behold, the fragrance we inhale,



the gentle humming of the bee, the joyful melody of the birds, the fitful rustling of the leaves, the soft and subdued murmuring of the streams, as they glide along their winding channels, the neat and cleanly dress of the peasants, together with their calm and collected appearance, as, in numerous groups, they wend their way in the direction of some house dedicated to divine service; these, and many other circumstances, plainly remind us, that it is the day of the Lord, a day of rest, of prayer, and of thanksgiving.

On each returning sabbath, we feel, we know not how, some hallowed influence, some holier inspirations, which make us more sensible of the divine presence, and more deeply impressed with the idea, of his sovereign, and adorable majesty. By persons, therefore, whose natural dispositions inclined them to religion, and whose religious feelings prompted them to attend prayer meetings, sermons, and other duties in keeping with their particular tenets, this day was welcomed with sincere delight, and was ushered in, with the most unqualified satisfaction. The melancholy gloom, which overspread the countenances of our young heroines, from the hopelessness of Emilia's conversion, began gradually to disappear, and was succeeded by an air of greater gaiety and cheerfulness. Every thing, for the moment, was forgotten in their preparation to attend their respective places of worship. Among the rest, Emilia, after devoutly reciting her morning prayers, and after making an offering of herself, upon the altar of her heart, to the true and living God, attired herself in a neat and elegant dress, suited to her rank, and to the occasion. Meanwhile, the different bells of the neighbouring town, warned them of the sabbath, and the loud pealing notes of the bell of



St. Margaret's catholic church, high above the rest, broke upon their ears, and invited its members to be present at the *Most Holy Sacrifice*. The servant at Kildalock announced the hour for breakfast, and shortly after, the ladies were in attendance. During breakfast, Emilia proposed, that they should accompany her to St. Margaret's, as on that day, they would have an opportunity, of hearing Father Jonathan's sermon, on the sacrifice of the mass. After some hesitation, they finally agreed to accompany Emilia to the catholic church; some, that they might be able to bear ocular testimony, to the emptiness of popery; and others, that they might the better judge of the doctrines of the catholic church. Lady Inglis gave orders, to have both carriages in readiness, and the ladies instantly retired to their apartments, and, in a few moments, returned, fully prepared, and awaiting, at the hall door, the arrival of the carriages.

The party had taken their seats, and Lady Inglis, having given orders, to drive them to the catholic church, was silently anticipating the pleasure she would have, in hearing an explanation of the Mass from Father Jonathan. The ladies remained silent for a little, till, at length, a deep ravine, whose sides were studded with tall and majestic trees, bursting upon their view, elicited some remarks from Frances, who was perfectly charmed with the scenery. Fame has it, that this was once a favourite retreat, of that renowned patriot, and warrior, William Wallace; and that oft, by the moonbeam's silvery light, he emerged from this asylum of the brave, with his faithful men of Lanark, to perform deeds of noble daring, and to summon forth the chivalry of Scotland, to arm in defence of their country. Near this there stands a little hamlet, which, by its very name, proclaims the antiquity



of its origin, and the religion of its former inhabitants. The chapel now in ruins, and almost effaced by time, unequivocally testifies, that it was once, though now in the hands of others, the property of the catholic church. They had now approached the town, and the church of St. Margaret's, standing out in bold relief, attracted their attention. There was something in it, though not of superior architecture, which struck them with awe and reverence. The cross of simple, but well cut stone,—the cross, the emblem of man's redemption, rising above the front of the building, reminded them of a Christian temple, and that within the hallowed walls of that material pile, a crucified God was worshipped in spirit, and in truth, and that the faithful there assembled, were proud to look upon themselves as followers of *Him*, who sanctified the cross, by his sufferings and death. The hallowed associations connected with this mysterious symbol of religion, the great lessons of humility, and of charity, which it inculcates, together with its serving as a monitor, by reminding us of the obligations we are under to God, for the signal manifestations of his love, are more than sufficient, to prove, that the cross should be the badge of every Christian, and that in the sacrifice of the cross, and in it alone, the Christian should place his glory. It is in consideration of this sacrifice, that the catholic church, on Good Friday, has admitted into her hymns, the following eulogy upon the cross :

O faithful Cross ! O noblest tree !

In all our woods, there is none like thee ;

‘ No earthly groves, no shady bowers

Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.’

They were now before the church gate, and on alighting, they immediately passed through the spacious and



gravelled area in front; and, upon entering the church door, they were politely conducted to a pew, by one of the members of the congregation. None of the ladies, with the exception of Emilia, ever before witnessed the interior of a catholic church. Seated near the altar, they observed every thing with marked attention. They were much surprised to behold, with what exquisite taste, the church, and every thing pertaining to divine worship, had been decorated, and the fervour and piety, which they could not fail to observe, depicted in the modest and humble demeanor of the congregation. Whilst Emilia was communing with God in prayer, and preparing to hail the divine presence under the sacramental veil, they were intent, upon examining the altar, the tabernacle, the crucifix, the candlesticks, the pulpit, and, in a most attentive manner, the beautiful portrait of St. Margaret, the former catholic Queen of Scotland,—the particular patroness of the Church. The time for divine service was at hand, and two acholytes, in purple soutannes, and white flowing robes, advanced with tapers, to light the waxen candles on each side of the altar. This served as a signal to the choir, which immediately intoned the beautiful English hymn, “Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,” and which they sang with such harmony, and unction, that Lady Inglis, and her Friends, felt a sort of inspiration, stealing insensibly over them, so that, when the choir sang these words,

O, thou, the father of the poor,  
Thou bounteous source of all our store,  
Come fire our hearts with love,

they sank upon their knees, and from their hearts responded to the sentiment of the verse. O, what a power-



ful influence has not religion over the mind! This religious sentiment, because it was the language of truth, made its way to the heart, and conquered any straggling remains of prejudice, that might yet find, there, a secret lurking-place. After this beautiful hymn was ended, the officiating clergyman, in his sacerdotal robes, richly embroidered, and wrought with gold, entered the sanctuary, preceded by six acholytes, walking two and two, in procession. When they came to the middle of the altar, they divided to make way for the priest, and accompanied him in making his genuflection, in honor of the divine presence. By this time, Lady Inglis, and the other ladies, were supplied with prayer books, by some catholics, who were convenient; by the help of which they could follow the priest through the prayers at Mass. Their attention was directed to the English translation of the prayers, said by the priest, during the celebration of the holy sacrifice. The Latin language is used by the church, in her rites and liturgies, as well for the sake of greater conformity, as for its imposing grandeur and solemnity. When the priest, in a clear and solemn tone, recited the psalm 'Judica,' at the beginning of the mass, the choir, all at once, chanted forth the 'introit,' and, accompanied with a finely toned organ, they filled the church, with the most inspiring, and soul stirring melody. Again, at the 'kyrie eleison,' or, 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' and at the 'Gloria in excelsis Deo,' when the organ in its loudest tones aided the choir, the whole congregation felt that they were in the house of God, and heartily adored, and Lady Inglis, and her friends, seemed rather to be in the company of angels than of men. At this solemn moment, when their souls were blended in the most holy union of prayer, there was but one feeling amongst them, and that was a feeling of



the most intense and sublime devotion. The angelic prayer 'Gloria,' sung by angels on the nativity of the Saviour, was in itself admirably calculated to impress them with the holiness of catholic worship, but, when the prayer was chaunted forth, by so many sweet voices, aided by the soft and swelling notes of the organ falling with rapturous melody upon the ear, they felt a kind of religious enthusiasm, which made them forgetful of themselves, and of the miseries, with which, as exiles, here below, they were surrounded. Such is the powerful fascination of music, such the sublimity, to which the soul is elevated, by the sound of sacred music; it speaks to the heart, and walks the earth, but, gives wings to the soul, and with it takes flight to heaven. The ladies were silent, and motionless, wondering, and in raptures both, at what they had seen, and heard, and no doubt, like another St. Peter on mount Thabor, in their hearts exclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." When this piece was finished, the priest recited the prayer, and the epistle of the day, and next, the gospel; which being concluded, he took his seat on the epistle side of the altar, and, there, in solemn recollection, awaited the sermon of Father Jonathan. Before sermon, the choir invoked the inspiration of the Holy Ghost upon the preacher, by singing the hymn, "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," and, at the conclusion, Father Jonathan ascended the pulpit, and, after reading the epistle and gospel of the day, he turned to the first chapter, and tenth and eleventh verses of the Prophet Malachi, and read as follows:

"I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts: and I will not receive a gift of your hand. For, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is



sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a pure oblation : for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." After a brief and lucid explanation of his text, he pointed out from the nature and attributes of God, and from our total dependance upon him, as our Lord and Master, that we were bound to worship him by sacrifice. He described, in rich and glowing language the antiquity and universality of offering sacrifice. There was no nation, 'he said' so rude, or so uncivilized, as not to offer up sacrifice. From the Persian fire worshippers, to the followers of Juggernaut, sacrifice was offered, and not unfrequently, thousands of human victims have been immolated upon pagan altars, to appease and render propitious their false divinities. Thus were the minds of the most savage and barbarous people, nay, even of the most civilized and enlightened, as far as human civilization goes, carried by natural instinct, to offer sacrifice to their gods. The Romans had their victims slain, and the Greeks, their hecatombs. This custom was observed by all mankind.

Sacrifice, whether it consisted of beasts, or of birds, or of the spontaneous productions of the earth, or even of the horrid immolation of human victims, had, invariably, and universally been offered. Wherever the belief of a divinity had been spread, there also the propriety of offering sacrifice was established. When man, by his corrupt nature, had fallen off from the worship of the true God, he had formed to himself gods, of his own framing and imaginings, and to these fanciful and imaginary deities he had offered up various sacrifices. And as he had retained, even in the midst of the woeful darkness, of unbelief and of idolatry, some glimmering light of reason, by which he could discern some traces of a being or beings su-



perior to man, though that light was not sufficient to point out the true nature of the godhead, so, in like manner, had he retained the idea of the necessity of offering to those imaginary deities, some kind or other of sacrifice. Pagan antiquity furnishes innumerable instances of the truth of this fact, and affords to the christian philosophers strong grounds for the supposition, that this pagan custom had been borrowed from the custom and worship of the ancient patriarchs, and of the Jewish people. And as the existence of one supreme being is argued from the belief of polytheism, so the existence of a sacrifice to that supreme being, can be argued from the general practise among polytheists, of offering sacrifices. The Egyptians worshipped their gods by sacrifice, though they were most skilled in every science. Among the most enlightened of the pagan nations, their altars groaned under the weight of their victims. In the height of their frenzy, and believing that they were propitiating their gods, they inhumanly sacrificed to their honor, numbers of human beings; and the prayers of the idolatrous murderer ascended, together with the cries of his mangled victim. The Goth, the Gaul, the Vandal, the Roman, the Athenian, place beyond doubt the general belief among the Ancients, of the existence of sacrifice. Even at the present day, do not the cries of the hapless victim to human wickedness, and to human ignorance, assail our ears? From China to Patagonia, from the burning sands of Africa, to the distant shores of Japan, the horrid offerings of human victims have been made. How many human beings have not been immolated by the original inhabitants of the New World? Witness Peru, where thousands of persons were sometimes offered to appease the manes of one of their warriors or kings. Wit-



ness the atrocious custom prevailing in Bengal, of burning the widows upon the funeral piles of their husbands; and bear in mind, the fact of thirty thousand such victims being sacrificed to their gods in the space of five years!!! Thus have the pagan world, in the worship of their false divinities, offered up sacrifice, proving by this fact the existence of sacrifice. If, therefore, we behold thousands of sacrifices offered up to false divinities, if millions of human beings united in this solemn rite, and if persons of every sex, age and condition, immolated for the purpose of appeasing some supposed and enraged divinity, or of obtaining some supposed blessing, had their lives poured out in sacrifice; we have at least one proof, viz., that to offer sacrifice is most convenient to fallen nature, and is most in accordance with the idea of what is due to the deity. But, sacrifice does not require the aid of pagan authorities, to show its propriety, or to enforce its necessity. The inspired volume tells us that Abel offered up of the flocks of the field in sacrifice, (Gen. iv.) and that it was pleasing to God. Noah, after he was saved from the waters of the deluge, raised an altar to the living God, upon which he offered sacrifice. (Gen. viii. 9) Melchisedech offered up sacrifice in bread and wine, being the priest of the *Most High*.

Abraham, in obedience to God, was preparing to sacrifice his only son Isaac, when he was prevented by an angel, and was rewarded for his fidelity, by a promise, that his seed should fill the earth. In Leviticus, mention is made of different sacrifices; the holocaust; the offering for sin; the peace offering, &c. In the first chapter of Leviticus, and ninth verse, we read, "And the priest shall burn them upon the altar for a holocaust, and a sweet savour to the Lord." Of peace offerings it is said,



third chapter and eleventh verse, *ibid*, ‘And the priest shall burn them upon the altar, for the food of the fire, and of the oblation of the Lord.’ And in Leviticus, seventh chapter and seventh verse, it is said, ‘As the sacrifice for sin is offered, so also is that for trespass; the same shall be the law of both these sacrifices; it shall belong to the priest, that offereth it.’ Thus, does the sacred volume record the existence of the various sacrifices of the old law, nor does it rest there; for, it declares, that all those sacrifices were to cease, or, rather, were to be merged in the one great sacrifice of the cross,—the sacrifice of the *new law*, in which the God-man was himself, both the priest and victim. This universal sacrifice was foreshown by the prophet Malachi, when he introduces our Lord, declaring, “I will not receive a gift of your hands. For, from the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a pure oblation.” I know, my dearly beloved, that you exult at the thoughts suggested by this sentiment, and I wonder not at the potent efficacy of this great sentiment upon your souls. For, how can you feel otherwise? how can you but feel a thrill of holiest emotion, when you consider the nature of this sacrifice, and the infinite blessings, with which it has been attended?

Jesus Christ is the victim slain, and the world’s redemption the effect, of this mysterious, and wonderful sacrifice. “I will not the blood of bulls and goats, then said I, behold I come.” This is the one great Christian sacrifice. Yes, my beloved, Jesus Christ is the victim slain,—the lamb offered for the sins of the world. This is, by excellence, the sacrifice of the new law, with which, when compared,



those of the old were but weak and beggarly elements, and by which the old were excelled, as far as the shadow is excelled by the substance.

O, wonderful and mysterious ways of my God! How dost thou not exalt our human nature, and how dost thou not shew forth thy love to fallen man!! The God made man condescends to clothe himself in our infirmities, and to die for our transgressions! Yes, *He* is the victim of propitiation, for, “when we were the enemies of God, we were reconciled by the death of His son.” This is the pure oblation mentioned by Malachi; this is the sacrifice offered in every place, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; this is the lamb, offered from the foundation of the world, to appease the offended justice of the Father. The son of God—a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedeck, “being come an high priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is, not of this creation; neither by the blood of goats, or of calves, but, by his own blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption.” (Heb. ix. 11. 12.) Jesus Christ offering one sacrifice for sins, for ever sitteth on the right hand of God, from henceforth expecting, that his enemies be made his footstool. For by one oblation he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” Thus, by the fact of this one sacrifice being offered, all other sacrifices were abolished. The various sacrifices of the old law, terminated in the sacrifice of the cross, and the bloody and painful sacrifice of the cross, perfecting for ever them that are sanctified, never again is to be reiterated. But, as the old law had its sacrifices, and as these sacrifices, though typical of the *one great sacrifice* of the cross, were real, so in like manner, the new law



has its sacrifice, and that a true and real sacrifice. The sacrifice of the Mass, is the sacrifice of the new law, wherein Christ is offered on our altars, in an unbloody manner, for the living and the dead. It differs, according to the council of Trent, from the sacrifice of the cross, only in the manner of offering it. The High priest is the same—Jesus Christ, who, because he liveth for ever, hath an everlasting priesthood, and who makes use of men, as was Aaron, to act as his vicars, and to offer the Mass in commemoration of him; ‘this do in commemoration of me.’ (Luke xxii. 19.) The victim is the same—Jesus Christ, who says, *this is my body,—this is my blood*. To the truth of this the evangelists testify, and St. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, tenth chapter and sixteenth verse; says, ‘the chalice of benediction, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread, which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?’ By this sacrifice of the new law, the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the body and blood of Christ—the mystical separation of his flesh and blood, is effected—the memory of the *one great sacrifice* is renewed,—latria, or divine worship is given to the Almighty—and the infinite merits of Christ are applied to the Christian soul, or, at least, to the souls, which they make Christian. How great then the dignity of a Christian, who has it in his power to be present at, and to offer such a sacrifice! How exalted the office of a Christian priest!! To him is given that honor, which even from angels has been withheld. When he pronounces the words of consecration—“this is my body—this is my blood,” by virtue of his office of vicar of Jesus Christ, and in obedience to his divine command, “this do for a remembrance of me,” that, which before was the



element of bread, and the element of wine,—becomes a sacrament,—is made the body of Christ, and is offered, as such, to the eternal Father, as the most Holy Sacrifice of the new law. On our Christian altars, then is offered such a Christian sacrifice; between the hands of the Christian priest, the adorable victim slain for the redemption of the world, is elevated; on the tongues of the Christians, who partake of the holy communion, is placed by the vicar of Jesus Christ, the Divine bread, which gives life to the world, “unless you eat of the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you,” a bread, which on the worthy receivers confers strength, and hope, and love, and every help and benediction. Such is the Christian sacrifice! Such the wonderful offering, made by the catholic priest!! Such the grand and ineffable mystery of the catholic religion!!! “The word was God!”—“The word was made flesh!”—The word made flesh the food of the Christian soul!!! “My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.” The bloody sacrifice of the cross, as it terminated the various sacrifices of the jewish law, commenced the universal unbloody sacrifice of the Christian law. “This is my body—this is my blood,—do this for a commemoration of me.” For, as by one bloody libation upon the cross, the universal atonement was accomplished, so by the continued representation of that bloody libation, viz., the miraculous change of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, the merits, of that universal atonement, are applied to our souls, and the bloody sacrifice of the cross, is, in a manner, reproduced, and in the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, for ever perpetuated. Jesus Christ, “a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedeck,” offered up sacrifice in bread and wine, and



now, that the scriptures testify, that he hath an everlasting priesthood, they also must, as they are according to the order of Melchisedeck, offer up in bread and wine; but, as the bread and wine was changed by Jesus Christ into his own body and blood, "this is my body—this is my blood," and as he conferred on his priests the power of doing the same, "do this for a commemoration of me," the bread and wine by the virtue of the words of consecration, and by the power of God, are changed, by the ministry of his priests, into the same body and blood. This it was, that made the inspired apostle declare, that the things of the old law, were weak and beggarly elements, when compared to the new, and again, that "we have an altar, whereof they cannot partake, who serve the tabernacle." All honor, glory, praise, benediction, and thanksgiving to God, the Author, and object of such a sacrifice, and to Jesus Christ, the High priest and victim. Let me, therefore, my dearly beloved, my joy, and my crown, adjure you to pray, that the merits of Christ may be plentifully applied to your souls, through the powerful efficacy of this great and Christian sacrifice. Therefore, brethren, let us hail for ever the sacrifice of the new law, the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, different from that of the cross, but in the manner of offering it; and let us, in the language of the church exclaim: O, sacred banquet, in which Christ is received, the memory of his passion is renewed, the mind is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given to us. Thus have I endeavoured to lay before you, the great truths of Christianity, regarding sacrifice; and should any persons hear me this day, who had no previous opportunity of being instructed in this essential point of catholic belief, I would implore of them, to reflect upon what they have



just heard, and to be fully persuaded in their own minds, before they run the risk of losing heaven, and of living on earth, without being united in offering this sacrifice. Let them reflect, that in the catholic church, and in it alone, there is an altar,—a sacrifice,—a victim; an altar, whereof they cannot partake, who serve the tabernacle,—a sacrifice, which Malachi foretold would be offered in every place, and a pure oblation;—a victim,—Jesus Christ,—the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,—the Lord and life-giver,—the food and nourishment of Christian souls,—and the bread, which makes angels of the worthy receivers.



## CHAPTER XV.

The bread of life, to thee my soul,  
For food, th' Eternal gives ;  
Under each symbol Christ is whole,  
Under each symbol lives.

AFTER Father Jonathan's sermon was ended, the officiating priest immediately ascended the steps of the Altar, and intoned the 'Credo,' to whom the choir responded: and seemingly conscious of the supereminent excellence of their faith, sang this beautiful piece, in strains which served as well, for an index to the sincerity of their belief in general, as to their invincible fidelity to that tenet of catholic doctrine in particular, which they had just heard expounded by Father Jonathan. Lady Inglis and those who accompanied her, seemed wrapped in astonishment at what they had heard and seen; for they did not for a moment consider, that this great distinguishing feature of catholic worship, viz., the sacrifice of the mass could be justified on such clear and undeniable grounds; they, therefore, on reading the creed in their books, assented, not only with their lips, but with their hearts, to every sentiment expressed therein, and were astonished, that they could be laboring so long in such profound ignorance of the catholic doctrine. At the Sanctus, or Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth, they devoutly knelt with the congregation; and their devotional feelings much increased by the choir, in a most solemn and thrilling strain, singing the Preface, their tears, more eloquently than words, pointed out the wonder-



ful change that had taken place in their minds, and the totally opposite light, in which they then viewed the adorable mystery, at which they assisted. Nor is it to be wondered at, if the minds of those, to whom the august and imposing ceremonies of the Catholic church, were altogether new, would be captivated and carried away by the beauty, and harmony, and unction, which breathe through them, for, they at once elevate the mind above all that are of the earth, and fix it steadily on heaven and God. None, save those that are dead to every noble and pious, and holy, and christian sentiment, could cherish other than the most sublime and ardent devotion on hearing chanted forth the "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, or, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosannah in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosannah in the highest." The priest had already entered on the canon of the Mass, and before he proceeded to the words of the consecration, at which the ineffable mystery of transubstantiation takes place, there was solemn and awful silence reigning around; and the congregation, with one accord, were preparing to adore the Saviour, under the sacramental veils of bread and wine. At this moment, every tongue was hushed, every breath was still, every heart full of tenderest gratitude to God, poured forth their silent homage and adoration, to the adorable victim; and at the elevation of the host, and of the chalice, there accompanied, and ascended with this great offering, the most supreme acts of prayer, and praise, and adoration of which man is capable. After this solemn part of the mass, the choir sang the "O salutaris hostia," and responded to the priest, according to the order allotted to them. During the com-



munion of the people, they chanted forth the “*tantum ergo*,” or in English,

To this mysterious table now,  
Our knees, our hearts and sense we bow,  
Let ancient rites resign their place,  
To nobler elements of grace,  
And faith for all defects supply,  
Whilst *sense is lost* in mystery.

And with such effect was it played upon the organ, that it seemed to evoke if possible, in the minds of the devout communicants, a more lively faith in the real presence, and a more tender devotion in the hearts of the entire congregation. On that day, Emilia had the happiness to receive, at the hands of Father Jonathan, the bread of angels, and the big teardrops that plentifully rolled down her cheeks, bespoke her joy and gratitude on the occasion. Little do those, who have never tasted their delights, know how exquisite are those happy moments to the soul, when it is replenished with this heavenly food, and when it is nourished by worthily receiving this sacrament of Christ's, body and blood. That peace, and joy, and serenity, which the devout communicant feels at these moments, manifest themselves even in his exterior, and while his soul is communing with his God, and his body is being made a living temple of the Holy Ghost, the interior blessedness which he enjoys, spreads a halo of glory around his countenance, and the union of the soul with its heavenly bridegroom, breathes the sweet odor of divine love, and fills with celestial fragrance, the hearts of the devout and humble worshippers. On witnessing such a happy entertainment; oh how unenviable their condition, who have not had the happiness of having



on the wedding garment ! And how clearly do not the words of the sacred texts appear, when witnessing such a spectacle ! Then are we convinced, of the true and natural meaning, of the various passages declaratory of the real presence, under the sacramental veil. Then a flood of light pours upon our souls, and illumines the darkness of our understandings, and by the blaze of its divine effulgence, we behold under the forms of bread and wine, the immaculate lamb, whose flesh is meat indeed, and whose blood is drink indeed. Of this great banquet, St. John says, “ he that eateth this bread shall live for ever,” — and ‘ the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world, and again—‘ he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, liveth in me, and I in him—and unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.’ These sacred truths, stamped upon the souls of catholics, by the seal of divine faith, awaken in them the purest devotion, and enkindle in their breasts, the most tender sentiments of love to God in the adorable sacrament. Hence their modesty, their humility, their piety, their devotion, their spirit of recollection, and their reverential awe in the house of God, in which the adorable victim is offered. After the communion was administered to the faithful, the priest returned to the altar, and concluded the mass. While the people were departing from the church, the choir once more chanted forth a hymn, which was much admired by Lady Inglis, and which never failed to inspire Emilia with a most ardent desire to love and possess God. It is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful hymns of the church, and is well adapted to make a deep and lasting impression on the soul. Nor in this instance, was it unattended with fruit ; for, Belinda, who during the



whole of the sermon, remained in a great measure unmoved, could not longer resist, but sank upon her knees, and melting into tears, confessed herself a sinner, and begged that the divine light would guide her to the true church, which she then concluded within herself, was, and could be no other than the Catholic church. With what ease does not divine grace dispel the prejudices of our childhood! The unction with which the hymn was sung, and the deep pathos it elicited, broke down every remaining prejudice, and gave another proof, of the glorious triumph of grace over fallen nature. How sweetly then, did not the sounds of those honeyed words fall upon the ravished ears of Belinda! and how smoothly did they not convey the truth of God's unerring word, to her enraptured soul! happy for her, that she had entered the hallowed walls of God's temple, and that she had heard the hymn of St. Bernard,

Jesus, the only thought of thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But, sweeter far it is to see,  
And on thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art of music frame,  
No thoughts can reach, no words can say  
The sweets of thy bless'd name.

Lady Inglis and her company, after the conclusion of the hymn, reluctantly tore themselves away from the church, and returned to Kildallock, impressed with different ideas of the catholic religion. The change of sentiment was visibly portrayed on the countenances of each, and Emilia felt a latent joy, pervading every avenue of her soul, at this unexpected and providential manifesta-



tion of the divine mercy. With a look of fond, and compassionate regard, she enquired of Belinda, how she was pleased with the catholic service, and especially with the sermon of Father Jonathan.

“I hope,” replied Belinda, “that it has been the means of removing the prejudice, with which I previously regarded the catholic church,” and then, she was interrupted in giving expression to her sentiments, by a sudden outburst of feeling, which was a sufficient index to her heart, and from which she was released, only by a copious flood of tears.

Emilia was sensibly affected, and moved to tenderness for the former fond companion of her childhood. She pressed her hand most affectionately to her breast, and embraced her with the warmest friendship, with which we are accustomed to greet the return of a most dear, and long cherished friend. After they congratulated each other, on the happiness, of their being again about to be united in the same religious belief; they entered into a very interesting discussion, on various points of catholic doctrine; and from the explanation of Emilia, the result was, in the highest degree, favourable to truth, and in perfect accordance, with their newly conceived notions of the catholic church. The carriages were now drawn up before the cottage, and the ladies instantly alighted, and, on their entering, the bell was rung, to announce their preparation for dinner. After dinner, they took a walk in the beautiful lawn, before the cottage, and freely indulged themselves, in talking over the sermon of Father Jonathan, and the impression, which it had made upon them.

“Yes, Emilia,” said Frances, “I am not surprised, that you should become a catholic, after hearing its



doctrines, vindicated by such a pious and learned defender."

"And still, my dear Frances," returned Emilia, "I fear, that there are many, who have had the same, or a better opportunity, and who, insensible to the impressions of divine truth, never had the happiness of joining in the bond of catholic unity, and of catholic peace."

"I hope," said Miss Swedes, upon whom, what she had heard and seen at St. Margaret's, made a deep impression, "that I, for one, shall become a catholic, and that I shall live and die in that one true church, where alone, there is a true and real sacrifice, and where its members are not, as we are now, tossed about by every wind of doctrine."

"Do not say 'now,' Miss Swedes," said Belinda, "for I, at least, henceforward, shall cling, with all my soul, to the catholic church; and shall part with every thing, rather than forsake her, whom I believe, to be the spouse of Christ, and the instructress and parent of all true Christians."

Lady Inglis, with an air of inexpressible delight, turning to Belinda, embraced her, with the fondest tenderness, and confessed, in the presence of all, that she was converted to the catholic church, and that she was convinced of its truth, by the agency of Emilia, and by means of Father Jonathan's explanation of the Mass."

They had, by this time, returned from their walk, and were consulting with Emilia, how they should make known to Father Jonathan their intention of becoming catholics, and, how they should arrange, about the time, in which they would wish to make the public confession of the catholic faith; when, to their no little surprise, they beheld Mr. McNab, the minister, advancing, with agitated step,



and hasty stride, towards the cottage. The news, having spread, that Lady Inglis was much inclined to the catholic faith, and it being pretty generally understood, that Miss Elmford, was a constant resident at the cottage; these circumstances made a great noise among the neighbourhood; and the rumor, that two carriages, filled with protestant ladies, drove up to the catholic church, caused the greatest excitement. When it had been fully ascertained, that Lady Inglis and her daughter were of the number, the Roman catholics, who were sensible of the acquisition of two such highly accomplished and virtuous ladies to their congregation, were exceedingly rejoiced, as it would be a means of refuting the calumnies, so often put forth, viz., that none, except the ignorant classes, would become catholics, and of bringing the conviction home to the minds of many, that the catholic religion must be most grievously misrepresented. On the other hand, the news of this event, threw a universal gloom over the whole protestant community.

The minister, therefore, was immediately apprised of this fact; and solicited by a respectable body of Protestants, he repaired without delay, to Kildalock. The principal object of his visit, was to infuse into Lady Inglis and her daughter, a horror of popery, and to fulfil the promise made, on the day previous, to the ladies, of reasoning Emilia out of the belief of the popish doctrine. The presence of Mr. McNab, at such a moment, and under such circumstances, was any thing but agreeable. However, the ladies immoveably fixed in their resolution, of examining into and embracing the doctrines of the Catholic church, calmly awaited his arrival. He was received with kindness and politeness by Lady Inglis and her daughter; and they did not manifest the slightest



change in their demeanor towards him, though they were firmly convinced, that he was laboring in the dissemination of error, and in the uprooting of the seed of the divine word, planted by the zealous missionaries of the church of Rome. The minister, remained for a moment, absorbed in thought; and then, assuming a grave and sanctimonious air, he inquired of Lady Inglis:

“Well, Madam, I had not the pleasure of seeing you, nor my young friends here, at prayer meeting to-day; and I was much disappointed, when I had been informed, that you had gone to the popish church, to witness the ridiculous and foolish mummeries, which they there exhibit. I suppose, Madam, that you were an eye witness of the blasphemous folly, of Father Jonathan’s distributing his wafer god, to his poor deluded followers.”

“Sir,” replied Lady Inglis, “I had the happiness of witnessing, for the first time, the beauty and excellence of catholic worship; and of hearing from the lips of Father Jonathan, the pure words of the gospel. I had also the happiness of beholding him distributing the bread of life, to many faithful and pious Christians.”

The minister’s discomfiture was only equalled by the resolution, with which this answer inspired the ladies.

“I have not repaired to the Catholic church,” continued Lady Inglis, “for the purpose of ridiculing what I was ignorant of, but in order, that my mind, which was tossed about by every wind of doctrine, would be convinced of the truth; and would safely anchor in the bosom of the spouse of Christ.”

“And is it possible,” rejoined the minister, “that you also can conform to the idolatrous worship of the church of Rome; and pay a mock adoration to a bit of bread, while the very priests of that abominable tyrant,—the



popish church, laugh at their own wickedness, and at your impious credulity?"

Hold, Sir!" replied Emilia, modestly, but firmly, "I cannot listen to such unfounded charges against the ministers of my religion; nor allow you to be so lavish in your aspersions, on that, which I believe to be the religion of Christ, without defending both the one and the other, and throwing back upon the originator, the obloquy which attaches to one who gives expression to what is untrue."

"It is unworthy of a theologian, Madam, to argue with a lady," replied the minister.

"And it is unworthy of a minister to make charges against the religion of a lady, if he be not prepared to prove them," tartly replied Emilia, "You cannot, now, Sir, shield yourself under that pretext, as you have, without provocation, knowing that I was a catholic, made charges against my religion, and against its ministers; and, therefore, I will consider that your character, as a gentleman, and as a man of honor, will be at stake, if you do not retract, or substantiate them."

"It is my opinion, Sir," said Belinda, "that you should not prefer charges against any person, or thing, if you were not willing and ready to prove them."

The minister, ignorant of the change that had taken place in the sentiments of Belinda, looked upon this as a command: he, therefore, graciously acquiesced in her decision, and said,

"Ladies, as it is your desire, I shall never shrink from making good my assertions."

The deepest interest was manifested by the ladies, and they paid the greatest attention during the continuance of the following dialogue, which was commenced as follows, by the minister.



“As a catholic, are you not required to believe in a wafer god, and is not that, one of the leading articles of the belief, of the Catholic church?”

“What Sir, am I to understand by believing in a wafer God?” replied Emilia.

“That you adore a bit of bread, instead of God,” returned the minister.

“No Sir,” replied Emilia, “the catholic church teaches me to adore with divine worship, but God alone; and it anathematizes all divine worship, paid to the creature. Therefore, as I am a catholic, I do not adore a bit of bread, instead of God, nor, do I give divine worship, but to God alone.”

“It is vain for you, Miss Elmford, to deny this revolting doctrine of popery; for, do not the papists confess, that they receive the body and blood of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine?” triumphantly responded the minister.

“Yes, Sir, with your leave,” replied Emilia, “I have a perfect right to deny, that such a revolting doctrine can be attached to the catholic church, viz., that they adore a bit of bread instead of God. To adore a bit of bread, instead of God, and to adore God under the appearance of a bit of bread, are as widely opposite in their nature, as black is to white; and as far removed from each other, as heaven is from earth, or rather from hell; for, the one belief leads to heaven, and the other, which you falsely impute to the catholic church, leads directly to hell.”

“But is it not true,” replied the minister, “that catholics do believe in the change of the bread and wine, into the body and blood of Christ; and that they worship the bread and wine, thus changed, with supreme adoration?”



“ Catholics, it is true, answered Emilia, “do believe, that the substance of the bread and wine, is changed into the body and blood of Christ; and that the body and blood of Christ should be adored, and is worthy of supreme adoration.”

“ Rank idolatry, Miss,” hastily and triumphantly responded the minister. “It is downright idolatry, to adore with divine worship, what is nothing more than a bit of bread, or a drop of wine. The Egyptians, who adored an irrational creature in the form of a bull, could not be guilty of a worse kind of idolatry.”

“Sir, with due leave, I have to state, that you either ignorantly, or maliciously attribute to me as a catholic, what with my whole soul I abhor,” replied Emilia. “I adore God alone, under the form of bread, or wine, and you say that I am guilty of idolatry, because I adore a bit of bread. Do you believe, Sir, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that under the form of man which he assumed; or, rather,—that as true God, and true man, he was deserving of divine adoration?”

“That is the groundwork of the christian faith,” answered the minister.”

“And do you believe,” continued Emilia, “that the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost, as St. Luke assures us, in the third chapter and twenty second verse, ‘descended in a bodily shape, as a dove, upon the Son of God,’ and that the Holy Ghost, under the form of a dove, was entitled to divine worship?”

“Most undoubtedly,” said the minister, “for, God, in every place, and in every form, is to be worshipped as God; and therefore, as the sacred Scripture assures us, that the Son of God was under the form of a man, and the Holy Ghost was under the form of a dove, divine worship was to be paid to them, under each form.”



“On what authority, then,” inquired Emilia, “do you pay divine honor to Jesus Christ, under the form of a man; and to the Holy Ghost, under the form of a dove?”

“Not, assuredly, upon the authority of the popish church,” haughtily and pompously replied the minister, “I adore them under these forms, because the Scriptures declare, that under these forms, the divinity lay concealed.” But, upon what authority does the popish church bind you to adore a bit of bread, and take it as your God?”

“I think, Sir,” replied Emilia, “with a confidence, which truth always inspires, that I have given a sufficiently satisfactory answer to that question already, and have shown plainly enough, that it is a gross calumny upon the catholic church. However, I will again repeat, that I adore Jesus Christ under the forms of bread and wine, on the very same grounds, that you adore Him under the form of a man.”

“I deny,” said the minister, “that you can justify your wafer worship on the same grounds.”

“Why, sir,” rejoined Emilia, “I first justify my belief of the real presence, because the church so teaches; and next, I justify it on the very same grounds, as you do your worship of the Son of God. You justify your worship of the Son of God, because the scriptures teach, that the Son of God is to be worshiped with divine honor, and because, though under the form of a man, the sacred scriptures assure you, that the divinity lay concealed. Now, I justify the worship of Jesus Christ, under the form of bread, or, under the form of wine, on the very same grounds, at least, I can do so, for the sacred scripture tells me, that Jesus Christ took up bread, and blessed, and broke it, and said, ‘this is my body,’ and, taking



the chalice, he blessed it, and said, ‘this is the chalice—the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you.’ Now, as Jesus Christ has said, ‘this is my body, and this is my blood,’ and as his divinity and humanity are inseparably united, since his is now a living body, for, death shall no more have dominion over him; it is as just, and as reasonable, that divine honor, or worship be paid him, under the form of bread, or of wine, as it is under the form of a man.”

“But, admitting, that Jesus Christ changed the bread and wine into his body and blood, and that, under those forms, he then could be lawfully worshipped, since he himself testified, that he had been there, how can you justify the popish belief, requiring as it does, to adore him under the form of bread, which the priest, arrogating the divine power, blesses,” triumphantly enquired the minister.

“I am glad, sir, that you not only admit, that our Saviour changed the bread and wine into his body and blood, but, that you acknowledge, that our Saviour has given testimony to the fact of his real presence under those forms. I shall, therefore, justify the popish belief, as you are pleased to call it, or rather, vindicate the catholic doctrine on this point, from the sacred Scriptures, which you profess, at least, to be your standard of doctrine. The sacred Scriptures, expressly declare of the apostles, ‘as the Father hath sent me, so I, also, send you,’ and in referring to this power in particular, we are assured, by the same authority, that the apostles received the power of doing what Jesus Christ had done at the last supper, that is, according to your own admission, of changing the bread into his body, and the wine into his blood, for, our Saviour, ad-



dressing them, said, 'do this for a commemoration of me.' "

"But, even though the apostles had received the power of doing this, what is it but the height of presumption, to suppose, that the popish priests have received the same power," confidently retorted the minister.

"Why, sir, from the fact of our Lord, declaring in general terms," replied Emilia, "that it is necessary to eat his flesh and drink his blood: 'unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.' Now, as that threat is general, the power of supplying his flesh must be general, and this general power, he has given to the ministers of his religion,—the priests and bishops of the catholic church, when He had said, 'as the Father has sent me, so I, also send you,' and again, when He said, 'do this for a commemoration of me.' "

"But, granting," replied the minister, who saw no chance of answering the arguments of Emilia, "that the ministers of the true church, have such a power, how can you claim it for the ministers of the popish church?"

"First, sir, I claim it for the ministers of the catholic church, because it was the first church, and because, it is one and the same with that, of which the sacred scriptures declare, that it is 'the pillar and the ground of truth;' secondly, because, it never forfeited its title to being the true church; and again, because the ministers of no other church, claimed the forementioned power, save those of the catholic church. It, therefore, follows from your own concession, that, since this power belonged to the ministers of the true church, the Roman catholic church being, as I have shown before, the true church, the ministers of the Roman catholic church alone, are invested with the power



of complying with the command, "do this for a commemoration of me."

"How can you suppose," warmly rejoined the minister, "that the priests of the Romish church have any such power, when they do not even give the wine to the people, but, drink it themselves, although it is said expressly, 'He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him?'"

"I am almost sorry, sir," replied Emilia, "that for the honor of protestantism, you have not made a better defence of their principles; but, 'truth is strong, and it will needs prevail.' Nothing is more easy," she continued, "than to make such a supposition; for, as the council of Trent, in the twenty-first session, and first chapter says; he who said, 'unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you;' said also; 'if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.' And he who said; 'he that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life;' has also said, 'the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world.' He, in fine, who said; 'he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him;' has, nevertheless, said; 'he that eateth this bread, shall live for ever.' From this passage, sir, you can behold with what ease, your objection, against the catholic discipline of receiving under one kind, is answered; therefore, the ministers of the Roman catholic church, do not deprive their people of the body and blood of Jesus Christ; but, they feed them with the bread of life, whether they give them this sacred food, under the form of bread, or under the form of wine."

"But," replied the minister, "have we not Divine authority, to shew, that 'the flesh profiteth nothing,' and,



therefore, that these words of the Saviour are to be taken figuratively? This objection, with the help of all the artful reasoning of the Jesuits, you cannot answer."

"Do not be so confident, sir," answered Emilia, "your pompous and broad assertions have very little weight with me, if they be not grounded on solid and substantial reasons. You have shamefully garbled the passage, and then, from a particular part, have drawn a general conclusion; viz., that every thing, our Saviour said, regarding the real eating of his body, is to be taken figuratively. This whole text, instead of militating against the real presence, confirms it the more, as may be easily inferred from the context. The Jews, as St. John relates, strove among themselves, saying: 'how can this man give us his flesh to eat?' To which our Saviour answered; not, by showing them, that he was to be understood in figure, but, that his words were to be taken in the very letter; 'my flesh is meat, indeed, and my blood is drink, indeed.' And, though they had left him, saying, with many of the present day; 'this is a hard saying, and who can hear it;' the Saviour, to confirm the truth of what he had said, referred them to his ascension, to show them, that he would bring his body with him to heaven, and that, therefore, though they were to eat his body, it would be a living body, and not as flesh taken home from the shambles. The flesh, separated from the spirit, profiteth nothing; for, he says, 'it is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words, that I have spoken to you, are spirit and life.' Hence, we are to understand, that our Saviour meant his living body, or, his flesh joined to, and animated with his spirit. And who will presume to say, that the flesh of our Saviour, thus joined to his spirit, profiteth nothing? or, that his



living body, as he 'dieth now no more,' (Rom. vi. 9) is not of the greatest profit and advantage to the worthy receiver, according to this declaration; 'He, that eateth me, the same, also, shall live by me;' for, if Christ's flesh, in that sense, profiteth nothing, he never would have taken flesh upon him, nor would he have died for the life of the world."

Here, the minister, fairly overpowered by the force and clearness of Emilia's arguments, had nothing to reply on the subject of the real presence; or, of the communion under one kind, imagined that the best way of defeating her, would be to draw her from the present subject, with which she was very familiar, to some other, on which the prejudice of the ladies, would be more easily enlisted. He, therefore, cunningly insinuated, that she might as easily prove the other favorite tenet of popish doctrine; viz., that man could forgive sins, as the doctrine of the real presence, which she vainly attempted to prove, since both are utterly impossible."

"With God all things are possible," replied Emilia. "And when you admit on the word of God, that the Son of God is to be worshipped in the form of a man, I am at a loss to discover, upon what grounds you deny divine worship to the Son of God, under the forms of bread and wine. But, as you have given up this point, by introducing another; I shall rest satisfied, that I have sufficiently proved the doctrine of the real presence, and its perfect conformity with the sacred scriptures."

The minister was silent for a little, and then, after vehemently declaiming against such an idolatrous belief, and after solemnly warning the ladies against such a pernicious doctrine, he said, that on the following evening, he would expose to them, the unsoundness, and the im-



piety of the belief, that man could forgive sins, and consequently, the falsehood of the doctrines of the catholic church.

“Sir,” replied Emilia, “you must be more successful, than you have been on this evening, for, I think you have signally failed in your attempt, to disprove the doctrines of the real presence.”

Without attending to the last remark, the minister made his exit from the cottage, quite confounded at the victory gained over him, by his female antagonist, and, at a loss to know, by what means he could prevent Lady Inglis and her daughter, from becoming converts to the catholic church.



## CHAPTER XVI.

O religion ! thou art to me,  
The source of true delight,  
Thy angel form afar I see,  
To hover round my sight,  
In visions of the night to cheer  
The pilgrim on his way  
With faith, and hope, and love draw near,  
And usher in the day :  
That day on which the fiendish sprite  
Of error overthrown,  
Thou'lt shed again thy hallowed light,  
From Great Jehovah's throne,

KILDALOCK cottage was now the principal theme of conversation, among the entire neighborhood. The sympathy for, or aversion to the residents thereof, among the middling classes, was, generally, in proportion to the different light in which they viewed the catholic and protestant religions. But, for the most part, the liberal and enlightened portion of the community, though ever so opposed to the church of Rome, still, could not help admiring the character and virtues of Lady Inglis, and her daughter. After the return of the minister to his parsonage, he disclosed to his wife the signal failure, with which his visit to the cottage had been attended, and ascribed as the cause of his ill success, the cunning sophistry, which the Jesuitical craft of the Romish priests had carefully instilled into the mind of Emilia.

“But, my dearest,” said Mrs. McNab, throwing her arms around his neck, “you shall unravel all the web, which this Penelope has woven, in favor of her Ulysses. I know your unrivalled and matchless powers, when



arrayed against the church of Rome, and assuredly a neophyte of that church, can never be able to withstand you."

"This, my jewel," said the minister drawing himself to his full height, "is what I am convinced of, but"—here Mrs. McNab interrupted him, by saying,

"But, my love, it was unworthy of a man of your talents, to waste the deep researches of his mind, on such a one as Emilia, for how could she be able to appreciate your arguments, who was not able to see through the shadowy reasoning of Father Jonathan?"

The minister involuntarily shuddered at the mention of Father Jonathan, for, he entertained a very wholesome fear of meeting his reverence. Mrs. McNab, therefore, seeing that her last remark had given rise to certain thrilling sensations, not very much to the honor of the belligerent and controversial powers of Mr. McNab, ingeniously added, that Father Jonathan's departure from Templand cottage was daily expected. This had the desired effect upon Mr. McNab, and his spirits again began to revive, under the gentle treatment of his knowing and amiable consort. Hope and fear had, however, alternately taken possession of the minister, he well knew, how difficult his task, to convince Emilia of the unsoundness of the catholic doctrines, and he dreaded the result of his next visit to Kildalock, for said he,

"If I cannot convince Lady Inglis and her daughter, of the immoral tendencies of the popish doctrine of confession, and of its utter opposition to the sacred scriptures, and to the generally received doctrines of the church of the four first centuries, I fear that they shall be irrecoverably lost to protestantism, and not only they, but I much fear, that it will exercise a pernicious influence over



the minds of the other ladies, who will be present at our next interview.

“Courage, my dearest,” said Mrs. McNab, who, though she was conscious of the propriety of her husband’s remark, still, did not wish to make known her real sentiments, “Courage and determination are all that are wanting; as for the rest, I know that the cause of protestantism will not suffer in your hands.”

“I am determined that it shall not,” replied the minister, and then threw himself back in his arm chair, seemingly deeply absorbed in thought.”

After the foregoing conversation, the minister and his lady retired to rest, and gently yielded to the soporiferous influence of Somnus. The minister’s slumbers were frequently, during the night, interrupted by the phantom of Father Jonathan, which phantom his sleepy majesty presented in various and frightful forms to his bewildered imagination. One time would he appear in the form of a ghastly spectre, rising from the Roman catacombs, and pointing to those hallowed receptacles of martyred christians, as a proof of the catholic faith, for which they suffered martyrdom. Another time would he imagine him issuing forth, from some deserted cave or grotto, in the apparel of an aged and venerable hermit, bearing in his hands, an old and well authenticated manuscript, containing in golden letters, “I believe in the Holy catholic church, the communion of saints, and the forgiveness of sins.” Again would his slumbers be disturbed, by the frightful vision of Father Jonathan, advancing towards him with solemn and measured step, and carrying an immense weight of old and dusty volumes, the productions of the Fathers of the church, wherein the doctrine of confession was largely insisted upon, and written so legibly,



that it seemed impossible to mistake their meaning, or to doubt the adhesion of their authors, to this point of catholic doctrine. Father Jonathan appeared at one time, in such a menacing attitude before him, that he awoke horror stricken, and could scarcely persuade himself that it was a dream; for the uplifted arm of Father Jonathan brandishing a ponderous tome of St. Jerome, containing the words "to confess one's sins is the second plank after shipwreck," and the authoritative tone in which he seemed to utter these words, as he drew Mr. McNab's attention to them, had wrought so fearfully upon his imagination, that he shrank back with terror; and a half suppressed scream was audibly heard by Mrs. McNab, as she anxiously inquired of him what was the matter. Somewhat consoled by Mrs. McNab, the minister again disposed himself to sleep, but sleep he could not: the image of Father Jonathan was perpetually recurring to his mind; and those dusty old volumes, which seemed more formidable in his hands, than a two edged sword. He fell at length into a profound sleep, and Father Jonathan appeared to him, clad in his sacerdotal robes, and invoking with voice, somewhat superhuman, the genius of true religion. Then, he beheld advancing towards him, a form of such exquisite beauty, and loveliness, that he was perfectly lost in admiration and astonishment. Her whole demeanor betokened something divine; her face was lighted up with intelligence, her eye was beaming with love, her cheeks glowed with an unearthly hue, a placid and joyous serenity, with an air of tranquil happiness and contentment, shone upon her countenance; her lips breathed the sweet fragrance of piety and holy desires, and her tongue confessed the name of the Lord, and that his mercy endureth for ever.



As she drew nearer, he descried by the light of her countenance, three other forms, of no less beauty and loveliness, accompanying her, and reflecting back with increased lustre, the rays of light and glory, which she at first imparted to them. Father Jonathan appeared to be quite familiar with this lady, whom the minister looked upon as a queen, and stepping up to her, he whispered something in her ear, and after a few moments she dispatched a messenger of most insinuating address, familiarly known by the name of Grace, to the minister, with the following announcement.

“I am the genius of true religion, whom thou beholdest. I preside over the destinies of man, if thou art willing to follow me, and to become one of my disciples, thou shalt enjoy pure and unalloyed happiness. This crown, which thou seest in my hands, shall be thine. Without me thou never canst arrive at thy happy destiny, nor be reckoned amongst the children of the great King. To me is entrusted the task of conducting all pious souls, through the thorny paths of this world, to the happy and elysian abodes of angels, and purified and immortal spirits. Say to this, my messenger, whether thou shalt consent to come, and put thyself under my protection.”

The bland and inspiring address of the messenger, added to the high recompense held out, had the desired effect upon the minister ; he said,

“Holy spirit, whithersoever thou leadest me, I shall follow.”

“Come, then,” said his conductress, “that thou mayest be introduced to thy future mistress, and hear from her lips, words of consolation, and lessons by which to regulate thy future conduct.”



“I will,” was the minister’s brief reply.

After bowing with that respectful reverence, which was due to such an august personage, the minister supplicated her to point out to him, what he should do to receive admission to the joyous and happy crowds of spirits, with which he saw her now surrounded.

“I will tell thee,” said she, “and I will point out to thee, the true road, which will conduct thee to happiness. I have ere this, declared to thee my name, and the trust which is reposed in me. I had been the joy of thy first parents, before their fall in the terrestrial paradise. My name was engraven upon their hearts. Since then, I have not deserted them, nor their posterity, nor never grow weary in my endeavors to bring them back to the path, from which, in an evil hour, and contrary to my earnest advice, they had strayed. From the time of Adam’s fall, to Noah’s flood, I watched over them with unwearied diligence. Through my influence Abraham obeyed, and his obedience was reputed to him to justice. Through me Moses was favored on Mount Horeb, and received the tables of the law from the hand of God, on Mount Sinai. Through my mysterious influence, the soul communes with its God. My dominion begins with Adam; from Adam it extends to Moses; from Moses to Jesus Christ. Look at this golden chain which reaches from Adam to the present time. See the link of the natural law, that extends from Adam to Moses; and of the written law from Moses down to Jesus Christ; and of the Christian law—the perfection of the two preceding, which shall last to the end of the world. Advance nearer to me, and I shall shew thee more. Seest thou, yonder, that group of joyous and happy spirits, before whom pass in review, those happy and beatified throngs of once



mortal beings, but now, beings clothed with immortality. They are the genii who presided over each century of the Christian era. These I have successively accompanied, and took a part in the various conquests they had made. The first of these in order, points to the Apostles, and to their immediate successors, Linus, and Cletus, and Clement, and Ignatius of Antioch, and Polycarp of Smyrna, and a long and illustrious line of men, women and children, whom cruelties could not subdue, nor bribes purchase from the path of duty. There they are, in the opposite crowd, bearing aloft the ensigns of their sufferings, now the badges of their victory. The second and third of these genii, look on with a holy pride, on the immense numbers, who have sealed with their blood, their fidelity to their God, and have clung to me in the midst of the most terrible persecutions. In these centuries, also, the church suffered in its visible heads,—the popes or bishops of the church of Rome.”

“Tell me, O thou genius of true religion, whether there is any truth in the assertion that the popish bishops, at this early period, were the visible heads of the church, or whether this assertion has not been of later invention,” said the minister.

“I will tell thee,” replied the genius, “and if thou hadst read history, thou could’st not doubt my words. The succession of the chief pastors was preserved in the first, second, third and following centuries, by the popes or bishops of Rome. From these, all lawful authority to govern the true church, had been received, and by them missionaries were sent to labor in the conversion of the world. The genius of the second century, accompanied Eugatius and Damianus, to the shores of Britain, where they labored for the conversion of that people. Under



her auspices, flourished in the east, Dionysius of Corinth, and Theophylus of Antioch; and in the west, St. Irenus, and Tertullian. Scythia, Africa, Gaul, Germany, and India, had also acknowledged in this century, the mild sway of the successors of St. Peter, the first pope or bishop of Rome. See how the genius of the third century points to the thousands, who had, during her time, embraced the faith, and who had been admitted through me, to that exalted degree of happiness which they now enjoy. See, with what pride she points to the popes, who filled the chair of Peter in Rome, viz: Zephyrinus, and Calixtus, and Urban, and Pontianus, and Antherus, and Fabian, and Cornelius, and Lucius, and Stephen I, and Xystus II, and Dionysius, and Felix I, and Eutychian, and Caius, and Marcellinus. And see again, how her countenance brightens when she beholds the doctors and defenders of the church, which adorned this age. Mark how they stand conspicuous among the rest; St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Cyprian, St. Hypolitus, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, and others who were not less the objects of her tenderest solicitude. During her time, Arabia, the Belgic provinces, and a part of Gaul were converted to the true faith, and acknowledged the spiritual, visible, headship of the Roman pontiff—the successor of the fisherman.”

“But who is she,” anxiously inquired the minister, “who holds in her hand a large parchment, on which is inscribed ‘the Council of Nice,’ and these words in letters of gold, ‘*consubstantialem patri per quem omnia facta sunt*,’ consubstantial with the father by whom all things were made?”

“This,” she replied, “is the genius of the fourth century. Under her auspices were held the Councils of Arles



against the Donatists, and of Nice against the Arians; the latter of whom denied that the Son of God was consubstantial to the father. Here too, thou canst behold a goodly number of men, eminent for their learning and sanctity. Among the popes, St. Marcellinus, Eusebius Milchiades, Sylvester, Marcus Julius, Liberius, and Damien; and among the doctors and defenders of the church, St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Basil, and St. Ambrose of Milan. Dost thou behold that venerable old man whose countenance is lighted up by the brilliancy of the cross, at which he gazes in mute astonishment, and by whom this genius is most highly honored?"

"I do," said the minister.

"This," she continued, "is the emperor Constantine, the first Christian emperor, and he who beheld the cross in the heavens, with these words, 'In this sign thou shalt conquer.' Since that event, the cross has been worn as an ornament in the crowns of emperors and kings, and ever regarded as the symbol of the Christian faith. The empire of the cross was much extended, under this good genius, in Armenia, Iberia, and Abyssinia, and through the different parts of the Roman empire."

Again inquired the minister, "who is she, in whose hands are borne, with evident marks of triumph, and exultation, the triple-leaved shamrock, and the thistle—the emblem of my native land?"

"Ah," said she, "this is the genius of the fifth century, to whom I myself am deeply indebted for many zealous and devoted children. Dost thou behold that group of illustrious pontiffs? these were the ornaments of that age, and the pride and solace of the genius, that presided over it. Aided by St. John Chrysostom, and St. Jerome,



and St. Augustine, and St. Gregory of Nyssa, and other powerful assistants, the pontiffs of that age, extended the church of God, and overcame the enemies of true religion. That venerable personage, with mitre and crosier, and followed by a numberless host of devout and holy people, is the great apostle of the Irish nation; he had received his commission from the visible head of the church of Rome, to preach the faith in Ireland; and the seed of the divine word planted by him, has taken such deep and solid foundation, that it has been one of the chief nurseries of the church; and its faith, at the present day, is as verdant and blooming, as that immortal emblem, which thou beholdest in the hands of the genius of the fifth century."

"But what of the faith of Scotland?" anxiously enquired the minister.

"Scotland received the faith, through the preaching of Palladius," responded the genius. "He had been commissioned by the see of Rome for that purpose; and faithful to his commission, he laboured zealously to plant the faith on the ruins of paganism. After him, in the latter part of the sixth century, flourished Columba, or Columkille, the great patriarch of monastic orders in Ireland—his birth place, and in Scotland—the land of his adoption. To this great saint is owing much of the piety of thy ancient ancestors. For thirty-four years he laboured strenuously to lead souls to heaven and to God. On the ninth of June, in the year of our Lord, five hundred and ninety seven, he sweetly slept in the Lord; after foretelling it, to his faithful disciple Dermott, 'This day,' he said, 'is called the Sabbath, that is the day of rest, and such will it be to me; for, it will put an end to my labours.' Ascend this rising ground, and thou wilt see



at a glance, the presiding genii, and the pontiffs, and the pious, zealous, humble, and religious of all ranks, of each of the following successive centuries."

The minister obeyed, and wrapt in astonishment, he beheld thousands of purified spirits, rejoicing in their triumph over the world. Nor could he for a moment doubt of their being children of the catholic church; for, the venerable pontiffs of that church, looked upon them with a certain kind of complacency, which they well understood, and they hailed them as the supreme visible heads of the ages, in which they lived. But while the minister was viewing them with marked attention, there was one female form, with whom he was perfectly fascinated, and who looked upon him with an encouraging and hopeful smile. His heart throbbed with emotion, and his eyes seemed riveted upon her, as she shone in all the beauty and loveliness of those, who are numbered amongst the just made perfect. Throwing himself upon his knees, he implored of the genius of true religion, to make known to him that exalted personage.

"I shall tell thee her name and her nation, and then thou shalt be satisfied," replied the genius. "That," she continued, "is St. Margaret, the illustrious and virtuous Queen of Scotland; she was the patroness of the poor, and the model of the rich; to her Scotland owes much. She procured pious and zealous pastors for her people; she laboured in their civilization, and refinement; she encouraged the useful and polite arts; she cultivated a love of the sciences, and by her means the principles of the social and moral virtues were instilled into the minds of her subjects; she strictly watched over the morals of her children, and as she lived and died an obedient child of the catholic church, her children also were instructed



in the same saving faith. When she drew near her end, she addressed her confessor in these terms, 'Farewell, for I shall not be long here; you will stay some little time behind me; two things I have to desire of you; the one is, that so long as you live, you remember my poor soul in your masses and prayers; the other is, that you assist my children, and teach them to fear and love God.' Through the prayers of St. Margaret, my dominion, that is, the dominion of true religion is not altogether extinct in Scotland, and the happy day will shortly dawn, when the prayers of a grateful people, again restored to the bosom of the true church, will be carried by the hands of their former queen, to the throne of the Eternal; and she will return to them, loaded with heaven's choicest favours."

The minister was looking on in mute astonishment, when the vision began gradually to disappear.

"I must now leave thee for a little," said the genius, "but invoke me, and I will come to thy assistance."

Before he had time to reply she was gone, and a frightful and terrific spectre stood before him. The minister shrank back with terror, but, fear impelled him to be silent. Her countenance was deformed, her looks were haggard, her sunken eyes and lowering eyebrows portended something ominous, her tattered and party colored garments seemed to indicate her, as dependant upon the bounties of others, and the wretched plight in which she appeared, was the plainest evidence, that she possessed little of her own. As she advanced in a menacing and threatening attitude, the minister attempted to break off from her presence, but something invisible seemed to retard his flight.

"Stay, stay, thou traiterous wretch, who wouldst deign



to listen to the open and avowed enemies of thy race, and of thy religion : shouldst thou desert my ranks thou shalt be held up as a laughing-stock to my followers, and thou shalt be as a stranger, in the land of thy nativity. Knowest thou not that if thou be faithful to me, I can raise thee to the highest dignities, and lavish upon thee the treasures of the earth ; but, that if thou prove unfaithful to me, and listen to the bland and smooth address of her, who has a little before conversed with thee, I can reduce thee to nothing, and load thee with every kind of reproach."

The minister overcome with fear was unable to open his mouth, and she taking advantage of his terror continued,

"I am the genius of that religion which thou professest, and which my enemy would fain induce thee to abandon, but, no, thou shalt be mine. See here the crowds which obeyed my voice, and which still listen eagerly to my words. As these were uttered in empty and vapid declamation, she foamed, and stamped, and raved, and a demoniac sneer curled upon her lips, while a blue, sulphureous flame seemed to dart forth from her starry eyeballs. Convulsed with rage she muttered something unintelligible, and, in an instant, the most frightful forms, whose name was legion, surrounded her. Fear and terror, and cruelty and pride, and obstinacy and revenge, and impurity, and ignorance, and despair collected around her, and through the dim and clouded atmosphere in which they were enveloped, the minister, though half dead with fear, saw plainly inscribed on her banner, in drops of blood, 'I am the genius of religion.' His blood congealed within his heart when he read the bloody inscription on the banner, and his life's blood for a moment ceased to flow. Vainly would he have attempted to call upon the genius



of true religion to come to his aid, for his lips refused to do their part, and he would have been her prey, had not *Fortitude* been despatched by this good genius, to act in her name, and to inspire him with almost superhuman courage. The happiness with which a mariner hails the unexpected sight of land, after the hardships and toils of a long and dangerous voyage, would give but a faint idea of the joyous condition of the minister at this moment.

“Fear nothing,” said *Fortitude*, “I shall defend thee against every danger. The genius of true religion has sent me to thy aid, and to deliver thee from the hands of thy enemies. Look steadily at them, and thou shalt discover their real nature and the wicked object of their designs.”

The minister did as he was desired, but now the evil genius seemed to turn disdainfully from him, and to point the arrows of her vengeance against his deliverer. *Fortitude*, with undaunted courage withstood her, and the evil genius, confounded by the majestic mien of her enemy, retreated a few paces, and she stood as if she were rivetted to the ground. The old, tattered garment, which this evil genius wore, patched up of rags of various colors, and of various textures, and at various times, seemed endowed with the power of speech, and to emit as many voices, as there were patches upon its surface.

“What doth this mean?” said the minister.

“Be silent, and shalt thou know all in a very little,” replied his deliverer. “These patches represent the different false tenets that were condemned by the church.”

She had scarcely ended, when a voice issued from the garment which the evil genius wore, and said :

“I am she, who in the first century of the Christian era, inspired Ebion, and Cerinthus, and Simon the magi-



cian, and the incontinent Nicolaites, and the other innovators, to prefer the imaginings of their own minds, to the teachings of the apostles, and here are their followers.”

The minister turned his eyes in that direction, and he beheld a crowd of the most squalid and emaciated figures, with contention and strife and bitterness, and envy and selfishness, depicted on their countenances. He turned away with disgust, and scarcely had he done so, when his ears were assailed with the sound of many and inhuman voices.

“We are the genii who presided over the events by which the church of the Messiah was persecuted. We stirred up heresies and schisms. The denial of Christ by Paul of Samosata, in the third century, was our work; and the denial of the distinction of the persons of the blessed trinity, by Sabellus; and the Novatian heresy, which consisted in denying the power of the church to forgive sins; and that of Manes, who taught that there were two Gods.”

“I am the genius of the fourth century,” said another; the Arian heresy is my work, and so is the Macedonian, and the Arian who opposed episcopacy, and I have done much more mischief to the genius of true religion.”

“And I have added to her afflictions,” said the genius of the fifth century; the Nestorians, who denied the union of the divine and the human natures, and the Eutychians who have confounded them together, and the Pelagians, who denied the necessity of divine grace, and the disciples of Vigilantius, who sneered at celibacy, prayers to the saints, &c., all flourished under me and owe me many obligations.”

“And I,” exclaimed the genius of the sixth century, “have inflicted a deep wound upon her, which has not



ever yet been healed, by stirring up the impostor Mahomet against her, and by giving rise to other heresies, such as the Acephali, and Jacobites, and Tritheists, &c.”

“And I was not idle,” said the genius of the seventh century; for I distracted the East by the Monothelite heresy, and by the Paulicians revived the detestable heresy of the Manicheans, and inflicted other evils on the true religion.”

“And we,” spontaneously vociferated the genii, who presided over each century, from the seventh to the sixteenth, “we have done incalculable evil during our time. We have brought forth, and nourished the heresy of the Iconoclasts; and the schism of the Greek church; and we have given birth to Berengarius—the first, who attacked the real presence; and to the Waldensian and Albigensian heresies, and likewise to the heresies of the Beguardi and Fratricelli. We have also given rise to the Wickliffites of England, and to the Lollards of Germany; and under our sway, the Hussites, and Adamites with all their immoral and violent practices, have rendered themselves notorious.”

“But, we,” faintly exclaimed the evil genii of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, “we have produced some of the worst, and most dangerous doctrines to the true religion, and we have destroyed some of the fairest portion of the true church. The eras, over which we had presided, had given birth to numberless heresies and sectaries. Some of the principal are the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Zuinglian, the Anabaptist, the Anglican, the Socinian, the Puritan, the Quaker, the Independent, the Presbyterian, and many others, which are as odious in themselves, as they are opposed to true religion.” Here, there was an end; for, all the evil genii collected around



her, on whose standard was engraven, "False religion;" and thousands of wretches, hideous, ghastly, and deformed, followed them, piercing the air with the most horrible yells and imprecations. One could easily distinguish among the rest those who broached the different heresies, for they appeared much more deformed, and had much more terrible, and ghastly appearances.

The genius of false religion then turning to the minister, spoke, as follows:

"Wilt thou not, now, continue with me, as formerly, and give up the idea of going over to her, familiarly known, by the name of true religion; for, she will compel thee to obey her in all things, and she will not allow thee to judge for thyself in those things, which she will tell thee, belong to her."

With these words she was advancing to rescue him, from the grasp of fortitude, who held him fast by the arm, when the minister fearful of the issue, uttered such a scream, that he immediately awoke, and so powerful was the impression of these things upon his mind, that a considerable time had elapsed, before he could persuade himself, that it was all a dream.



## CHAPTER XVII.

Confess! in that one word is found,  
True peace, true joy, true bliss;  
The chains, by which our souls are bound,  
Are loosed when we confess.

THE following day was one of intense interest to the residents and visitors of Kildalock cottage; the morning was clouded, and heavy with the mist that gathered upon the neighboring mountains, and spread itself over the most of the adjacent country. But the sun bursting forth through the dense and clouded atmosphere, dispelled the vapors which lingered on the plains, and restored that clearness and serenity to the heavens, which is the sure forerunner of a beautiful and brilliant sunshine. The minister appeared more thoughtful than usual; for a deep and settled conviction of the last night's vision, absorbed all the faculties of his soul; and despite every attempt to divest himself of the different impressions made upon him by the genii of true and false religion, still, they were as immovably fixed in his mind, as if they were transpiring at the very moment. He returned to an apartment, used as a library, in which the bible, and a few other volumes, were carelessly scattered on the shelves, and taking up by chance an old edition of a work much effaced by time, and treating of the catholic confession, he perused it with the most marked and fixed attention.

After some time, a charming and innocent little girl, tapped gently at the door, and with a smiling counte-



nance and looks brightened up with the mirth and joyfulness of childhood, looking fondly in his face, said to him,

“Pa, come to breakfast; it is now ready, and ‘ma’ bade me tell you, that she is waiting for you.”

After she had said this, the little playful urchin ran with all possible expedition, to throw herself into the arms of her mother.

The minister for the moment, laid aside all idea of study and controversy, but yet, could not altogether forget the scenes and impressions which were the result of the last night’s dream. He took breakfast as usual, but still, there was something discernible, even, in his looks, that betrayed the doubts and perplexities of his mind. This did not escape the keen observation of his wife, nor did she allow it to pass unnoticed, for she said to him,

“My dearest, I fear that you are not in good spirits to-day, as there appears something unusually sad on your countenance. Tell me the cause of your uneasiness, that we may sympathize together, and share in the burdens of each other.”

“Well, I will tell you, my love,” answered the minister. “After the solemn hour of midnight, when the busy hum of industry had ceased, and wearied mortals disposed themselves to rest from their labors, my whole frame relaxed by sleep, had yielded to its influence, and then, a two-fold vision presented itself to me; one, purporting to be the genius of true, and the other of false religion. The former, of most benign and pleasing countenance, pointed out to me a goodly array of popes and bishops, and lay members of the Roman catholic church, and declared to me that in it alone I would find solid peace and contentment. But, before my interview with her, she despatched to me a little messenger, much resembling our little Adelaide,



who inspired me with the most favorable sentiments of the catholic church ; and of such winning ways was she, that I could not resist, as I thought, accompanying her to her mistress."

"Resembling our little Adelaide!" exclaimed Mrs. McNab, "this child, I expect, shall be the hope and stay of our old age, for I too on last night imagined that I was in the midst of a dark and dreary wilderness, and that, when I was quite hopeless of making my way through such a vast and frightful solitude, my little angel, my own little Adelaide, like a flaming cherub, threw a light around my path, by which I was able to retrace my footsteps, and arrive in safety at the old homestead of my fathers."

"This is singular, indeed," repeated Mr. McNab, who wondered exceedingly at what he had just heard.

"It is singular," continued Mrs. McNab, "but my dove, my pretty little dove, will yet be our chief support and consolation."

"May God grant it," replied the minister ; "but I did not finish the account of my vision. When the genius of true religion, had beckoned to me to ascend a little eminence, from which I could see at a far distance, she shewed me the presiding genii of the last eighteen centuries, and the various conquests made over the world by the true religion ; and what surprised me most was, that all these nations were converted by the catholic missionaries, who were deputed for that purpose by the See of Rome. Among the rest, she pointed out to me, St. Margaret, the Queen of Scotland, who was at once, she said, the model of a good queen, and a most pious and virtuous catholic. The genii then took leave of me, and before I had time to reply, she had vanished from my sight, and left me to my own reflections ; but not, however, till she



had assured me that she would willingly assist me, whenever I would invoke her aid. This good genius was scarcely out of sight, when lo! another and a most frightful and deformed figure stood before me. I shudder, even now, at the thought of this horrid spectacle. She said, that she too, was the genius of religion, and that the Ebionites, and Arians, and Macedonians, and Manicheans, and Lutherans, and Presbyterians, and all the other sectaries, who broke off from the church of Rome, were her children. I trembled with fear at this recital, and when she advanced near me, to conduct me over to the other side, I would, to all appearances, have unavoidably been carried off, had not the good genius despatched to me, a powerful assistant, named Fortitude, who stood by me, and filled me with an extraordinary degree of courage. Thus ended this mysterious vision, for I was so terrified at the thought of falling into the hands of that ragged and evil looking genius, that I awoke in terror and astonishment, at what I thought, even for some time after, had really happened."

Mr. McNab was silent; and it was evident from his looks, that this vision, together with some other information which he had received, regarding the catholic church, had made considerable impression upon him. His lady, who till now, seemed pretty well satisfied with her own religion, though sometimes serious doubts would occupy her mind on that head, was much troubled at what he related. Her color went and came at different intervals, and the more she endeavored to conceal her feelings, the more easily could they be discerned in her countenance. The minister, perceiving this, felt much annoyed; but it was only an indication of what was passing in his own mind. O, conscience! how loudly and



deeply-toned dost thou not speak to the heart ; and what misgivings as to the truth of its preconcieved notions, dost thou not create in the human mind ! The conviction, that the catholic church was the spouse of Christ, forced itself upon the minister ; and he, without intending it, impressed his wife with the same conviction under which he himself labored.

“It is vain,” said Mrs. McNab, “to conceal any longer the effect upon my mind of what you have related ; these, and the other proofs which I have seen in favor of the Roman catholic church, have forced me to confess that it is the true church ; my confidence in the church of Scotland, is therefore, at an end.”

The minister turned pale, and paced the room for a few moments, evidently much agitated, while various and conflicting feelings were struggling in his breast. At length, heaving a deep, but half suppressed sigh, while the tears in rapid and quick succession, trickled down his manly cheeks, he embraced his wife, and addressed her in words, proceeding as well from his tender affection for her, as from his sense of duty, and from the change wrought in his own mind.

“It is not my province,” said he, “to raise obstacles in your way, my dearest Agnes, or to prevent you in any manner, from examining into the truths which you may think necessary for salvation. The love I bear you, and the unsettled state of my own mind, demand that I should allow to others, that liberty which I claim for myself. I too, God willing, shall examine for myself, and be fully persuaded in my own mind, before I worship the deity, in any other, except in the true religion.”

Mrs. McNab was so overpowered with her feelings, that she could not utter a single word, but throwing her-



self back on the sofa, she hid her face in her hands, and while her eyes were suffused with tears, her heart was communing with God and imploring the grace for herself and husband and little innocent Adelaide, to be instructed in the principles and be admitted within the pale of the true church. Mr. McNab retired to his room, and there, after fervently praying to God, promised humbly and cheerfully to embrace the true religion, provided he could clearly ascertain it, and make it out among the many sects that surrounded him.

Such a wonderful change was entirely owing to divine grace; for, nothing save divine grace, could soften and render pliant the stubborn heart of the minister.

He yielded, and after forming his future line of conduct, with regard to his examination into the doctrines of the catholic church, he sent a letter of apology to Kildalock, in which he stated, that he could not do himself the pleasure of visiting them on that evening. We shall now take leave of the minister and his family for a little, and take a hurried glance at the inmates of Kildalock.

They expected every moment that the minister would come to visit them, but to their astonishment, Lady Inglis entered the parlour with a note from him, containing an apology for his unavoidable absence on that evening. Some of the party rejoiced, but others, among whom was Frances, felt half disappointed at this intelligence, for, she evidently wished to hear the doctrine of catholic confession, amply and fairly discussed, as the practice of this doctrine weighed more heavily upon her than all the rest.

“I am sorry,” said she, “that we are deprived of his visit, as the subject, which he proposed to discuss on this evening, is to me of the deepest interest, and one which



I would be quite glad to see abandoned by the catholic church."

Emilia smiled and was about to reply, when she beheld Father Jonathan advancing towards the house and walking up the winding avenue before the cottage.

"Hold," she said, "here is Father Jonathan, he is coming to spend the evening with us, and we shall hear what he has to say on this matter."

With these words she hastened to the door, and after kindly and warmly saluting Father Jonathan, she conducted him to the parlour, where he had the honour of an introduction to the ladies. The simplicity and ease with which Father Jonathan demeaned himself, accompanied with his graceful and elegant address, had its due effect upon the ladies. They did not feel the least embarrassed in his company, but, on the contrary, freely engaged in conversation with him, and after supper was ended, made known to him their sentiments, regarding the catholic church, and requested him to give them an explanation of the doctrine of confession, as held and taught by catholics.

"This piece of information, I assure you, ladies," said he, "is as unexpected as it is pleasing, but, the spirit bloweth where it wills, and we have only to admire divine goodness. After congratulating you on this happy event, happy because you are now beginning to move in the right direction, I shall willingly accede to your request, and explain the doctrine and nature of confession, and answer I hope to your satisfaction, any remaining doubts which you may entertain on that head."

"This is what we are ardently desirous of," replied Lady Inglis.

Father Jonathan, with that serenity and mildness which



were his leading characteristics, and with a frankness and sincerity so admirably delineated on his countenance, commenced as follows,

“The doctrine of confession, when rightly understood, is one of the most cheering, and consoling doctrines of the whole Christian code. I say, when rightly understood, and I say it with grief, because, there is not perhaps one catholic tenet more grievously assailed, or more foully and shamefully misrepresented. Many, it is true, believing this slanderous misrepresentation, have a sincere aversion to what, they consider, but, however, erroneously consider, is held by catholics. Such persons have my deepest sympathy, and I would cheerfully submit to any privation, that would be a means of rightly informing them of the truth, on this subject. With such, the early impressions of childhood, the prejudice of education, the influences of friends, and the bias of the circles in which they move, are a powerful hindrance, to their arriving at the knowledge of the truth, and to their examining into doctrines, around which is sedulously interwoven by cunning men, whatever is absurd in theory, and whatever, in practice, is revolting to human nature, and injurious to morality. My object, therefore, is to defeat in your regard the artifice of those cunning men, who lie in wait to deceive; and while I condemn with you the blasphemous doctrines falsely imputed to the catholic church, to point out to you in its fulness and beauty, the consoling and heavenly doctrine of confession. The doctrine falsely imputed to the catholic church, is, that man can forgive sins at will, that the popes, and bishops, and priests, can give indulgence to commit sin, and that there is no sin so heinous, as that they will not forgive, provided they get a sufficient sum of money. (See Goodrich’s Reformation.)



This is the doctrine charged upon the catholic church; but, this charge, is as false and malicious, as the doctrine itself, if really reduced to practice, would be immoral and injurious. Now, what is the fact? The catholic church holds that no man of himself can forgive sins; that all the popes, bishops, and priests that ever lived, could not give indulgence to commit one single sin; and that all the money in the world, could not purchase the forgiveness of the most slight or trivial transgression of the law of God. Therefore, the catholic church holds and teaches the very reverse of what is attributed to her, and consequently, the forgers of such charges, are guilty of most palpable and notorious falsehoods. But, now as I have told you what the catholic doctrine of confession is not, I will state to you, as briefly, and as exactly as possible, what it is. The catholic church believes, and teaches, that its validly ordained ministers have received from God the power of forgiving and retaining sins; that is, of binding and loosing; but, it teaches, that three conditions are absolutely and indispensably necessary on the part of the penitent, viz., contrition, confession, and satisfaction. By contrition, is meant a heartfelt and sincere sorrow for having offended God, accompanied with a firm resolution of sinning no more, thus excluding on the part of the sinner, all affection, especially, to grievous sin. By confession, is meant the revelation that is made of his sins by the penitent, to an approved priest, in order to obtain absolution. And by satisfaction, is meant the prayers, alms, fastings, and other pious works, performed by the penitent, and enjoined by the confessor as a penance. After the sin, and the eternal punishment due to sin, is remitted by the sacrament, or, if that is not possible, by the desire of the sacrament, the temporal punishment



which is not always wholly forgiven with the eternal, is remitted by those penitential works."

"I understand now," said Lady Inglis, "the catholic doctrine of confession. It consists in being sorry for our sins, and in resolving to forsake them; in confessing them to a priest, who is approved by the church for that purpose; and in the performance of some penitential works."

"But, what reason have we to believe, that the confession of our sins is necessary; or, that it has been established by God, as the means of their forgiveness?" enquired Frances.

"For the very same reasons that we have to believe any other divine truth, viz., the authority of the church, which teaches it to be so revealed, and consequently, to be of divine institution," replied Father Jonathan.

"Can we find this doctrine in the sacred scriptures?" urged Frances.

"It is clearly laid down in the sacred scripture," said Father Jonathan, "and it has been invariably held, and taught, and practised in the catholic church, from the time of the apostles, to the present day."

"If I were firmly convinced of the truth of this two-fold fact, viz., that confession has its foundation in the scriptures, and that it has always continued in the church, I would not for a moment hesitate to become a catholic, and to conform, by the grace of God, to every practice prescribed by it," returned Frances.

"I shall show you," answered Father Jonathan, "that the doctrine of confession is contained in the sacred scripture; and that it is, and always was, the doctrine of the catholic church.

"In St. John (xx. 21, 22, 23) we read, 'As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.' When he had said this,



he breathed upon them; and he said to them: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost, Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' And in St. Mathew (xviii. 18) we read, 'Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven,' St. James (v. 16) says, 'Confess, therefore, your sins to one another.' From these, and from many other texts, the necessity of confession is clearly shown; for it is expressly commanded in St. James, to confess your sins, and to whom is such confession to be made, except to the successors of the apostles, who received the power from God of forgiving and retaining sins, or, according to St. Matthew, of 'binding and loosing.' In the book of Proverbs (xxviii. 13) the fact of confession is advantageously pointed out, where it is said; 'He that hideth his sins, shall not prosper; but, he that confesseth and forsaketh them, shall obtain mercy.' In Numbers (v. 7) it is said, 'they shall confess their sins.' In the third chapter of St. Matthew, it is related of those who were baptized by St. John the Baptist, that they were baptized by him, 'confessing their sins.' Again, in Acts (xix. 18) it is recorded of the first of the believers among the Ephesians, that, 'after they believed, they came confessing and declaring their deed.' The doctrine of confession is, therefore, clearly laid down in the sacred scripture; and, upon the same grounds, that we believe, that there is a body of men, appointed to teach all nations, we must also believe, that the same body is deputed to forgive and retain sins: so that if we believe the one, we must believe the other, and if we reject the one, we must reject the other; the same



who said, 'Go teach all nations,' had said, 'whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them.'"

"Scripture is evidently on your side," said Lady Inglis.

"And so is tradition," continued Father Jonathan. "Tertullian, who lived in the second century, says, 'if thou withdrawest from confession, think of the fire of hell, which confession extinguisheth.' St. Basil, who lived in the fourth century, says, 'it is necessary to disclose our sins to those, to whom the dispensation of the divine mysteries is entrusted.' St. Ambrose says, 'if thou wish to be justified, confess thy sins; for, an humble confession of thy sins, looses thy chains.' St. Chrysostom of the fifth century says, 'he who is ashamed to confess his sins to man, will be forced on the day of judgment, to confess them in the presence, not only of one, or two, but, in the presence of the whole world.' St. Augustin, likewise of the fifth age, says, 'Our merciful God wishes us to confess in this world, that we may not be confounded in the other.' But, it would be useless to heap up more testimonies to prove the fact of the practice of confession in the catholic church, and among the primitive Christians. Confession is, at the present day, held, and taught, and practised by upwards of two hundred millions of catholics. It is, therefore, as clear as the noon-day, that so many millions of men of different passions and prejudices, and of different interests, would never practise a thing so repugnant to their nature, if it had not its foundation in truth, and if they were not convinced of it, by the clearest and most irrefragable testimony. I have, therefore, shown, that confession is of divine institution; that it had been practised by the Christians mentioned in the sacred scriptures; that it had been continued, as the authorities,



I have quoted, testify, during the five first centuries; and that it is at the present day, more widely diffused, and more generally practised, than, perhaps, at any former period."

"That mode of reasoning, is quite satisfactory," replied Lady Inglis, "I do not think, that any reasonable person can refuse assent to a doctrine, so clearly laid down in the sacred scriptures; so plainly attested and enforced by the fathers of the five first centuries; and so faithfully taught and practised by the Roman catholic church. I, therefore, in the presence of God, promise to abjure heresy, and beg to be received as a member of the one sheep-fold of the one shepherd, which can be no other than the Roman catholic church."

Father Jonathan was deeply affected by this frank, and unexpected avowal of her belief, and in words full of consolation and tenderness, encouraged her to persevere in the same pious and holy resolution. He said, "I give God thanks for this wonderful manifestation of his love, and I shall be ever grateful to him, for making me the humble instrument, in conducting to His fold, another of those souls, which He has purchased with His blood. As it is your sincere desire, madam, to become a catholic, and as you are prompted to it by the sole motive of working out your salvation, after you are fully instructed in all its principles, I shall willingly receive you into the church, and feel proud of this additional accession to the ranks of the faithful."

Emilia, with the tears of gratitude streaming down her cheeks, and with a countenance lighted up with a heavenly smile, in which the feelings of her soul were portrayed, offered up her prayers in grateful acknowledgment to her God, for this favor, and tenderly embraced Lady



Inglis, who recognized in her a friend, aye, more than a friend—the first, who led her seriously to consider the principles of that religion, the public profession of which, she now sought after with so much earnestness. This feeling, like an electric shock, was easily and quickly communicated to all present; and it would be much less difficult to imagine than to describe its effect upon their minds. Some time had elapsed, before Father Jonathan could resume, and then he said, that he would prefer explaining at some other time the doctrines of the catholic church.

“I think, sir,” said Frances, “that you have explained sufficiently the nature and necessity of confession, as well from what the Scriptures say of it, as from the general practice of the church, during the five first centuries; but, there are a few objections, that I would wish to have a solution of from you, and then I shall rest completely satisfied.”

“I am willing to afford you any information in my power,” answered Father Jonathan.”

“Well, sir,” rejoined Frances, “it has been repeatedly urged by our ministers, that no man can forgive sins; and they bring this as a charge against the priests of the catholic church.”

“In the sense in which they bring forward this charge against us,” replied Father Jonathan, “nothing can be more false or ridiculous. We believe that no man of himself can forgive sins, as that power belongs to God: but, we believe that God can make use of whatever instrument he pleases, in effecting their forgiveness. Is there any protestant who believes, that the apostles could perform miracles inasmuch as they were men, and not, inasmuch as they were the ministers of God, and instruments in his hands? I am convinced, that there is not



one. If then, the Apostles, inasmuch as they were men, could not perform miracles, neither, inasmuch as they were men, could they forgive sins ; for, to forgive sins, is a greater miracle, than to raise the dead to life ; now, the apostles have performed miracles, among which was the miracle of forgiving sins ; and consequently not as men, but, as the minister's of God they have received and exercised this power. Hence, those who succeeded them in their ordinary mission, have the power from God of forgiving sins for the forgiveness of sins was not confined to the apostles alone, no more than the commission of sins was not confined to the age in which they lived. In a word, the priests of the church of God, inasmuch as they are the ministers of God, hold and exercise the power of binding and loosing : ' Let man,' says the apostle, ' so consider us, as the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God.' But," continued Father Jonathan, " your own church, in its book of common prayer, teaches that its ministers have the power of forgiving sins ; and that there is to be made a special confession of them. In the order for the visitation of the sick it is said, that the sick shall be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feels his conscience troubled with any weighty matter ; after which confession, the priest shall absolve him, if he humbly and heartily, desire it ; after this sort ; ' Our Lord, Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners, who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences ; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' This I assure you, Miss Exeter, is as stringent, and as catholic, as any catholic need desire ; and every conscientious



member of the church of England, is bound, if he feel oppressed with any grievous matter, to make such special confession to his minister, and to receive absolution from him, just as in the catholic church."

"This is a clear acknowledgment on the part of the church of England," replied Frances, "that man, as the minister of God, can forgive sins."

"Nothing can be more evident," added Miss Swedes.

"And it is an equally clear proof," continued Father Jonathan, "of the special confession of sins; for it shews that the special confession of sins, was preached in the catholic church before the English heresy, when it had been retained afterwards by those who separated themselves from it."

"Sir," said Belinda, "after what you have said on confession, it is evident to me that confession is of divine institution, and that the church in which it has been always practised, must be necessarily the true church."

"That is my conviction, also," rejoined Miss Swedes.

"May God give you grace, ladies, to act according to your convictions," said Father Jonathan much affected by their avowal. "I shall ever remember you at the altar; but, now," he continued, "I have to visit a poor man, that is suffering under a lingering illness, and of whose recovery, I have but little hope; I beg, therefore, to be excused for the present, as I would willingly remain longer, but a more imperative duty calls me, and I must be obedient to its summons."

With this he took leave of the ladies, and in a few minutes was on his way to visit the sick man, and to impart to him the consolations of his holy religion. The ladies, after his departure, freely confessed that the catholic church must be the church of Christ, and frankly and openly declared their intentions of becoming catholics.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

When truth, combined with heav'nly grace,  
The wayward soul reclaims;  
Then faith, of reason takes the place,  
And man's full homage claims.

FOR some time after the circumstances occurred which we see recorded in the foregoing chapter, the minister's whole attention was devoted to the study of religion, and to this study he brought a mind, as much as possible divested of prejudice, or of a desire to prejudge the relative merits, or demerits of the two great leading divisions of Christianity. He looked upon the result of his present inquiries, as fraught with the highest importance, and he was, therefore, resolved to prosecute them, with all that strength of intellect, and earnest ingenuity of which he was capable. To aid him in the search, he consulted the most approved writers in favor of their peculiar tenets.

The writings of Calvin, of Theodore of Beza, of Luther, Zuinglius, Melancthon, and others of the more modern schools of protestants, were searchingly investigated by him. And on the other hand, Hayes' Sincere Christian, Bosuet's variations of the Protestant religion, the Perpetuity of the Catholic faith, Mœhler's Symbolism, and other standard works of catholic doctrine, were used by him as books of special reference. This, undoubtedly, was the most prudent plan that a person in his situation could adopt. But, he was not long in discovering, that the conflicting and contradictory doctrines of the first reformers



and their adherents, while at utter variance with one another, could not form a united whole, by the bare profession of a common Christianity. He felt, that something more than a bare profession of Christianity was wanted; and though, to escape this awkward dilemma, he ransacked every book of protestant polemics, from "Calvin's Institutes," down to "Faber's Difficulties of Romanism," still, his 'confusion became worse confounded;' nor could he, with all the versatility of a powerful intellect, nor all the subtlety of a close reasoner, extricate himself from the labyrinth of doubt, into which he was thrown by the opposite and conflicting doctrines of protestantism.

In Christianity, as applicable to protestantism, he could, from its endless divisions, observe little else, than a specious name, to hide from public view, its chameleon-like form, and a pall, under which to conceal the hideous and deformed mass of corrupt error, which if exposed in its true nature, would wither and disappear before the enlightening and purifying sun of truth.

There was not a single dogma of Christian faith, which he could discover to be left unassailed by some or other scion of the reformation, and which was not cried down by them, as unscriptural and unchristian. And the more he followed up his inquiries, and the more he consulted the writings of the reformers, the more deeply and thoroughly was he imbued with the conviction, that the darkening clouds of error and skepticism were gathering around him, and shutting out Christianity altogether from his view. To one branch of protestantism he beheld the trinity the object of incredulity and division; the Incarnation to another, and to a third, the existence of the only begotten and eternal Son of God, himself, was a matter of unbelief, and of ridicule. "Is it possible,"



said he to himself "that protestantism nurses in its bosom so many pernicious and discordant doctrines? and that it throws the mantle of her protection, over so many vipers, rankling in her bosom? Such, indeed," he added, "is the case. And can that species of Christianity, be true," he continued, "which is made up of such incongruous anomalies? O no, it cannot be. Christianity, to be itself, must be consistent. What is true of it to-day, must be the same to-morrow. Like its divine Founder, in order to harmonize with everything else, it must be in harmony with itself. As Christ, its founder, is the beginning and end of all things, so Christianity, which is, as it were, the reflex of Christ to man, must be the centre whence pass and repass those converging and diverging rays of divine faith, which are always the same, and which can know no change or alteration. "Yes," he said, "God is truth, justice, goodness, mercy, he is infinite in all perfections, and is it possible, that he, who has left us so many marks of his favor, would turn out such a monster and tyrant, as these reformers would fain persuade us?" Here Mrs. McNab, entered the study, and seeing that the attention of her husband was riveted on the books before him, she asked enquiringly:

"Sir, have you made much progress in your search of a new religion; or, think you, shall you find the old one, under the heap of rubbish, under which it lies buried?"

"Ah! my dear Agnes," answered the minister, "there is one thing of which I am firmly convinced, that I cannot invent a new religion, which would both satisfy my present enquiries, and put an end to my perplexities. I am equally convinced, after a most searching investigation, that the true religion exists somewhere, though I can, as yet, from the dim light of reason, or perhaps, as



you say, from the rubbish which surrounds it, feebly recognize it, in the far distance."

"Of what service, then," urged Mrs. McNab, "are these works of the first reformers to you, if they cannot direct you in a matter, in which they seemed, at least, to be such skilful proficient?"

"The works of the first reformers have rendered me one effectual service, by shewing me the utter absurdity of the attempt to invent a new Christian religion," replied the minister.

"It would follow, then, that you are under the impression, that the great reformers themselves have not been so successful in their attempt to make a new religion, and that the old religion, that is, the catholic religion, which they had then discarded, is sufficient for all our exigencies," added Mrs. McNab.

"It follows, as a natural consequence," answered the minister, "from what I have said, that I believe their attempt to make a new religion was the height of absurdity; and that, the old religion, or the catholic religion, as you call it, was true, or there was no true religion."

"How, then," inquired Mrs. McNab, "is it possible, that you who have made the bible a special study for so many years, could remain ignorant of the very first principles which it inculcates; and of the religion, to establish which, it has no doubt, been written?"

"The effect of early impressions, the prejudice of education, and the horror with which I was taught to hold the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, or rather those doctrines which I then believed to be held by that church, had taken such deep root in my mind, that I could not, even for a moment, entertain the idea of its being the true religion."



“But, if the bible,” urged Mrs. McNab, “had been expressly written for the purpose of teaching mankind the true faith, and of diffusing the truths of eternal life through the world, would it not have dispelled your ignorance, and removed the veil which prevented you from finding out the true religion?”

At this moment, a flood of light seemed to brighten up the clouded intellect of the minister; he reflected for a little on the question proposed by Mrs. McNab, and, as if at length overpowered by that brilliant light, which darted its rays upon his soul, he exclaimed with astonishment:

“I have now, the solution to your question, Agnes; if the bible had been expressly written for that purpose, and had been intended by God, as the instrument of teaching the true faith, it would, no doubt, have accomplished its object, but, the bible had not been written for that purpose, or else, why would not our Saviour himself have written, or commanded his disciples to write, instead of commanding them to ‘go and teach all nations,’ and as a pledge of the truth of their doctrine, promising to abide with them forever?”

“That is conceding to Roman catholics,” again urged Mrs. McNab, “the very principle which upholds protestantism; for, disabuse the people of their error, in taking the bible alone, interpreted by each individual, as the standard of divine belief, and substitute a power having authority to teach in its stead, and then you will have to admit that very authority which is claimed by the catholic church.”

“Undoubtedly,” replied the minister, “for by taking away the principle of private interpretation of scripture, you sap the foundation of protestantism, and leave the



Roman catholic church in full possession of that authority, which she has ever claimed, and ever exercised."

"Are you, therefore, convinced from your study of the protestant and catholic doctrines, that you must reject the fundamental principle of protestantism, while you must receive that of Rome, or in other words, that whatever principle admits the truth of opposite and conflicting doctrines, is false and erroneous; and that that principle, on the contrary, is true, which maintains, that truth is one and indivisible?" enquired Mrs. McNab.

"These are my convictions," responded the minister, "and I am resolved to follow them up to whatever extent they lead me; for, what is man without religion? and, if man is nothing without religion, assuredly the divine goodness will aid him in the search of it; and when found, will give him grace to embrace it."

"May God grant it," said Mrs. McNab, "and I hope," she continued, "that his infinite mercy will direct us both in the way of truth and righteousness, but as we have now some time to devote to this study, would it not be advisable for you to inform me of the reasons, which induced you to reject the protestant principle of the private interpretation of scriptures, and to admit the catholic principle of church authority in the interpretation of the same."

"I hope," replied the minister, "that divine faith will enlighten us, and that we shall arrive at the full knowledge of his holy law, for without faith we cannot possibly please God, nor can we, without the knowledge of his holy law, observe the commands which that faith imposes upon us. With regard to the reasons, by which I am induced to reject the protestant principle of the private



interpretation of the bible, I shall give them to you, as briefly as possible."

"I shall, therefore, commence by stating, that if the bible, and the private interpretation of the bible, were the sole rule of faith, it would lead those who followed it to truth, and to a unity of truth; but it did not lead them to truth, nor to a unity of truth, as I will point out to you; therefore, the bible, and the private interpretation of the bible, cannot be any rule at all, much less the sole rule of faith."

"Calvin, it is well known, held as a favorite dogma, that God, from all eternity, doomed some persons to eternal misery, while he destined others to eternal happiness. In his book of *Christian Institutes*, he says, that 'God irresistibly impels man to violate his laws, and that man falls because God so ordained it.' Now what more monstrous than such a doctrine, or more abhorrent to our idea of a good God whom we believe, as he himself declares, to will the salvation of all? Theodore of Beza, the successor of Calvin, in the church of Geneva, goes farther still, and declares that God created the greatest part of mankind, for the express purpose of making them commit evil, as if, forsooth, his justice and mercy could not be manifested, without damning to eternal flames, thousands, who, according to the doctrines of Theodore, were innocent of the crimes for which they were condemned, as they had it not in their power to withhold from their commission."

"Luther, in his writings on free will, openly declares, that, whatever we do is not done freely, but, that we are compelled to do it from pure necessity, thereby, blasphemously impugning the sanctity of God, by making Him the author of sin, and alone accountable for all our cri-



minal actions. The above may be seen, by referring to his treatise, on 'free will,' vol. 3 of the Jena edition of his works.

"Zuinglius, in his work on Providence, follows the example of the other reformers, and tells us, that God forces man to the commission of evil, and punishes him for that commission, although according to this pretended reformer, he is only the involuntary agent.

"Melancthon has also subscribed to this wicked doctrine of the reformers, and accuses God as the auther of sin, and bitterly inveighs against catholic divines, for asserting, as he styles it, 'the impious doctrine of liberty.' This can be found in his theological loci, August edition, 1821.

"From the above passages, it evidently follows, that the first reformers attacked the sanctity and veracity of God himself, and that they endeavoured to convict him of insincerity; for, if God forces man to commit actions, which he pronounces wicked, and criminal, and deserving eternal punishment, where is His sanctity? and, if He has not given to man free will, that is, the liberty of chosing between good, and evil, where is His veracity? But, God does not force man to commit sin, on the contrary, He tells us, 'that the soul that sinneth, shall die,' and the sacred scripture abounds with proofs to that effect; and He has given to man the liberty of chosing between good and evil, or else, the sacred scripture is a farce, and religion is only a name; for we read in Deuteronomy (xxx. 19).

"I call heaven and earth to witness this day, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Choose, therefore, life, that thou and thy seed may live.'

"In Mathew (xxiii. 37) we read: 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem,



thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not ?

“In Ecclesiasticus (xv. 14) we read, ‘God made man from the beginning, and left him in the hand of his own counsel.’ And in the same chapter, eighteenth verse, we read : ‘Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which he shall choose shall be given him,’ and (21), ‘He hath commanded no man to do wickedly, and He hath given no man license to sin.’

“Now, from the foregoing, and from other numberless texts of the same nature, it follows, that the doctrine of the first reformers is at utter variance with that clearly laid down in the sacred scriptures regarding the author of sin, and that the doctrine of the catholic church, which attributes sin to man led away by the cunning snares of the devil, while it sustains the sanctity of God, is in perfect harmony with divine revelation, and in strict accordance with common sense.

“Hence, I conclude, that the protestant rule of faith, which led those who adopted it, to such manifest opposition to the truth contained in the former passages, cannot be the true rule of faith, and, consequently, that we must regard the bible alone, and the private interpretation thereof, as a very fallacious and deceitful guide to conduct us in our enquiry after religious truth.”

“It is, therefore, plain,” observed Mrs. McNab, “that the bible alone, and the private interpretation of the bible have not led the first reformers to the truth ; it cannot in consequence have led them to a unity of truth.”

“By no means,” replied the minister, “for they have



differed most widely with one another on almost every article of religion.

“Some have denied the inamissibility of divine faith, while others maintained it; some, that good works were profitable, others, that they were most injurious; some, that there were two, or more sacraments, others, that there were no sacraments, and that they were altogether unnecessary; some, such as Luther, and his immediate followers, believed in the real presence, not indeed as catholics, who believed that the bread and wine were really, truly and substantially changed into the body and blood of Christ, as the words of the Saviour expressly mention, viz., ‘this is my body,’—‘this is my blood, but, that the bread contained his body;’ others, as Calvin and Zuinglius, that it was only a type or figure of our Saviour’s body.

“From these, and many other reasons, I am driven to the only conclusion, that in my opinion, a prudent person could arrive at, and that is, since the protestant rule of faith, viz., the Bible alone, and the private interpretation of the Bible, has not led to truth, as I have shewn, nor to a unity of truth, as is evident from the conduct of the first reformers, it is not a true rule of faith, and consequently must be rejected.”

“But, are there not many other reasons,” enquired Mrs. McNab, “which render it highly improbable to suppose that the Bible alone would be our sole rule of faith?”

“Yes,” replied the minister, “the works of catholic controversy which I have studied with the closest attention, supply us with many arguments, each of which, even, taken by themselves, ought be sufficient to convince us not only of the improbability, but of the impossibility of the Bible alone being our sole rule of faith. There is such a powerful array of arguments against it, that even



though I should detain you a little longer than I intended, I will mention one at least which seems to me unanswerable.”

“The protestant rule of faith being the Bible alone, it follows, therefore, that the protestant must have a Bible. But how can he know that he has a Bible; or, that the Bible which he has is the true Bible? How does he know that he has the whole or a part of that which is necessary for salvation? If he says that he has it from the constant and universal testimony of Christians, then why not receive his religion altogether from that constant and universal testimony? Is it not as dangerous to receive the Bible through such a medium, as it is to receive the religion of the Bible? But, as various parts of the Old and New Testaments have been assailed and denied at different periods of the church, consistently with his rule of faith—the Bible alone, the protestant must read, and compare, and study the Bible for himself in order to be firmly convinced that he has the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. And when he does read, and compare and study that which he says is the Bible, how does he know that after all he may not be deceived? He must not only make a Bible for himself, or in other words, prove that there is such a thing as the Bible, but he must study the Bible in the originals; and for this purpose, he must study the Hebrew and Greek languages, and acquire a most perfect knowledge, both of the one and of the other. But it may be said that a protestant can rely upon a good translation. How can he, consistently, rely upon a good translation, who could not rely upon the universal testimony of the church? Can he rely upon the translation of Luther, who declares that he added to the text, for example that of St. Paul where he added the word *only*?



Can he rely upon the translations of Calvin, Beza, or the thousand and one translators, which even according to the shewing of protestants themselves are very imperfect and full of blunders? No, for as the Bible alone interpreted by private judgment is his sole rule of faith, he must not only prove, that there is such a thing as the Bible; but from his knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew, prove that he has the true Bible; convince himself that he has the whole Bible, that he is independent of all teaching from without, save that of the Spirit; and that all others, the eight or nine hundred millions of catholics among the rest, who believed differently to what he does, were all wrong, and had fallen into the most egregious errors.

“Now, who will deny that this is a stupendous work, and still from the protestant principle, of the Bible alone, being the sole rule of faith, it follows as a necessary consequence. It is, therefore, absurd to suppose that God has given to man, a rule of faith attended with so much difficulty, for it is utterly impossible, that the generality of men could comply with the conditions which such a rule would render necessary.”

“I will now briefly state the catholic rule of faith, and shew that it is clearly founded in the sacred scripture.

“To shew, that the catholic rule of faith is founded in the scripture, it is enough to point out the authority which the pastors of the catholic church received of preaching, teaching and converting the world, and the command which Christ has given, of being obedient to them; for, if Christ authorized them to preach and teach, and commanded us to be obedient to their teaching, it follows of necessity, that their teaching was true, and that it could not lead to error; but, the pastors of the church were



authorized to teach, as we see in Mathew, (xviii. 18) ‘Going, therefore, teach all nations,—and behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world.’ And again, (Luke x. 16), ‘He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me.’ Similar proofs we can see in Mark (xvi. 15), John (xiv. 16), and in Hebrews (xiii. 17) we read: ‘Obey your prelates, and be subject to them. For they watch, as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief.’

Now, from these and many other kindred passages, it follows, that the pastors of the church are the divinely constituted teachers of the law of God, and consequently, in all matters of doctrine we are bound to submit to their teaching, instead of adopting a standard of our own to interpret the sacred scripture, which even the apostle declares, is hard to be understood, and which ‘the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own perdition.’ (2 Peter, iii. 16).”

After this explanation of the minister, he remained silent for a little, until accosted by Mrs. McNab, in the following words,

“With what confidence,” said she, “does not that rule of faith inspire a person, who is constantly tossed about by every wind of doctrine; and how different from the protestant rule, which admits the right of every one to judge as they please in matters of religion, as if it would be unbecoming in religion to have, as there is in every well regulated and civilized country, judges, and expounders of its law, and of its doctrines.”

“That is true,” replied the minister, “and that alone is sufficient to show the necessity and propriety of such a tribunal.”



“But,” urged Mrs. McNab, “as the Roman catholic church has ever acknowledged such a tribunal, does it not follow, that she alone is the true church?”

“I am at length satisfied,” answered the minister, “that, as the catholic church ever recognized the existence of such a tribunal, she alone must be considered the true church.”

The minister and his lady then retired to the parlour, fully convinced that they would not enjoy true happiness, nor be members of the mystical body of Christ, till they were admitted into the catholic church.



## CHAPTER XIX.

Oft in the morn, the flow'ret sheds  
A fragrance on its grassy bed ;  
And ere the eve her mantle spreads,  
The flower is gone—the fragrance fled.

It was one of the most charming days in summer, and the luxuriant foliage that bedecked the plains, and covered the whole face of nature, told that it must be about the middle of June. The dwelling of Mr. McNab was very handsomely situated; and the beautiful green shrubbery, at each side of the house, invited the little merry songsters to send forth their melody, and to try which would become the master of the grove. Often did the charming little Adelaide listen to the gentle warbling of these pretty birds, and often did she promise, that, if they approached nearer, she would reward them kindly for their confidence. They seemed to understand her meaning, and sometimes, as she pursued them in childish playfulness, they would leap from branch to branch, and thus, by turns, evade her grasp, and decoy her from one flower and branch to another, till, at length, fatigued and exhausted, she would abandon the pursuit. The mother, looking through the window, was wont to smile with maternal affection upon her child, and frequently would she thank God, for sending her this little angel to comfort and console her in the absence of her husband. She watched over her with a mother's care, and frequently would she most tenderly and affectionately press her to her breast, and caress her with a mother's love.

Little Adelaide was the idol of her mother, nor could



it be otherwise, for she was one of the most lovely and innocent of children. Her skin white as the alabaster, and her little dimpled cheeks vieing in color with the vermillion, formed a beautiful contrast. Her bright blue eyes sparkled like the diamond, and fascinated every one who beheld them. Her mouth was beautifully formed, and her lips slightly parted disclosed a double row of teeth, white as ivory, and seemingly set in ruby; and her golden hair, curled by nature, fell down in graceful ringlets upon her shoulders. This child, so perfectly chiseled out by nature, was, still more highly embellished by her winning and amiable, natural disposition. Whenever the orphan and the widow would turn their footsteps towards the parsonage in search of alms, the little Adelaide would run in haste to her mother, and so successfully would she plead their cause, that the mother would make her the bearer of her charities, and listen to the thousand blessings, which the grateful receivers poured out for the happiness of this little angel of mercy.

But, the time was come when there was no little ministering angel, no little Adelaide to plead for those poor children of affliction. The joy and pride of the parsonage was closely confined to her bed, and was laboring under a dangerous and malignant fever, caught from a poor child, to whom she was the bearer of charity. There was nothing but sorrow and consternation at this casualty, and the mother was almost distracted at the idea of losing her dear and only child. Twelve days elapsed without any abatement of the fever, during which, a most skilful doctor was constantly in attendance, for his acquaintance with his patient, together with the grief, which he witnessed on the part of the afflicted parents, made him exert himself, in every possible manner to effect



a recovery. Crowds of the poor were every day anxiously enquiring about their little benefactress, and the tears of the old and young, more eloquently than words, shewed the intensity of their sorrow for one whom they loved, and whose sickness, they so much and so deservedly deplored. On the thirteenth day, the fever began to abate, and the flushed and swollen cheeks began to decline, and changed to a color of most death-like whiteness. The doctor shook his head, and while he contemplated this fragile form, in which innocence itself seemed to suffer, he could not repress his tears; the watchful mother, perceiving the change in the doctor's countenance, enquired hastily of him, whether she was in danger.

"Perhaps," replied the doctor, "she may yet recover, —while there is life there is hope; but I cannot longer conceal from you that she is in imminent danger."

This was too much for a heart so full of affection for her child. A cloud came over her sight, and she was in the act of falling from the side of the bed, where she kept watch over her suffering child, when the doctor and her old faithful servant, Mary McManus, conducted her to the parlor, and laid her on the sofa. After a little she recovered, but, the thought of losing her little Adelaide absorbed her whole attention.

"Wilt thou leave me," she would say, "my pretty little angel? Ah! my own, dear Adelaide, if you leave your poor broken-hearted and disconsolate mother, what will become of her? no, my child, stay with me, and we will be happy together. Oh! do not be so cruel as to leave me here, where, without thee all is solitude."

The poor sorrowful mother, uttered these and similar complaints; but, death was fast approaching, regardless of a mother's bereavement. It was melancholy in the



extreme, to witness the grief which pervaded the parsonage, at the thought of her death. All were bathed in tears. Old Mary, was seldom from her side, day or night, and she was always most fervently engaged, in some silent prayer for her recovery. The little Adelaide, though now in the last stage of her sickness, was reminded by the presence of her kind nurse, to repeat the prayer, which she learned from her when she was playing in the garden, and plucking the flowers for her mamma.

Though much exhausted by sickness, she would often and often, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, repeat the Hail Mary, and Holy Mary, and O, Good Jesus, thou lover of all good children teach me to love thee, and to live and die in thy holy church. The minister overheard these words, and it would be vain to attempt to describe the effect produced by them, on his mind. The little feeble voice in which they were uttered, and the sweet lips that uttered them, gave to them such a charm, that they at once decided him to send for Father Jonathan. He communicated his intention to Mary McManus, who immediately despatched a messenger to Templand cottage, to acquaint Father Jonathan of what had happened, and to request of him to come in all haste to the parsonage.

The messenger returned, and brought word that Father Jonathan was just at hand. Scarcely was his name announced when he entered, and was conducted by old Mary to the apartment where little Adelaide was sick. He there met the minister and his lady, both of whom had shaken him warmly by the hand, though their grief prevented them from uttering a single word. He then went to the bedside and gazed, for a short time, upon the face of their little darling, without saying a word; and while he gazed on her, the teardrop glistened in his eye. Her



head was reclining upon her shoulders, and as the fair lily when drooping upon the stem, gives evident signs of decay, so did she appear to him, as though she would bloom no more. Her pallid cheek and swimming eye, together with the frequent heaving of her milk white breast, banished from him all hope of her recovery.

“I fear,” said he to her parents, “that this flower so fondly cherished and watched over by you, is shortly to be transplanted by the hand of God, in another, but a better world; and I hope, that on your part, you will bear this trial, with becoming fortitude.”

“Ah! sir, we loved her so tenderly and dearly,” said Mr. McNab, in faltering and broken accents, “but we shall resign her into the hands of God, and implore of him to accept of our sweet child, as an atonement for the many times that we have abused his divine bounty and goodness. But, sir, we would wish that our child would live and die in the bosom of the catholic church.”

“Has she received baptism?” asked Father Jonathan.

“She had been baptized in the presbyterian church,” replied Mr. McNab, “but I fear that the water was not poured upon her, as is required by the catholic church, for it was only sprinkled upon her, by the tip of the finger, which cannot be properly called baptism, or washing.”

“It is, therefore, doubtful at the least,” answered Father Jonathan, “and in a matter of such great importance, it is better to be on the safe side.”

“O, Sir,” exclaimed Mrs. McNab, “I pray you to baptize my child, and do not leave me any longer in such terrible suspense. I think I would feel happy, though losing my little angel, to know that she died a catholic,



and had received the holy sacrament of baptism at your hands."

Father Jonathan beckoned to Mary McManus, to bring some water, and every thing necessary for the baptism: and this being done, he explained as briefly as possible, the sacrament which he was about to administer.

"Baptism," said he, "is acknowledged by all to be a sacrament, and as such an outward sign of inward grace. The external washing of the water used in baptism, denotes the internal cleansing of the soul, by the grace which is attached to this action. The catholic church teaches, that all the sins, as well original, as actual, that is, the sins in which we were born, and which afterwards we may have committed before baptism, are remitted by the reception of this sacrament; and that it is necessary and indispensable for salvation, (where it can be had). Our Saviour himself was baptized by St. John, thus, by his own example, shewing to us the necessity of baptism; and we have in connection with this, a remarkable instance of its utility, for the Evangelist tells us, that the Holy Ghost descended upon him in the form of a dove. St. John says (iii. and 5), 'Unless a man be born of water, and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.' And again, St. Mathew (xxviii. 19), 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' In the (Acts x. 4) it is said, 'And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.' In the (v. 26 of the Ephesians), we read of the cleansing of the church by water, which is no other than by baptism; 'that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life.' Of little children, it is



said expressly in St. Luke (xviii. 16) 'Suffer children to come to me, and forbid them not, for, of such is the kingdom of God.' Such are a few of the scripture proofs, which go to establish incontrovertibly the necessity of baptism. There are, also, in the catholic church, ceremonies adapted to each of the sacraments, in order, that 'all things,' as St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv. 40) tells us, 'be done decently and according to order.' The ceremonies of the Jewish law were many and various, and Christ himself, in the new law, sanctioned and made use of ceremonies. Witness the cure of the man born blind, as is related by St. John (ix. 6), and that of the deaf and dumb man recorded by St. Mark (vi. 33). In both these cases, there were many ceremonies used by Jesus Christ himself, though we are well aware, that he could cure them by a single word, or a single act of his will. He used them, therefore, that by his example, he would shew us that he approved of the use of ceremonies. In baptism, the priest breathes upon the person to be baptized, after the example of God himself, who having formed man out of the slime of the earth, breathed into him the breath of life; (Gen. ii. 7) and after the example of our Saviour, who when he was about to communicate the Holy Ghost to his apostles, breathed upon them, and said to them, 'receive ye the Holy Ghost,' (John xx. 22).

By this breathing is signified, that by baptism we receive a new and spiritual life by the operation of the Holy Ghost. The sign of the cross is made also upon them, because it is the sign of the Son of man. Our Saviour suffered upon the cross; accomplished upon the cross the redemption of the world, and satisfied upon the cross the justice of his heavenly Father. We read in



Ezekiel, (ix. 4) that those who belonged to God, were to have the mark 'thou' set upon their foreheads, which as we read in (Rev. vii. 2) is 'the seal of the living God.' A little blessed salt is put into the mouth of the person who is baptized, to denote that he ought ever after to preserve his soul from the corruption of sin, by the salt of heavenly wisdom, which should season, and be infused into all his actions. In Mark (ix. 49) our Saviour says, 'have salt in you.' It is, therefore, an emblem of wisdom, and as such, it is used in the administration of this sacrament. The anointing with oil, is also used to denote the riches of divine grace, which we receive by our baptism; for, as oil gives light, and heat, and strength to a part of the body that is affected, so the grace of the Holy Ghost, of which, it is an emblem, gives spiritual light, and heat, and strength to the soul, weakened and debilitated by sin. In (1 Pet. ii. 9) it is said, 'You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation,' and as kings and priests were anointed in the old law, this is preserved also in the new, to shew to Christians the dignity, to which in the new law they are elevated. The white garment is an emblem of the spotless innocence, with which the soul is adorned by baptism, and the lighted torch put into the hand of the newly baptized, is an emblem of his faith, and of the light of the good example, which he should give, by obeying the commands of God, according to the advice of the apostle, (Math. v. 16), 'So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.' God-fathers and God-mothers, are required to give the names, of the persons to be baptized to the priest; to present them to the church, and to instruct them in the duties of



a Christian. This is an impediment to their getting married to the child for whom they stand, or, to its natural parents."

After this explanation, Mrs. McNab gave her little Adelaide into the hands of her old servant, Mary McManus, and requested her to act as sponsor. Old Mary willingly complied with her request, and held her little treasure in her arms, while Father Jonathan was baptizing it. The name of Margaret, in honour of the Queen of Scotland, was added to Adelaide, at the request of her parents. During the baptism, the parents of the child were dissolved into tears, and the solemn and impressive rites of the catholic church contributed not a little to awaken in them, the sentiments of the most sublime and thrilling devotion. These words of the apostle St. Peter, were ever recurring to their minds (Acts. ii. 18), "Do penance, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins;" and the words of Ananias to St. Paul, after his conversion; "Rise up, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins" (Acts. xxii. 16). After the words, "vade in pace, et Dominus sit tecum", or, "go in peace, and God be with you," the sweet child was once more restored to the loving embrace of her affectionate mother.

"My sweet little Margaret Adelaide," said she, "my precious jewel, my own dear angel, you are welcome back to me. O, that thy parents were united with thee in the bonds of spiritual union, as they are, now, in natural affection, and parental love! How happy would it be for them, if they were, as thou, cleansed by the purifying waters of baptism, and received within the true fold of Christ." Mr. McNab could not longer resist the impressions of divine grace.



“I am willing,” he exclaimed, “to be baptized, and after the example of the great St. Paul, to wash away my sins. I do believe in the holy catholic church, and it is my ardent desire to conform, in all things, to whatever it teaches and enjoins. Wilt thou, O, servant of God, receive us into its fold?”

Father Jonathan witnessing the sincerity and faith, with which he uttered these words, said in an audible manner; “I thank thee, O God, for the happiness which thou hast reserved for thy servant, in making him the humble instrument of thy favors, and especially for the favors of this day, on which, with an unsparing hand, thou dealest out blessings to thy people, and callest to thy church, those redeemed by the precious blood of thy only begotten and beloved Son. I shall not refuse,” said he, turning to the minister, “to receive into the bosom of the true church, those, who so ardently and sincerely desire it.”

On that day, the minister and his lady, had the unspeakable satisfaction to be received as members of the true church, and on the following morning, after the celebration of mass in their own house, they had the happiness of receiving from the hands of Father Jonathan, the holy communion, the bread of angels, the heavenly manna,—that which they then believed, aye, firmly believed, to be the body and blood of Jesus Christ. This memorable action was performed with all the signs of a true and lively faith, accompanied with the most affecting and tender sentiments of devotion. Mr. McNab and his lady, were much consoled by the presence of Father Jonathan, and he, on his part, did every thing in his power, to make them resigned to the will of heaven. Their little jewel was in the agony of death, and the faithful old Mary, as



usual, bent over it, and watched every motion of its countenance. It slumbered for a little, and she beckoned to them, not to make the least noise to disturb its repose. The parents remained immoveable, and gazed with breathless attention on Mary, fearing to whisper even their very doubts to one another. Father Jonathan, anxious to know what she meant, silently approached the bed, and saw that the child was about to breathe its last. "O, God, shall it be so?" silently he exclaimed, "but yet, thy will be done."

After composing himself for a little, he told them, that now the moment, in which this little earthly tabernacle was to be dissolved, had arrived, and with his eyes streaming with tears, recommended the parents to go on their knees, and to make a last offering of their child to that kindest of all parents, whose the little children especially are. He then sank upon his knees and devoutly prayed for some time, and looking upon the face, the pale, pale face, of the sweet Adelaide, sweet even in death, he saw that her last expiring struggle was at an end. He saw that the immortal spirit was flown, and that nothing now remained but a lifeless corpse, which before was the shrine, of as pure, and holy, and innocent a being, as perhaps ever went forth from the creating hand of God. Yes, with the eye of faith, he could behold the flaming spirit, of the once sweet angel of mercy to the poor, now, of the immortal Margaret Adelaide, robed in the garb of her baptismal innocence, and adorned with that beauty and loveliness, which constitutes the fair portion of the saints. Happy was it for thee, sweet babe, though torn from the fond caresses of a mother, to be transplanted by the hand of God, in a garden of such ineffable delights and pleasures! there, ah! there, at least, thy joy is perfect, thy



happiness complete, thy bliss unalloyed; there, nothing shall disturb thy repose, nothing shall be able to ruffle the serene and tranquil surface of that ocean of pleasures, by which thou shalt be forever satiated. No, no, for God thou wert created, and in the bosom of God thou art now at rest.

Thou wert an angel sent to cheer,  
The exiled tenant of the skies;  
How could'st thou rest with mortals here,  
Away from thy lov'd paradise.

Methinks, I now behold that pure and spotless cherub, hovering about on angel wings, and gazing with astonishment on the body from which it had been just released, and casting one pitying look upon her parents and the devoted old Mary, and Father Jonathan; yes, methinks I behold that now joyous spirit, taking wing with numberless other kindred spirits, and amid a joyous throng of the glorified and blessed inhabitants of heaven, taking its place among the elect, and reigning with undiminished happiness, among the just made perfect. Such was the happy end of this lovely and innocent little girl. Her eyes were closed in death, by the fond and affectionate old Mary, whom she loved with a child's affection, and who now in turn was inconsolable for her loss. The minister and his lady bereft of a treasure, which to them was invaluable—their own sweet Adelaide, felt more deeply than others, the pangs of sorrow occasioned by her death. Vain would it be to attempt to portray in words, the wounded feelings of a parent's heart, when a child, such as the lovely and loving Adelaide, was the cause of her grief; a mother only, whose child, the cold, chilling blast of death had withered, can have a just idea of the grief which pierced the heart of Adelaide's mother, for the loss



of her little angel. "No more," she was wont to say, even long after her death, "no more shall my little angel gladden me with her smiles; no more, will she run and throw herself in my arms, after calling her pa to breakfast; no more, will my lovely little jewel, hold sweet converse with the birds, and rejoice a fond mother's heart by the sound of her little footsteps, when she returns with a handful of flowers for her own mamma. But she is happy, and I know that she will not forget her poor mother, now that she is in heaven." Thus would the sorrowful mother of the sweet Adelaide soliloquize often with herself, and often would she check herself, when the gushing tear would unbidden start from her eye. And is it matter of wonder, that a flower of such beauty and promise, when untimely nipped by the chilling blast of death, would be so regretted? The mortal remains of the little Margaret Adelaide, were interred in the catholic graveyard, and were accompanied thereto, by a large number of friends, and especially of the poor, who were thrown into the deepest affliction by her death, and who ever after remembered with gratitude the sweet and lovely little Adelaide of the parsonage. The following inscription by Emilia, carved on a nice white marble monument, marked where she was laid.

## 1.

Sleep! baby, sleep! forever blest,  
Bright angels watch thy sweet repose;  
New halcyon joys will yield thee zest,  
Where thou art safe, from all thy foes.

## 2.

Like lily fair, among the flowers,  
With rarest lustre thou hast shone;  
O let me wreath the cypress bowers,  
To mourn for thee—thou fairest one.



## 3.

No more on earth, alas ! no more,  
With angel smile, and playful voice,  
Shalt thou, fond strains of childhood pour,  
And bid a parent's heart rejoice.

## 4.

Ah ! soon, too soon, did death appear ;  
The bud but op'd upon its stem,  
When angels came, as death drew near,  
And plucked from earth, this flow'ry gem.

## 5.

Then bore to heav'n that beauteous flow'r ;  
Which now in yonder starry spheres,  
Bedecks its own, its native bower,  
And with the good, its God reveres.

## 6.

Sweet Adelaide ! thy spirit's flown,  
Here in this tomb, thy ashes lie ;  
Thy spirit stands before the throne,  
Of increated majesty.



## CHAPTER XX.

What help to our languishing hearts,  
Doth the unction of heav'n not lend ;  
When the priest to our senses imparts  
Those rites, which all human transcend.  
The oil, as a token of grace,  
The richness of mercy proclaims ;  
For th' unction our sins doth efface,  
And the soul with love it inflames.

THE news of Mr. McNab's conversion to the catholic church, caused the greatest excitement among the presbyterian body in general. They regarded this step of the minister's, with the most intense horror, and they much dreaded, that it would be attended with results, the most injurious to their sect. It was the universal theme of conversation among the public, as well protestant as catholic ; and protestants of every denomination, feared that it might have the tendency of drawing over to the catholic church many, who, to say the least, if not catholics in heart, were more inclined to believe the catholic church than any other. Among the catholics, there was but one feeling, and that feeling was one of most unqualified satisfaction for the minister's conversion. But, various and conflicting were the feelings of his congregation, when, on the following Sunday, the minister's apology for resigning his charge, and for embracing the catholic church was read from the pulpit. Some were filled with terror and consternation, at seeing the "man of sin" making such dreadful havoc as they thought among the predestinated, while others were in the greatest anxiety to ascertain the minister's reason for throwing up his comfortable living,



and embracing a church, which, in their mind, had little else than its poverty to recommend it. They had not long to remain in suspense, for the minister addressed them through the press a full and ample apology for his conversion to the catholic church, and an earnest appeal to every member of his former congregation to examine closely into the catholic doctrines, and to be fully persuaded in their own minds, before they would consent to remain in a church, which dated its origin only from the time of John Knox—fifteen hundred years too late, to be the true church.

“I beseech you,” said he in the conclusion of his letter “my once beloved flock, endeared to me by many many ties, ties which this world with all its shifting vicissitudes cannot sever. I beseech you to follow the advice of the Apostle, and to be fully persuaded in your own minds, of the truth or falsehood of the doctrines held and professed by catholics, before you condemn those who hold and profess them. You all know the prospects which I had of becoming wealthy and rich in the goods of this world, were I to continue your minister, but, I sacrificed those prospects to my conscientious convictions, and I made a dearer and a much greater sacrifice even than these by withdrawing myself from you, whom I shall always esteem, and whose memory shall be ever enshrined in my heart of hearts. The only motives from which I acted, and which induced me to become a catholic, were the intimate conviction of its being the true church, and my sincere desire to save my soul by embracing the truth. I have, it is true, laboured to defeat the praiseworthy exertions of its ministers to spread it through the land; but my opposition was sincere as it was obstinate, and I now publicly and humbly entreat your pardon for keeping you so long



in error, and I fervently supplicate the God of mercy to enlighten you with the rays of divine faith, and to give you grace to attend to the divine word, 'until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts,' when you shall have the happiness of joining with me in unity of faith, as you have hitherto in the errors and impieties of heresy. For this future union in the bosom of the catholic church I look forward with the greatest avidity, and I hope that that happy event is not far distant."

Notwithstanding this open and generous avowal of the minister's motives for changing his religion, still there was nothing that malice, or a deep rooted aversion to catholicity could suggest, but was resorted to in order to leave the public under a false impression regarding his real motives of conversion. But these were generally disregarded, and were believed, or rather were affected to be believed, only by a few, whose interest it evidently was to decry every thing catholic, and to attribute to the basest motives every thing which tended to favour the doctrine, or the propagation of catholicity.

The minister and his lady convinced of the utter falsehood of these reports, were only the more convinced of the propriety of the step, which they had taken, and felt happy, that they were now safely anchored in the harbour of catholic unity and catholic faith. But to none did this sudden and unexpected conversion of the minister and his lady, bring more happiness than to poor old Mary McManus.

"Is it possible," she would exclaim, "that the minister, who so often tampered with my religious feelings, and who so often stigmatized us with the name of papists and idolators, and God-makers, is it possible that he himself, after all the ill nature he manifested against us, is now a



member of the good old church, and is as good a papist as any of us? But he could not help it, for, was not that little angel of a child, with her sweet soft voice, praying for them both; and did she not a little before her death, smile upon them with such an air of joy and happiness beaming in her countenance, as to assure any person that she was the bearer to them, of good and happy intelligence?"

Old Mary was under the innocent impression that Mr. and Mrs. McNab's conversion was owing to the prayers of their sweet and lovely little Adelaide, and why should we disturb her happiness, if she was made so by the thought of having two such conversions wrought through the intercession of a child, whom she fondly and tenderly loved, and into whose soft and infant mind she instilled the first principles of her religion? On one evening as Mary entered the parlour, she observed Mrs. McNab unusually sad, and wiping away a tear, and though she felt inclined to join in her sorrow, especially as she knew that her little favourite was the cause, still she gently reprimanded her, for not having more fortitude, and for repining at her own loss, when she was certain, that it was the happy gain of her, for whom she mourned.

"Yes, Mary, it is true," said Mrs. McNab, "I believe that Margaret Adelaide is now a little angel in the kingdom of heaven, and that she is rejoicing with the saints in glory."

"That is the belief of the catholic church ma'am," replied Mary, "it holds and teaches that little children who die after baptism, go directly to heaven, and are eternally happy with God."

"And I think Mary," added Mrs. McNab, "that it teaches that they see and know, and commune with us, in



prayer, and rejoice at our advancement in virtue and perfection."

"You can know these things better than I do, ma'am, as you have more time to study," said Mary, "but, however, I recollect to have seen, and Father Jonathan repeatedly told us, that the angels and saints pray for us, and that they know what is passing upon earth. And I am certain that little Margaret Adelaide will pray for her own old Mary."

Here the tear drop involuntarily started from her eye, and the mother, moved by this manifestation of her affection, added:

"I know that she will not forget her poor mother, if her prayers are of any avail."

"Undoubtedly the prayers of such a sweet little angel will be of great efficacy with God, for he loves children more than any other," said Mary, "and he tells us that the prayer of a just person availeth much; but now, as little children are just, for, after their baptism they are the children of God, and heirs to the kingdom of heaven, their prayers, no doubt, will be of great avail."

"I now understand the consoling doctrine of the catholic church, regarding the intercession of the saints," said Mrs. McNab, "and how happy do I feel, to think that my little angel and myself, can hold sweet converse with each other."

"It is," added old Mary, "the greatest consolation that we can have in this miserable world. Father Jonathan oftentimes entertained us for hours speaking of the goodness of God in appointing us guardian angels to watch over us, and help us; and in pointing out to us, how the saints and angels assist us, and offer up prayers to God for us, and rejoice at our happiness. He said that



our Saviour (in Math. xviii. 10,) testified to the existence of guardian angels in these words, 'see that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my father who is in heaven.' The faithful (in Acts xii. 15,) told the girl who said that St. Peter was at the gate, after being liberated from prison, that it was his angel. (In Gen. xlvi. 16,) Jacob had an angel guardian; for, it is said, 'the angel that delivereth me from all evils, bless these boys.' In Judith, it is said, 'his angel hath been my keeper.' From all these we are convinced that all the faithful, young, and old, have angel guardians to watch over them. The angels also pray for us, for, as well as I can recollect, it is said (in Zacharias i. 13,) 'and the angel of the Lord answered and said: O Lord of hosts how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem, and on the cities of Judah, with which thou hast been angry? This is now the seventieth year.' In the Apocalypse (viii. 4,) it is said, 'and the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints, ascended up from the hand of the angel.' The angels are also invoked; for it is said in Apocalypse (i. 4.) 'Grace be unto you and peace from him that is, and that was, and that is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before his throne.' The angels are, therefore, not only our guardians and helpers, but they pray for us, and offer up the prayers of the saints. They also see and know what passes upon earth, for it is said, (in St. Luke (xv. 10,) 'there shall be joy before the angels of God, upon one sinner doing penance.' In the (1 C. iv. 9,) it is said; 'we are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men.' The angels therefore know our wants, and knowing them, they will certainly make intercession for us; and it is good and scriptural to ask their



intercession ; for it is said of Jacob (Hosea xii. 4,) ‘and he prevailed over the angel, and was strengthened; he wept, and and made supplication to him.’ It is therefore lawful to ask the prayers of the angels ; and according to St. Paul, it is lawful and good, to ask the prayers even of the saints, living on earth, for, he says, (Rom. xv. 30,) ‘I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers, for me to God.’ But, if it be lawful to ask the prayers of the saints on earth, much more, is it lawful to ask the prayers of the saints confirmed in glory ; and if the prayers of the angels are good, so also are the prayers of the saints, for the saints ‘shall be as the angels of God in heaven.’ ”

“ O, how happy it is for us,” exclaimed Mrs. McNab, “to be in communion with the angels and saints of God, and to have the benefit of their prayers and intercession.” She was full of admiration at this consoling doctrine ; and was perfectly delighted at the retentive memory of old Mary, and expressed her satisfaction, and thankfulness to her, for the instruction she had given her on this point of catholic doctrine.

Lady Inglis and her friends were never more surprised, than when, in the course of a few days after the expected visit of Mr. McNab to the cottage, for the purpose of opposing the catholic doctrine, they read his public profession of faith, and were informed that he had been received into the bosom of the catholic church. They were, at first, inclined to disbelieve the whole matter, and imagined that it was a regularly made up story, in which there was not a word of truth ; but the evidence of his conversion being so clear, and strong, and unanimous, that there was no longer any room to doubt, their incredulity made



way for their astonishment, and for the joy with which they contemplated such a wonderful, and totally unexpected change. After this event, every remaining doubt was removed from their minds, and now, more than ever, they were resolved to be fully instructed in all the principles of the catholic faith, and to beg to be received into the bosom of the catholic church. Emilia was constantly employed in explaining to them the various points of doctrine controverted by protestants; and they devoted the most of their time to reading books explanatory of catholic doctrines. They had made considerable progress by this time, and were every day more and more convinced of the truths of catholicity, and of the necessity of becoming members of the catholic church. As they were, on one of those beautiful and charming evenings, in the latter part of June, taking a drive in the country, to recreate themselves after a hard day's study, they learned that there was a sick man in the neighborhood, who was in extreme distress, together with his family. The family consisted of his wife, and three young children. Lady Inglis proposed to the ladies that they should visit them, and see whether they stood in need of any immediate relief. The ladies, at once, willingly and cheerfully consented to her proposal. When they approached the house in which they were informed the poor man lay sick, to the great surprise of Lady Inglis, and her daughter, and Emilia, they were met at the door by the Connaught woman before alluded to, who immediately recognized them as her former benefactresses.

“Ah! then, are ye come, dear ladies,” said she, “to witness the grief of a poor broken-hearted wife, and, O, will I say it, of three young little orphans, whose father, whose fond crather of a father, is just dyin’. O, God be



marciful to him, and purtect his poor wife, and three helpless childre. O, Virgin Mary pray for us, in this dark hour of affliction."

The poor creature then wrung her hands, and agonizingly entreated God not to make her poor children orphans, nor to leave them to the mercy of a bad and ungrateful world. The ladies, were deeply affected by this passionate and tender expression, of the poor woman's feelings, and their sympathies were instantly enlisted in her behalf.

"Can we be of any assistance to you, poor woman?" said Lady Inglis.

"O may God bless your kind hearts," said the Connaught woman, "that poor man in the bed there was not able to work for the last two months, and his airnin is all spent now, and we have not a morsel to nourish him, nor to give to these three crathers, but what our poor priest gives us; and we know that he has little for himself, though, howsomever, he divides with us, God bless him."

Lady Inglis was entirely overcome by this sad narration, and by the exhibition of feeling, on the part of the poor woman; and while she endeavoured to hide the tears of sympathy which flowed down her cheeks, and to wipe her face with her handkerchief, she drew forth from her reticule, a purse pretty well supplied with silver, the contents of which, she emptied into the lap of one of the little children,—a charming little girl, and told her to buy bread for her poor father and mother, and two little brothers. The poor little child, overjoyed at this generosity, ran to her mother, and instantly handed to her what she said the good lady had given her to buy bread. The mother fell upon her knees, in gratitude to God, and poured out a thousand benedictions on the head of her



good and kind benefactress. This scene was scarcely terminated, when Father Jonathan entered, for the purpose of administering the last consoling rites of the catholic church to the dying man, who lived a faithful observer of its laws; and now, that his lamp of life was about to be extinguished, who ardently desired to be aided in his last expiring struggles, by the strengthening and purifying grace of the sacraments. Father Jonathan was agreeably surprised when he beheld such a number of ladies visiting the humble cot of poor Felix O'Connor; and his surprise was changed to joy, when he congratulated himself upon the happiness of meeting Lady Inglis and her friends, in discharging this work of mercy to the sick.

"May God reward you, ladies," said he, "for visiting this poor distressed family, and I can assure you, that whatever help you can bestow, will not be lost upon them. O no, He that will not allow a cup of cold water, given in his name to pass unrewarded, will amply compensate you for your charities to the poor—his suffering members."

Poor Felix, with a look of pious resignation, lifted up his swimming eyes to heaven, and raised his feeble and half spent voice in prayer and thanksgiving to God, for having raised such friends for his little family, in their great distress and poverty. It was too much for him; his better days had passed by; his strength failed him, and he sank back upon his pillow, exhausted and fatigued by this momentary excitement. The expression of his countenance, and the hectic glow which burned upon his face, showed but too plainly to Father Jonathan, that the spirit, which tenanted this frail remnant of mortality, would, ere long be released, and seek again its native skies, and return to the abodes of purified and immortal spirits. Father Jonathan, therefore, after poor Felix was



a little composed, recommended him to prepare for the reception of the last sacraments.

“Yes, your reverence,” said he, “I was preparing for the last two days, for, I think I have not long to live; but, how can I leave my poor wife, and three unfledged goslings of children?”

“Ah! my dear brother,” replied Father Jonathan, “the Almighty God is a rich and bountiful provider, and he will take care of, and watch over your family with more than paternal solicitude. He will raise a friend for them, and, therefore, you need not feel any uneasiness on that head. In the next place, we must deny ourselves, and take up our cross, and follow our divine master, or else we will not be worthy of Him, and we must renounce every thing most dear and near to us for the sake of Christ, since we cannot be his disciples, if we be not willing to give up father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children, and all for His sake.”

“O, sir,” added poor Felix, “I renounce this world, and every thing in it, that I may gain Christ, and I recommend my poor wife and children to God, and I beg of you, sir, to look after them and take them in charge; as I see, that my dear Saviour recommended His mother to the beloved disciple, St. John, and I know, that you will not see them in need, while you can help them.”

“I shall do, what I can, you may depend upon it,” said Father Jonathan, “but, alas, that I can do so little.”

“I hope that God will reward you, sir,” answered the sick man, “but, now, your reverence, anoint me, for my strength is fast on the decline.”

Father Jonathan, seeing that he was dangerously ill, prepared to impart to him the last blessings of his reli-



gion; and addressed him a few words, well adapted to inspire him with the most lively sentiments of piety and devotion. He recounted to him the infinite mercy of God, who is never weary of seeking the lost sheep, and who is continually inviting sinners to repentance: and he laid before him in words of love the tender compassion of his Saviour, who died for him to efface his sins, and to purchase his pardon.

“Have great confidence,” he continued, “in that Saviour; O, let the sacred name of Jesus, be ever in your heart, and on your lips; in the name of Jesus, you were baptized; in the name of Jesus, you were absolved from your sins; in the name of Jesus you were taught to place your hope and confidence; in the same sacred name, you are now called upon to hope for mercy and salvation; and in that sacred and adorable name, a name formidable to the devils, and a terror to the enemies of your salvation, you will be anointed, and sealed for God and for eternal happiness. That meek and merciful Jesus, now, calls upon you, to receive, with proper dispositions, this holy sacrament of extreme unction, at my hands. Therefore, my dear brother, raise your heart to God, and thank Him for His goodness in instituting this sacrament, and in leaving to us this additional channel of divine grace. Extreme unction is a sacrament of the new law, conferring special helps upon the sick, wiping away sin, and the remains of sin, if there be any, and restoring the sick person to the health of his body, if it be expedient for the good of his soul. St. James (v. 14 and 15) says, ‘Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up:



and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him.' From this passage, it is clearly proved, that extreme unction is a sacrament, for, it has all the properties required; it has an external sign, to which there is a grace attached; and it is permanent, for it was instituted, not for one time, but, for all times: 'is any person sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the church,' and, therefore, it is permanent. It has also been instituted by God, for, none other, save God, could attach forgiveness of sins to any rite. Origen makes mention of extreme unction, and St. Chrysostom (Lib. 3 de Sacerd.) teaches, that the unction of the sick purifies us from sin. The Greek and Latin churches agree that this was the doctrine of the primitive Christians; and the general council of the church, held at Trent, (14 sess. can. I.) emphatically declares, that, 'if any person should say, that extreme unction is not truly and properly a sacrament, instituted by Christ our Lord, and promulgated by the blessed James, but, only a rite, assumed by the fathers, or a human invention, let him be anathema.' This has been, and is the universal and generally received doctrine of the church, and it is founded on the clear and express words of St. James. Luther indeed calls the epistle of St. James, an epistle of straw, but, in this he is contradicted even by Calvin, who terms it an epistle of gold; but, the church has always revered this epistle as inspired of God, and has given it a place among the canonical books, so that we can have no doubt of the divine institution of this sacrament. How great then the happiness of a soul, which has it in its power to receive this holy unction! Beg, therefore, of God," continued Father Jonathan, as he turned around to the people who were present, "beg, that this poor man may



receive this sacrament, with the requisite and proper dispositions."

After this explanation, poor Felix had his heart communing with God, while Father Jonathan was anointing him, and the tears of compunction rolled down his pallid and worn cheeks, and he was continually repeating the names of Jesus and Mary, except when his voice grew faint and weary from too much mental, as well as bodily exertion. The five senses, as they were the channels through which external objects made impressions upon the soul, were anointed, and accompanying each unction, the beautiful and simple prayer of the church was used, viz., "by this unction, and by his own most pious clemency, may God give thee pardon, for whatever thou hast transgressed by seeing," or by any other of your senses. The neighbors and friends of poor Felix, at the suggestion of Father Jonathan, repeated the "litanies," and Lady Inglis and her friends joined most fervently in this devotion. It was a most affecting and piteous spectacle: the poor wife, and three helpless children surrounding the bed of the dying man, who was their prop and only support; the priest smoothing down the terrors of his last journey, and inspiring him with the hope of shortly enjoying God, and endeavoring to disengage his mind from all earthly objects, and to fix it steadfastly on heaven, and eternal happiness.

"My dear brother," said he, "the time of your earthly suffering is nearly at an end, you will shortly behold the instability of all created things; raise your heart to the contemplation of heavenly things, and to the fond hope of possessing God in the heavenly Jerusalem, where his faithful servants will continually behold him, and will praise his holy name. Ah! recollect that you were cre-



ated for God, and that he desires your salvation. Receive death as a punishment for your sins, and exercise your soul in acts of sorrow for them, and in acts of faith, and hope, and love to God. O, go forth, Christian soul, to meet thy judge, sealed with this holy unction, in the name of that God who created thee, and in the name of that Saviour Jesus who redeemed thee, and in the name of the Holy Ghost who enlightened and sanctified thee. Go forth, and fear not the power of the devils, for the Angels of God will watch over thee, and the power of God will protect thee from thy enemies. The sweet names of Jesus and Mary will so terrify the enemies of thy salvation, that they will fly from thee, and thy spirit freed from the dregs of earth, and released from its mortal prison, will ascend to the throne of God, and will rejoice with pure and holy joy in the kingdom of his glory."

Father Jonathan had scarcely ended, when poor Felix clasped the crucifix to his breast, which he held in his hand, and which strongly reminded him of the crucifixion and death of his Saviour. While looking upon this symbol of man's redemption, he uttered inarticulately, and for the last time, these heaven taught words, "have mercy on me O My God," "O Lord Jesus receive my soul," and "into thy hands O Lord I commend my spirit."

His limbs relaxed, his countenance became deadly pale, his quivering lip and throbbing heart, were the symptoms of speedy dissolution, one more convulsive pang and poor Felix was no more, he breathed his last, and his pure soul hovering for a moment on poised wings, took flight, and went to enjoy the reward of the good and faithful servant. Such was the happy end of poor Felix; his afflicted wife lamented his loss with extreme sorrow, but,



through the generosity of Lady Inglis, and the paternal solicitude of Father Jonathan, she had no reason to complain, except that she lost a most kind and loving husband. In every other respect, she was quite comfortable, and she had the pleasing satisfaction to see her children sent to school, and with every prospect of being most respectably situated in after life.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Hail! mansions of the mighty dead,  
Whose bodies here in silence sleep,  
Where friends are mourned, and tears are shed,  
And saints their lonely vigils keep.

LONG after the death of her once kind and now justly lamented husband, did Mary O'Connor, bathed in tears, make frequent visits to the lonely churchyard, where lay entombed the mortal remains of him she loved. There, in the midst of that loneliness, which the last resting place of the dead never fails to inspire, she poured out the fond and fervent prayer of forgiveness, for the repose of his poor departed soul. And though her love for him, and the keen perception she had of her misfortune in losing him, caused her most bitter regrets, and in some unguarded moments, to break forth into expressions of sorrow, which more aptly accorded with the intensity of her natural feelings than with the practice of her religious sentiments; still, after the first outburst of grief, the teachings of religion, generally mellowed down, and finally subdued into pious resignation to the will of God, a heart, naturally susceptible of the most exalted ideas of religion, and naturally docile to its instructions.

The graveyard was, for many reasons, the favorite retreat of Mary O'Connor, and there amid the solitude of the tombs, she found far more satisfaction, than in the noisy bustle of the world. And where can the reflecting Christian, more profitably direct his solitary footsteps than to those asylums of the dead? Here, he beholds all distinctions levelled, the king, the beggar, the rich, the poor,



the hero and the sage, buried in the same cold earth, and mouldering into the same dust whence they had been originally formed. Here, the melancholy remembrance of those we loved, the sombre sadness which death inspires, the thoughts of the past, the reality of the present, the uncertainty of our lot in futurity, the solemn silence which reigns around, and the same mournful tale of woe which each surrounding monument unfolds, impress the mind of the true Christian with the belief, that this world alone should not absorb his whole attention, but that his thoughts should be constantly directed to another and a better.

Who can enter the lonely precincts of the grave, and not feel certain sensations of awe and reverence; sensations, which his close proximity to these tenements of the dead are so well calculated to engender. Who, as he leisurely reads the inscriptions of departed friends, carved on the sepulchral monuments, and sees their whole history contained in these two words "he lived" and "he died," can remain unmoved and without shuddering, at the thought that he too must die, and yield his body to the murky oblivion of the tomb.

These feelings, because the feelings of our common nature—the feelings of humanity, are universal, and since we cannot well divest ourselves of that nature, our thoughts are naturally carried from the grave, the resting-place of the body, to the situation of the soul, after its release from its earthly prison.

And O, how consoling is the hope which the doctrine of the catholic church infuses into the souls of her children, when they make this the subject of reflection! They not only witness their entrance into the church secured, and their various spiritual wants through life provided



for by the spouse of Christ, but they witness the self-same spouse, clothed in robes of mourning, accompanying her children to the grave, nay, outstepping even the precincts of the grave, and raising her supplicating hands to heaven in favor of her children, who though unstained by mortal guilt, have not had time to wash away and fully atone for crimes of a lighter nature, which, nevertheless, would prevent their direct admission into heaven. And, reader, if thou hadst a parent, or a sister, or a brother, or a friend snatched from you, by some untimely blast, and if your fond and well-grounded affection, prompted you to pray God that some imperfections of which they had not time to repent, would be forgiven them, wouldst thou consider that you were insulting the divine majesty? or, that you were inflicting a wound upon divine charity? Forbid it heaven. O no. The voice of nature, the dictates of reason, and the combined testimony of the living witnesses of the church in all ages, confirmed by revelation, prove, that there is a place or state of purgation, where some souls suffer for a time, before they are admitted to eternal happiness, and in which place or state, they are materially assisted, and their sufferings alleviated by the prayers of the faithful.

It was, therefore, no ill-founded affection for her husband, nor unworthy or superstitious motives of religion, that induced Mary O'Connor, so frequently to repair to the graveyard of St. Margaret. It was the effect of a pure and a long cherished affection, and of the holy and divine influence of catholic faith, which prompted her in the performance of so pious and praiseworthy an action. The scrutinizing eye of the unbeliever, and the corrupt heart of the worldlings, aided by the false reasoning of a cold philosophy, may see in the garlands of wild flowers



which she strewed over the grave of her husband, or in the care, with which she watered the solitary rose-plant at the foot of his grave, something which they might condemn; but, it requires a heart such as hers, and a faith such as hers had been, to fully appreciate her motives in honoring that spot, consecrated by religion, and in adorning it by those flowers, whose fragrance wafted on the breeze of heaven, was a fit emblem of the incense of her pious prayers.

Little do they, who condemn such ingenuous acts of piety in catholics, imagine, that by this rash condemnation they insult the memory of the dead, and prevent, as far as in them lies, that becoming respect paid by catholics to those bodies, which, during life, were the living temples of the Holy Ghost.

But Mary O'Connor paid no regard to what the world might consider folly, nor to the infidel and heartless reasonings of the unbeliever. Strong in faith, and in enduring affection, she continued to weave garlands of fresh flowers for the grave of her husband, to water the rose-plant as usual, and kneeling near the wooden cross at the head of the grave, to say her beads with her wonted piety and fervor. Nor was she alone in this exercise of charity: for many others, imbued with the same sentiments of affection and religion, offered up their humble petitions to the throne of mercy, in favor of the poor suffering souls in purgatory.

St. Margaret's graveyard, so well adapted to serious and thoughtful meditations, did not escape the attention of Emilia; hither she also repaired to pray, and oftentimes would she extend her visit to an unusual length, in this solitary abode of the dead. On one occasion, as she was walking through the regularly divided parterres of



the graveyard, over the grave of the husband of Mary O'Connor she observed a full blown rose, of surpassing beauty, diffusing around it its odorous fragrance, and wooed by the balmy breath of the gently blowing zephyrs. At the sight of this fresh, but fading flower, a new idea presented itself to her, which she clothed in the following words.

How sweet the blooming rose appears,  
When o'er the grave its odors spread;  
And on its leaves, there fall those tears,  
In fond affection's moments shed.

But, ah! how frail that tinted flow'r,  
How soon it fades, it withers, dies;  
No more the leaflet marks the hour,  
In which the tear-drop dims the eyes.

Thus youthful friendships oft decay,  
And leave no trace by which to find,  
That still those youthful friendships sway,  
And leave no thorny track behind.

As Emilia prolonged her visit more than usual, Lady Inglis and her daughter, induced by the refreshing coolness of the evening, and desirous of joining the company of their friend, walked in the direction of the churchyard and arrived thereat before Emilia thought of returning, and, with no ordinary degree of satisfaction observed Mary O'Connor in prayerful posture, near the grave of her husband.

"O, mamma," exclaimed Georgina, "how sublime is not that species of catholic devotion, in which all the finest feelings of natural affection are blended with the noblest aspirations of religion."

"Yes, Georgina," replied Lady Inglis, "the catholic religion seems to be the religion of the heart, and of the



affections, as it is of the understanding, and of its teachings. It purifies the warm affections of the heart by consecrating them to religion, and it deprives the grave of its bitterness by its doctrine of purgatory, from which it follows, that our prayers offered up for departed friends, have great effect in alleviating their temporary punishments."

"But, mamma," urged Georgina, "is it true that there is a purgatory, for if not, how can the prayers of the living be profitable to the dead?"

"Reason, at least," replied Lady Inglis, "would incline us to that belief; for, it would be most unreasonable to suppose, that a God of infinite justice, would equally punish with eternal death, a person, who dies guilty of some venial offence, for instance, an idle word; and he who dies, weighed down with the guilt of repeated crimes, such as murder, drunkenness, and other detestable transgressions, which, we are told, exclude from the kingdom of heaven."

"But, are not prayers for the dead," urged Georgina, "injurious to the great sacrifice of redemption, by which perfect atonement was made for the sins of the world? and does not the sacred scripture tell us, that 'where the tree falls, there it lies?'"

"The prayers for the dead," replied Lady Inglis, "can be of no more injury to the great sacrifice of atonement, than can the prayers for the living; for, in praying for the dead, we only ask of God a release, or relaxation of their temporal punishment, and in praying for the living, we ask, not only a release from the punishment due to their sins, but grace, by which they would be enabled to avoid sin. The objection you bring forward from the sacred scripture is equally easy of explanation; for, it



simply means, that when we die, we are either saved, or lost: our ultimate fate is decided, either for heaven or hell. But in following up the comparison of the fallen tree, let me remark, that if any thing, it argues for a purgatory, rather than against it: for, then does the tree become really useful, when stripped as it were of all its useless branches, and cut up into various parts, and planed, and formed, and fashioned by the skilful hand of the mechanic or artist, we see it converted, though after its fall, into furniture of most costly value, or into ornaments of the highest embellishment. May it not be thus with regard to the soul, which, though tarnished at its death by certain imperfections, still on the whole, remained sound, and required only the purifying fire of purgatory to be transformed into a vessel of election? This brings to my mind that passage of St. Paul to the Corinthians, (1 Cor. iii. 11th and following verses.) ‘For no one can lay another foundation, but that which is laid: which is Christ Jesus.

12. Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble:

13. Every man’s work shall be made manifest: for, the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire: and the fire shall try every man’s work, of what sort it is.

14. If any man’s work abide, which he hath built there-upon, he shall receive a reward.

15. If any man’s work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.’

“Now, what is ‘the day of the Lord,’ and the trial by fire, but the judgment of God, which will take place immediately after death, in which the good and evil actions of every man will be tried, by the purifying fires



of purgatory, and they, whose works abide, shall receive a reward, but they, whose works burn, that is, whose works being found to be of no value, such as the many imperfections of which we may be guilty, shall suffer loss, though on account of living and dying in the true faith, and in a state of grace, they 'shall be saved, yet so as by fire.'"

"It would appear then, mamma," added Georgina, "that the catholic doctrine of purgatory is not without good foundation, as it is hinted at so plainly in the sacred scripture."

"Why, my child," continued Lady Inglis, "it is not only confirmed by the sacred scripture, but it is in perfect harmony with the promptings of nature, and the reasoning of sound philosophy."

By this time they were joined by Emilia, who was rejoiced to meet them, in a place, hallowed by its pleasing reminiscences of so many catholic dead, whose very tombs served to awaken in them a desire to search more deeply into the doctrines of the catholic church. As they read the various inscriptions of the tombs, they were struck by the constant repetition of the words, "requiescat in pace, Amen," or, "may he or she rest in peace, Amen," and they considered that it would be a good opportunity of receiving, from Emilia, a more full and correct idea of the catholic doctrine of purgatory. Therefore, Lady Inglis, in order that her own conviction would be more fully confirmed, proposed to Emilia the following questions, viz., whether there is a purgatory? and again, whether it is lawful and profitable to pray for the souls there detained?

As Emilia was about to answer these interrogatories, she descried Father Jonathan advancing towards them,



who, in a moment after, joined their company, and expressed himself highly delighted to meet them in a place, where their thoughts, from such close communion with the dead, would be naturally turned to heaven, their last and final resting place.

But, Emilia, anxious that the ladies would be fully instructed in the doctrine of purgatory, interrupted him, by saying.

“Sir, I am glad to meet with you at the present moment, as Lady Inglis and her daughter wish to know whether there is a purgatory, or a place or state in which some souls suffer for a time before they are admitted into heaven? and whether it is lawful, and profitable, to pray for the souls there detained?”

“As the ladies so require it,” replied Father Jonathan, “I consider it a pleasing duty to inform them, that I am at their disposal, and that I will as briefly as possible comply with your request. The doctrine of the church regarding purgatory, has not only reason on its side, but it can be proved from the old and new testaments, and from the unanimous and undeviating testimonies of the holy fathers. We read in Genesis (xxxiii. 35), ‘I will go down to my son into hell, mourning.’ Now, this place designated by ‘hell,’ can be no other than limbo, where the souls of the just were detained before the coming of the Redeemer. And although ‘hell,’ be sometimes taken for the ‘grave,’ it cannot be here so considered; for, Jacob, believing that his son was devoured by a wild beast, could not be supposed to mean the grave, but a place of rest, where the soul of his son was confined. But this place was not heaven, for to ascend there would be a source of joy, and not of mourning; nor can it be supposed to be the hell of the damned; therefore, it



evidently means a third or middle place or state, which we call purgatory.

“In the second book of Machabees, we read that Judas sent to Jerusalem twelve thousand drachmas of silver, that sacrifice might be offered for the souls of those slain in battle; and in the xii. and 46 we read the following passage: ‘It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.’

“From which I again conclude, that as the souls in heaven have no need of our prayers, and as the souls in hell could derive no benefit from them, it necessarily follows that there is a purgatory, or a place, or state where the souls there confined, are benefited by them.”

“But,” objected Lady Inglis, “am I to understand, that the books of the Machabees, are the faithful exponents of God’s word, or, in other words, are they canonical, and admitted as such by catholics?”

“Undoubtedly,” replied Father Jonathan, “they are, and ever have been admitted as canonical by the catholic church, and protestants, who have upon the authority of the catholic church received that portion of the scriptures, which they admit to be from the Author of truth, have equally forcible reasons to admit the Machabees among the rest, as the church has given to them, equally with the others, the solemn sanction of her high authority and approval.”

“But,” retorted Lady Inglis, “how is the apology of the writer of the Machabees, for the errors or imperfections which he hints may be contained in his book, reconcileable with the idea of its inspiration?”

“Nothing is more easy,” replied Father Jonathan, “for he only apologises for the errors of style, and not for



errors of fact or of doctrine, as will be easily seen, by reading the concluding portion of the last chapter of Second Machabees. St. Augustine, whose authority is of great weight among protestants, and who is deservedly looked upon as the light of Christianity in the age in which he lived, says: (in his book, *de Civitate, Dei.* xxxvi.) ‘the Church of God has always acknowledged the Machabees as a canonical book.’”

“Hence it follows, from the texts adduced from the old testament, that there is a middle state, or place, and that middle state, or place, we call purgatory.

“In St. Mathew, fifth chapter, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses we read: ‘Make an agreement with thy adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him; lest, perhaps, the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence, till thou pay the last farthing.’ Now, this prison is evidently a middle state or place of punishment, where souls are confined after death, and whence they cannot escape, till they have paid the last farthing, that is, till they are cleansed from every stain and imperfection, by which, though not grievously, they were more or less defiled.”

“But why suppose,” urged Lady Inglis, “that this prison has reference to a middle place, or state?”

“From the natural and obvious meaning of the whole passage,” replied Father Jonathan, “and also from the manner in which it is used to signify the same thing, in (1 Peter iii. 18) where it is said of our Saviour, ‘being put to death, indeed, in the flesh, but brought to life by the spirit. In which also he came and preached to those



spirits who were in prison. Now, this place, to which our Saviour came to preach to the spirits, cannot be heaven, for heaven is not a prison : nor can it be the hell of the damned ; for preaching to them can be of no avail ; therefore, this place, or prison, in which our Saviour preached, must be a third, or middle state, or, in other words, purgatory.

“ Again, in St. Math. (xii. 32) we read, ‘ And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him : but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come.’ ” From the foregoing text, St. Augustine and St. Gregory both conclude, that there are some sins forgiven in the world to come ; and if so, it establishes beyond a doubt, the existence of a middle state, or place, for, there can be no sins forgiven in heaven, as sins cannot enter there, nothing defiled can enter therein, nor in hell, for, out of hell there is no redemption ; therefore, there is a middle state or place besides heaven, and distinct from hell, where after this life some sins may be forgiven, and that middle state or place is purgatory.

“ In Tim. Sec. Epis. (i. 18) we see that St. Paul prayed for Onesiphorus after his death ; ‘ The Lord grant to him to find mercy of the Lord in that day,’ said this great apostle ; therefore, St. Paul believed that there was a middle state or place, for he well knew, that if the soul of Onesiphorus was in heaven, he did not want his prayers, and that if it were in hell, they could be of no service to him.”

“ But,” again urged Lady Inglis, “ you will, I have no doubt, acknowledge, that the penitent thief, who died on the cross, had been guilty of very heavy crimes, and that,



between his conversion and death, he had but very little time to repent, and, however, it had been expressly said of him by our Saviour, 'this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;' does that not militate very much against your doctrine of purgatory?"

"Not in the least," answered Father Jonathan, "for, though he had little time between his conversion and death, for repentance, still, he suffered much on the cross, and these sufferings might be received by Christ, as I have no doubt they were, as sufficient punishment. In the next place it is evident, that heaven is here meant by paradise, and not purgatory: and even though this were not evident, the exception would only be confirmative of the general rule, and would by no means, weaken the force of the arguments, by which the existence of purgatory is established. But, let me not be supposed to mean, that all souls who merit heaven, will have to pass through the fires of purgatory, I do not mean any such thing, nor is this the doctrine of the Catholic church; for, those who die in the Lord, and rest from their labors, free from sin and temporal punishment, shall go directly to heaven, and purgatory is intended only for such as may die indebted to the justice of God, on account of the commission of some venial offence, or of some temporal punishment which remained due after the remission of the eternal guilt of more grievous transgressions. I shall now briefly direct your attention to the testimony of the Holy Fathers with regard to purgatory.

"The Emperor Constantine wished to be interred in a church, so that the faithful would be mindful of him in their prayers.

"St. Augustine in his confessions, (9th Book, 13,) says, 'that the holy sacrifice was offered for the peace of his



dear mother's soul.' And the same holy father says, that 'Arius was the first, who dared to teach, that it was useless to offer up prayers and sacrifice for the dead,' and this doctrine of Arius is the fifty-third heresy. (Heresy 53.) St. Jerome (in Epis. ad. Pammachium), says, 'It is a custom to strew with flowers the graves of the female dead, but you have followed a better custom, in strewing the grave of your wife with alms for the solace of her soul.'

"St. Chrysostom, (1 Hom. on 1 Epis. to Cor.) says, 'the tears of the living are not useless to the dead—prayers and alms relieve them.'

"The council of Trent, the last general council of the church, is equally explicit regarding a middle state, and confirms the decrees of former councils on this point. The third council of Carthage, as early as two hundred and fifty-three, passed a decree ordaining prayers for the dead.

"Now, as the Old Testament is in favor of a middle place, or state, and as the New Testament is equally favorable; and as the holy fathers, and general councils of the church, with one acclaim, profess their belief in, and adopt the doctrine of a middle state, it follows that a doctrine so sustained, and so firmly established, must be necessarily true, and consequently that there is a purgatory."

Lady Inglis expressed herself highly pleased, with the clear and satisfactory explanation of Father Jonathan, and declared that "as the ancient church prayed for the dead, there must be a purgatory:" "for," said she, "the church is admitted by all, to be pure, for the first three or four centuries, but, the council of Carthage within that period, decreed prayers for the dead; now, prayers for



the dead, supposes a third or middle state ; for, the souls in heaven don't stand in need of prayer, and the souls in hell can derive no benefit from them. I shall, therefore, for the future, adopt this catholic doctrine of a middle state, for, it is a doctrine, evidently in accordance with reason, and revelation, and in perfect harmony with the most generous impulses of the human heart."

Lady Inglis, Emilia, and Georgina, now, more than ever, pleased with the artless and unassuming manners of Father Jonathan, took their leave for the evening, and returned home, solemnly impressed with the truth of this beautiful catholic doctrine of purgatory.



## CHAPTER XXII.

How sweet to find that peaceful home,  
Where doubts and dangers cease;  
To be thy child, O Church of Rome,  
And dwell with thee in peace.

THE long wished for day had at length arrived, which was to crown with success, the earnest and unremitting application of Lady Inglis, her daughter Frances, Belinda, and Miss Swedes, to the religious teaching of Emilia and Father Jonathan. The day on which they were to make a public and solemn profession of their faith, and on which they were to be received into the bosom of the catholic church, was the festival of the assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven. The joyous and happy crowds, that, from an early hour, wended their way in the direction of St. Margaret's, proved clearly that something more than ordinary, was to be witnessed on this festival. The day was charming, the sky was beautiful and clear, the sun appeared with unusual splendor, and the azure canopy of heaven, with its vaulted arches, and the beautiful imagery of the earth, rendered still more beautiful, in this autumnal season, combined to impress the beholder, with the conviction that the homage paid to the mother of God, was pleasing to God, and that, as such, it was accepted. Reader, didst thou ever witness the imposing and beautiful service of the catholic church, on the festival of the Assumption, and the devotion, piety and cheerfulness depicted in the countenances of its members as they partake in these services, if not, do so at the first opportunity, for, protestant though you may be, still,



on laying aside prejudice, I assure thee, that thou shalt be well pleased, and that thou shalt return much edified with this portion of catholic devotion. Yes, I assure thee, that thou wilt be well pleased, and return edified; but, methinks I hear the voice of bigotry, stealthily whispering in your ear the oft-repeated and old hackneyed cry of idolatry, superstition, &c., against this catholic devotion to the most highly favored of women. Fools, that they are! do they not know that the honors paid to the friends or servants of God, are principally directed to God, and that they seek him, as their last and great end. The catholic church honors God in his saints, and pays particular honor to the mother of God. And will you ask a reason for her conduct, in this respect? Has not the joyful announcement of the messenger of God, the angel Gabriel, sufficient to recommend and to justify such a practice? What shall I say of her being the mother of God, which in itself, contains every thing that can be said? Who has ever heard of so many favors conferred upon one mortal creature? a virgin by excellence; overshadowed by the Holy Ghost; the model of purity, piety and humility; the devoted object of the praise of all nations, "lo! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed;" full of grace, blessed among women, obeyed by the world's Redeemer, whose paps gave suck to the Holy One; who fondly caressed in her bosom the desired of nations, who enjoyed his presence for the space of thirty-three years, during which he lived on earth, and who now enjoys his beatific vision in heaven. Shall the infidel, or unbeliever, or skeptic, or whatever else he may chance to be, tell us that such a one is not to be respected, nor honored above all other creatures; or, that that honor derogates from the honor due to God?



Will not our reason give the most flat contradiction, to such a lying assertion? What! reason!! Yes, nature reason, religion, equally combine to enforce the propriety of honoring the mother of God. Is it not natural to honor and respect the mother, if we honor and respect the son; and would not the contrary be most unnatural? Is it not reasonable that the honor of the son, would redound to the honor of the mother, and would not the contrary be most unreasonable? is it not of the very nature of religion, to give honor to whom honor is due? and who will dare assert, that the virgin mother of the Son of God, is not worthy of the highest honor, that can be paid to creatures? O, holy Virgin! we honor, we respect thee, we pay to thee every homage compatible with the supreme honor due to God; we honor thee, with all catholics, infinitely less than we honor God, but supremely more than any other, or than all other creatures. With the angelic messenger, we hail thee, "full of grace;" with the church, we ask thy powerful intercession; with the devout Elizabeth, mother of the Baptist, we exclaim, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Yes, in language admitted by the church into her liturgies, I address thee,

Hail! thou resplendent star,  
Which shinest o'er the main,  
Blest mother of our God,  
And ever Virgin queen.

Hail! happy gate of bliss,  
Greeted by Gabriel's tongue,  
Negotiate our peace,  
And cancel Heva's wrong.

The church of St. Margaret's, was crowded long before the usual time of service, to witness the reception of Lady



Inglis, and of the other converts, and to be present at their solemn profession of the catholic faith. A little before the hour for service, two carriages drove up to the church gate, and it was evident from the deportment of their occupants, as well as from the eagerness with which they were viewed by the bystanders, that they were not usual attendants at St. Margaret's. Upon entering the church they were conducted by the sexton, to the front seat, and there, in the most supplicating posture, they offered up their prayers to God. Never before, perhaps, was there witnessed in St. Margaret's, such a truly edifying and interesting spectacle. Ladies of the highest standing, and most universally respected in society, about to become members of a church, which before, they were taught to hate, and which was held in the greatest abhorrence, by their former friends and acquaintances.

They knew, indeed, the sacrifice which they were to make, by becoming catholics; but their minds once imbued with the real tenets of catholic doctrine, they most cheerfully consented to make that sacrifice. After the holy sacrifice of the mass was offered, Father Jonathan, clad in surplice and stole, advanced to the lower step of the altar, and beckoning them to come up to the railing, he knelt with them, while they offered up a prayer to the Holy Ghost, to come and take possession of their hearts, and to strengthen them, by infusing His divine grace into their souls. They then stood up and made, in a clear and firm voice, the solemn profession of the catholic faith. Immediately afterwards, they were baptized by Father Jonathan, and each received in addition to her former name, that of Mary, in honor of the mother of God, and of the festival on which they had the happiness of receiving baptism. During this affecting ceremony,



they were deeply moved, and the warm tears of gratitude to God, coursed down their cheeks in continuous and quick succession. O, what joy did they not experience in that happy moment, in which they received admission into the church of Christ, and in which they became heirs to his heavenly kingdom! That indeed, to them, was a moment of joy,—pure, holy and unalloyed. Robed in the garbs of their baptismal innocence they returned to their seats, and with their faces buried in their hands, they gave way to those holy effusions of divine love, which then was overflowing their souls: nor was there any difference observable in their conduct, for the same love, the same gratitude, the same joy, the same happiness, the same faith, shone in the countenances of each, and made them to appear more like angels than mortals. A thrill of joy and satisfaction, ran in like manner through the congregation, and the tear of gratitude flowed down the cheek even of Father Jonathan himself, so deeply was he affected by what he witnessed. Then it was, that he ascended the pulpit and delivered one of the most beautiful and eloquent discourses, that rarely falls to our lot to listen to. It was, in every way suitable to the time and worthy of the occasion, on which it was delivered. His text was taken from St. Luke, (i. 28.) “Hail, full of grace the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.”

“Thus,” he said, “was the holy virgin, afterwards the virgin mother of our blessed Lord, greeted by the angel Gabriel. This angelic messenger, deputed by his heavenly Master to impart to Mary the happy tidings of her future honor, and of the priceless treasure that through her was to enrich the world, addressed her in these flattering and inspiring words. ‘Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.’ Words in which, I



am fully sensible after the example of the angel, you frequently address your gracious mother. Happy Virgin! honored by such a messenger! happy angel entrusted with such a message! happy soul! who pays to Mary the honor which the angel testifies, is Mary's merit. 'Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee.' Vain indeed, would be my endeavors, to describe the heavenly virtues of Mary, the practice of which raised her to such exalted eminence. And shall I, confiding in your kind indulgence, attempt to treat of such a subject. Shall I, knowing your unbounded confidence in Mary, presume on this, her glorious festival, to add any thing that might increase that confidence, on a festival on which, according to St. John Damascene, the angels are filled with joy, the archangels celebrate, the virtues glorify, the principalities exult, the powers are gladdened, the dominations rejoice, the thrones regale themselves in joyous festivity, the cherubim praise, and the seraphim raise their voice in glory. Shall I, on such a festival, draw your attention to the peculiar privileges of Mary, and the favors obtained through the exercise of Mary's privileges? or shall I not rather, permit you freely to indulge in those tender sentiments, which the name of Mary inspires, and which, the fond recollection of Mary's glorious privileges and heavenly influence excite in the breasts of her faithful and devoted suppliants? However sensible, though I am, of the tenderness of your devotion to the Mother of God, and of the solid motives influencing you in the practice of that devotion, I will solicit your attention for a few moments, while I address you a few words on this auspicious occasion. I know, that any thing I say tending to increase the honor due to Mary, and to inflame you with a desire to have recourse frequently to her patronage, will not be received



so much as incentives to the fulfilment of a duty which you discharge already, but as most appropriate to the present joyous and memorable festival. Claiming therefore, your indulgence, I shall endeavor to point out to you some of the privileges of Mary, and next, the exercise of Mary's glorious privileges. 'Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women.' My brethren, these words of the angel, comprehend infinitely more than I can express regarding Mary, the beloved object of this discourse, and of your tenderest devotion. What can I say of Mary, that is not included in this angelic testimony, 'hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women?' Whatever eulogy we can bestow on Mary, is it not expressed more forcibly by the words of Gabriel, that she is full of grace, and that the Lord is with her? Hail then, full of grace, hail Mary, pure and spotless maid, thou who art blessed among women, and blessed for ever. Of thee it may be said, as of the spouse in the canticle, (6, 9,) 'Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?' Yes, my brethren, this with truth can be said of Mary, for as the morning dawn is the mean between light and darkness, and serves as the harbinger of approaching day, in like manner, Mary can be said to be the mean or mediatrix between God and man, ushering in the sun of justice and of love, who enlightened the world with his brightness and effulgence. Mary is fair as the moon, for as the moon reflects the light of the sun, so are the rays of the sun of justice, falling on Mary, reflected back in all their brightness and beauty. The sun, by his effulgent brightness, dazzles the sight of the beholder. Mary, by the celestial purity of her morals, which the breath of



calumny could never taint, fills her children with the most profound astonishment, and they are lost amid the splendor of her shining and brilliant virtues. Mary is terrible, as an army set in array. Yes, terrible to the enemies of God, to the enemies of his true religion; the prayers of Mary will extinguish the fiery darts of her enemies; the prayers of Mary, like the sun's scorching heat, will burn up the noxious weeds of heresy: the prayers of Mary, will blight every futile attempt to sap the foundation of the church, or to weaken the pillars of religion. Likened to a bright, clear star, she appears in the heavens, beaming with silvery light upon the earth, and guiding the wayworn wanderers, to the happy home of the faithful and the blessed."

It would be too long to give at full length, this beautiful discourse; suffice it to say, that the happy effect produced by Father Jonathan's sermon, will never be forgotten. How beautiful was his description of Mary, as the mother of God, and of Mary as a mother and a virgin, and then, of her matchless devotion. What a beautiful picture he drew of her, when at her devotion she was interrupted by the voice of the angel, and of her total annihilation of herself, when she said in obedience to the divine will, "behold the handmaid of the Lord, may it be done to me according to thy word," And again, when he drew the attention of his enraptured audience, to the answer of Mary to her cousin Elizabeth, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath exulted in God, my Saviour, because he hath had regard to the humility of his handmaid, for, lo! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed:" and when in the language of the church, he exclaimed, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour



of our death, amen." Then did he describe in a most vivid and pathetic manner, the love of Mary for her beloved Son, and the consequence of this love,—the desire that all should love him. How admirably he dwelt on her tender solicitude for sinners, and her supplications for them with her beloved Son. Nothing could be more irresistibly eloquent, than the picture which he drew of the mother at the knees of her Son, imploring pardon for the repentant sinner, and remaining in that posture, till he who was both her Son and Lord, compelled in a manner by a holy violence, restored to grace the repentant sinner, and placed him in the arms of his supplicating mother. "Who then," said he, "will not honor the mother of God, and will not hail her in angelic words, 'hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Hail thou virgin queen of those blessed abodes, where thou presidest over the angels and the archangels, and thrones, and dominations, and cherubim, and seraphim, and the whole Host of heaven. Hail thou great mediatrix of intercession with thy beloved Son—Our Lord and Master. Hail thou ardent lover of thy Son's glory; hail thou refuge of the poor and distressed. Succor us by thy powerful intercession, that like thee, when our race is run, when our lamp of life is extinguished, we may give up without a struggle or without a sigh, our souls purified from all earthly stains, into the hands of him that made them, and stamped them with the seal of immortality.'"

Father Jonathan having concluded his sermon, descended from the pulpit, and the choir sang the song of thanksgiving, in strains that had a most thrilling effect on every member of the congregation. Long shall the memory of that day remain green in their souls. Lady Inglis and her daughter, accompanied with Emilia and the other



ladies, returned home, shedding tears of joy in being so happy, as to have found at length, rest to their wandering spirits, and to be securely lodged within the portals of the catholic church. The remainder of their lives, was in a measure one uninterrupted series of happiness; for though at times they met with some little trials on account of their faith, still, the Christian fortitude with which they bore up against these trials, made them feel even at the time, a consolation so sweet, that it was more than sufficient to compensate for all the difficulties which they had to encounter. Emilia, whose life was more checkered with the ills and vicissitudes of fortune than any of them, and whose conversion to the catholic church still remains a mystery, though it would be most desirable to have it unravelled, retired to the convent of St. M., in the eastern part of Scotland, and there devoted the remainder of her days, to the love of her heavenly bridegroom. Georgina, after the death of her mother who died as she lived, a model of piety and virtue, followed the example of Emilia, and with her, spent the remaining portion of her days in solitude and retirement; while Frances, Belinda, and Miss Swedes, joined in the silken bands of matrimony, edified those who knew them, and were the ornaments of the circles in which they moved. They were the parents of a numerous and happy progeny, and in their regard, that portion of the sacred scripture which says, that 'the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife,' was literally verified.

FINIS.



























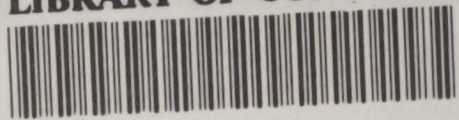








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